TRUE WEST

NO FICTION

46896
April, 1972
50¢

TEX RITTER

PELTON'S WONDROUS WHEEL

EL NARANJAL
—on a par with Tayopa

BLACK JACK KETCHUM TRIED TO GIVE ME A BREAK!

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

LAYING TRACK ON THE HIGH PLAINS

THE LUCKY TOWN THE WORLD FORGOT

GRAY WOLVES AND BUF

A NIGHT OF SUSPENSE IN INDIAN COU

L179043
E H HOVENDEN
BOX 457
FORT JONES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Complete Line of Metal Locators by Jetco® the Leading Manufacturer of Metal Locators!

America's fastest growing Hobby!

Fun for the whole family!

DISCOVERS!

- Relics • Riches • Coins
- Gold • Silver • Metals
- Powerful & Sensitive-locates through wood, water, sand, dirt and rocks!

LOOK AT THESE FEATURES!

- Solid State Circuitry (All Transistor) — Made in USA
- Lightweight — perfect balance
- Waterproof Searchloops
- Adjustable Aluminum stems
- Big 5 Year Warranty
- Detailed Instructions
- Shipped with fresh Batteries

FREE! A 60 Page Book "101 Treasure Sites"... with every locator!

Send for a FREE COLOR CATALOG of JETCO Treasure Finders, Fish Locators, Depth Finders, Dog Trainers . . . ORDER TODAY!

BUY JETCO . . . IT'S THE BEST!

Jetco®

JETCO ELECTRONIC INDUSTRIES, INC.
P. O. BOX 132, HUNTSVILLE, TEXAS 77340

The Mustang®
$39.95

Economy & accuracy too! Performance plus dependability

GTO Searchmaster®
$69.95

Easy to operate! 10 transistors

GTX Huntmaster®
$99.95

Precision tuning plus 11 transistors.

Treasure Hawk®
$129.95

16 Transistors The most powerful & super sensitive locator available!

RUSH ME A ☐ MUSTANG — $39.95 + $1.50 Postage ☐ GTO SEARCHMASTER — $69.95 + $2.00 Postage ☐ GTX HUNTMASTER — $99.95 + $2.00 Postage ☐ TREASURE HAWK — $129.95 + $2.00 Postage. (Enclose Check or Money Order) ALL UNITS IN STOCK • IMMEDIATE SHIPMENT. JETCO ELECTRONIC INDUSTRIES, INC., P. O. BOX 132, HUNTSVILLE, TEXAS 77340.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____ TW

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

larlin celebrates the 10
iant of Western Writer
fle. Zane Grey breathe
enerations of American
rple Sage," "The Heri
0 others. Legions of rea
raight-shooting heroes
Because Zane Grey
ade this new Marlin a
special version of the
l. Zane Grey Century

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Professionals and serious amateurs are hard to please. That's why Fisher invented the Gemini Detector. It's the one for men whose *business* depends on accurate, reliable location of gold, silver, metallic objects and ore bodies. *And now the Gemini is available for you . . . for all amateur treasure hunters and prospectors!*

- ☐ Instantly detects objects up to 22 feet deep!
- ☐ Costs less than most top-of-the-line loop detectors!
- ☐ Searches an area 10 times faster than a loop type detector!

Don't delay! Contact your local dealer or write us for free detailed literature.

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED
MASTERCHARGE WELCOMED

FRL INCORPORATED

FISHER MINING DETECTORS

Dept. TW-Palo Alto, California 94303 • Since 1932

A Joe Small Publication

March-April, 1972
Volume 19, No. 4
Whole No. 110

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of The Real West!

PAT WAGNER, Editor
JOE AUSTELL SMALL, Publisher
ROBERT SMALL, General Mgr.

Mary Sanders, Editorial Asst.
Bill Seymour, Design/Production
Marilyn White, Circulation Mgr.
Joe Small, Jr., Advertising Mgr.

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

In This Issue—

TRAILS GROWN DIM 3
TRULY WESTERN 4
BLACK JACK KETCHUM TRIED TO GIVE ME A BREAK! ..... By Walter C. Hovey; Edited by Doris Sturges 6
MYSTERIOUS LILLIAN—HUMAN HOMING PIGEON ..... By Francis Dickie 12
LAYING TRACK ON THE HIGH PLAINS ..... By Joseph W. Snell 16
EL NARANJAL ..... By Den Galbraith 20
FAMILY PAPERS—WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO THEM? ..... By Gary L. Roberts 23
THE LUCKY TOWN THE WORLD FORGOT ..... By Dot Smollen 24
A NIGHT OF SUSPENSE IN INDIAN COUNTRY .. By Reed F. Adams 26
PELTON'S WONDROUS WHEEL ..... By Brad Prowse 30
GRAY WOLVES AND BUFFALOES ..... By R. C. Henry 32
BUCKAROO AND BOBWIRE ..... By Milt Hinkle 34
TEX RITTER ..... By Texas Jim Cooper 38
WILD OLD DAYS 42
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP ..... By The Old Bookaroos 46
TUMBLEWEEDS ..... By Tom K. Ryan 72

Cover: Jakob Gogolin
Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka
See opposite page

TRUE WEST is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3338, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78764. 50¢ per copy, $5.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico. $6.00 for 12 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas.

Copyright 1972 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

Three weeks' advance notice and old address as well as new are required for change of subscriber's address.

Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs will be treated with care, but their safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose stamped envelope with all submissions. Please inquire before sending in original art.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Puckett

I'd appreciate information on a Richard Puckett who left Georgia some time before 1855 with his family. Family tradition has it that he had several sons and moved to Texas with them. It is said that they got in an argument with the citizens of a small Texas town and shot most of the people in the town and then took off for Mexico to escape the law. No one has heard of them since. Of course, the story has probably been blown up a lot over the years. I would like any information I can obtain on this man.

Would also like information on a James Puckett (called Jim) who was born in Gwinnett County, Georgia about 1856. He moved to Arkansas and raised a family. When he was about seventy years old, he left his wife and family and went to Texas. The last heard of him was about 1944 but no one remembers where he lived in Arkansas or Texas.—Robert Puckett, 5838 Poplar Street, Doraville, Georgia 30340

Isbell Descendants

I am seeking information on descendants of the Isbell family. I believe they were Scotch-Irish who immigrated to Bonnie Doone, North Carolina, possibly in the late 1700s and from there to Kings Creek, North Carolina (found mention in bibliography of *Master of the Wilderness* by John Bakeless of a Colonel James Martin Isbell of Kings Creek whose grandmother, Mrs. Jordan Councill, knew Daniel Boone). A *National Geographic* map of Appomattox, Virginia shows an Isbell farm next to the MacLean farm there at the close of the Civil War. My great-grandfather, William Isbell, came from Bowling Green, Kentucky and migrated north to Elizabeth or Elizabethtown, Illinois, and then to near Melrose or Burr Oak, Wisconsin around 1860. My grandfather, George (John) Isbell homesteaded first in Douglas County, South Dakota in the 1880s, then Milford, Iowa until 1906, then in Montana near Culbertson, and up into Alberta. There were Isbells in Missouri at Isbell Station, Osage County, with whom my grandfather visited accompanied by an Uncle Jack Radcliff about a century ago. Some of the first names in the family were James, Lyle, Rex, Boone, Sherman, Jennie, Mary, Lutie, Mattie, Nina, George, Robert, Sarah, Paul, Philip, and Theodore. Families with the surnames Goodenough, Davis, Thorp, Endicott, and Miller are possibly kin.—Mrs. Maureen Hyde, 955 Piermond Road, Richmond, B. C., Canada

Sorrells-Ellis-Hughes

Would like information on the following persons. Henry J. Sorrells settled in Indian Territory in the 1860s near present Love County, Oklahoma. Mary Ann (Baker) Ellis of Hallettsville, Texas married J. D. Ellis in 1883 and died about 1901 at Terrell, Oklahoma. F. P. (Fannie) Ellis Hughes, married David Hughes in Hallettsville, and was mother-in-law of Mary Ann Baker Ellis.—Mrs. Tommie F. (Ellis) Dunson, 2816 Joy Avenue, Ceres, California 95307

Wilt

About 1924 or 1925 my great-aunt, Sarah (Sade) Wilt, left Caldwell, Idaho and said she was going to Nevada, perhaps Reno. She was never heard from again. We know all about her brothers and sisters but would really like to find out what became of her. She was fifty years old or better and had a daughter Bethtina about twelve at that time. I would appreciate hearing from anyone who can give me any information as to what happened to her or her daughter. —Allen Ballard, Box 726, Kaslo, B. C., Canada

Moffat

Would appreciate any information on my father, uncle, and family.

William Alexander Moffat and John Moffat were born in Colorado around 1860, possibly in the Denver area. They left Colorado probably in the 1880s and worked at engineering, mining, drafting and millwrighting. Spent time in western Canada, British Columbia, Oregon, Washington, and Alaska. William died in Vancouver, B. C. in 1928. The place and time of John's death are unknown. I also believe there were close relatives in Manitoba around 1900 and in Denver in the 1920s.—Clinton L. Moffat, Mayne, Id. B. C., Canada

Lane

My great-grandfather Richard Lane was a Confederate soldier from Missouri. The family says he was shot as a spy in Texas during Reconstruction. During the war his two sons, Wilford and Addison Lane, born March 3, 1856 at Millers Landing (now New Haven) on the Missouri River, were sent to Virginia to stay with an Aunt Maggie. I have tried to get information from official sources without results. I will welcome any information anyone can give me and will answer all letters.—Mrs. James W. Jeffries, Box 287, Canyonville, Oregon 97417

Rogers

My grandmother Mary Catherine Moore Fincher's second marriage was to a Jason L. Rogers, I believe. Jason is buried at Texanna, Oklahoma. Jason's son Joe, is buried at Drumright, Oklahoma. I would appreciate any information about the Rogers family.—L. R. Fincher, Box 256, Drumright, Oklahoma 74030

Carroll

I would like information from anyone who knows of the Frank Carroll Ranch which was right out of Laramie, Wyoming. There were five girls and two

(Continued on page 46)

ABOUT THE COVER

Jakob Gogolin (1864-1940) was born in Germany and came to this country in 1902. Most of his remaining life was spent in Denver—some of that time in poverty. He never really mastered the English language and he never became nationally famous. Not all of his paintings are accounted for, but one hangs in St. Anthony's Hospital, Denver; others are in the Buffalo Bill Museum on Lookout Mountain (Colorado); still others are in the Library of the Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka. Our cover painting is in this latter group and has been reproduced by permission of the Society.

For the story behind this painting we are indebted to the Denver *Post's* "Empire Magazine," January 31, 1965, "The Strange Story of Jakob Gogolin, Eccentric Painter," by Bernard Kelly.

" . . . Adolph Roenigk, a Kansas pioneer and a survivor of the Fossil Creek Massacre, came to Denver to see Gogolin, of whom he had heard. Roenigk had been born in Germany in 1847 and had come to America in 1860. In 1869 he was working as a tracklayer on the Union Pacific Railroad at Fossil Creek, near the present town of Russell, Kansas.

"About 10 a.m. May 28, 1869, Cheyenne Indians under Tall Bull attacked the track crew. Roenigk and others tried to escape on a handcar, and Roenigk did escape, though he was shot through the breast. Two men were killed. Before the Indians left, they tore up the track. During the attack a herd of buffalo approached, and the Indians surrounded it for a kill.

"All these scenes stuck in Roenigk's mind, and he asked Gogolin to paint them as he remembered them. Three of these (Gogolin is thought to have painted six) are on exhibit at the Library of the Kansas State Historical Society. These show the Indian attack and the escape on the handcar; Indians tearing up the tracks; and the Indians making the buffalo 'surround,' as it is called. The disposition of the other paintings is not known."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Truly Western

Gaelic or Indian?

Mrs. Ken Oldham, a biologist; Jack John Justin, an old-time Indian; and I may have proved something of great importance in the field of anthropology this day. Mrs. Oldham is very highly educated. Jack John Justin received training as an Indian medicine man. My hobby is anthropology.

About six months ago Jack John showed me some writing. He is not a master. In this writing I thought I recognized a great similarity to the Runic or Gaelic writing. It so happens that Mrs. Oldham writes some of the ancient Gaelic from Scotland, taught her by her grandmother, I believe.

We three were discussing Indians, Aleuts, and Eskimos. I am married to an Indian. "Now write for Mrs. Oldham," I told Jack John. So he began to write in Indian. Then Jack said, "I write two ways." In his first writing there was no connection with the Gaelic. "Now," I said "write the other way," so he made a few angles.

Then Mrs. Oldham took the pen and wrote in ancient Gaelic, "I have hard work to do." Jack studied it and translated, "I have a heavy pack." I figured that was a close enough translation.

Does this mean that probably much of the rock writing found in various parts of the United States and attributed to the Gaelic was actually made by Indians? Are these Indians actually the descendants of very early Gaelic expeditions to North America—Gaelics mixed with whatever people lived in North America?

Jack John is about sixty-five years old, of the Chisona band, most of whom now live at North Way, allied with the Copper River people Ahtna Ne, so-called Athapascan stock. It is my belief that some of his ancestors crossed the Atlantic hundreds—maybe 1,000 or 1,500—years ago. They continually educated part of their descendants in the old Gaelic writings. The writing is still alive to this day. I have been here for forty-three years as a guide and outfitter.—Lee Hancock, Box 955, Anchorage, Alaska 99510

Robert W. Thaler

Knowing your desire for accuracy, will give you the following information with reference to "The Gum Shoe Kid" in your April 1971 issue.

Robert W. Thaler served in France during World War I, and was a member of the same VFW Post as myself. He passed away in Berkeley, California on June 8, 1965 and his body was brought back here for entombment at Fairmount Cemetery.—Lee E. McDermet, Box 2271, Denver, Colorado 80201

A Gallant Mexican Scout

I just finished reading the excellent article about Jose Maria Polancio that was mailed to me by a friend.

As a national coordinator of the Overland Mail Centennial celebrations of 1958 I did much research on the Butterfield Trail and was always puzzled about the facts surrounding Polancio.

In discussing Polancio with an old friend, Roscoe P. Conkling, I seem to recall his telling me that when he first visited the site in the early '20s that the headboard was a piece of rotting board. He also told me that he took a group of Boy Scouts from El Paso and they built up the area as it stands today and carved the sandstone headboard.—Vernon H. Brown, 1223 Chippewa Drive, Richardson, Texas 75080

Earl Thode Story

I read your story on champion cowboy Earl Thode in the August issue and as it has discrepancies, I feel I must speak up. First off, I want to say that author Dan Woods is as fine a man as you will ever meet and he would not knowingly send you anything that he does not think is the facts. This letter is not aimed to discredit him in any way.

Earl's dad's name was Hans Thode, quite a hand himself. Secondly, Earl never successfully rode Midnight, although he was on him four times and thrown four times. He did ride his stable mate, Five Minutes To Midnight, six times out of eleven tries, no mean feat in itself.

He was not champion four years. He was champion all around cowboy in 1929, as well as champion saddle bronc rider. He also won the champion saddle bronc in 1931.

Earl did not build the lake in which he drowned, as I saw that lake there before Earl ever settled in Arizona, on the old Francy Ranch. Earl is not buried in the Eager cemetery, but in the nearby Springerville cemetery. I attended his funeral and visit his grave each year.—Phil Meadows, Box 613, Florence, Arizona 85232

In checking out the points mentioned, the following information was received: Dan Woods explains, "Earl Thode's father was named Hansel Earnest. I used Earnest. Thode did make the lake—I helped him. There was a little slough there but Mr. Thode and I worked it over with a cat and backhoe . . . and got fish from the Verde Valley hatchery. Thode was World Champ bronc rider for four years—I did not say four years in a row—just four years. And now for Thode's funeral and grave place. A brief church service was held at 2:00 p.m. Saturday in the Eager (Arizona) Mormon Church. A Baptist preacher preached the funeral and graveside services were conducted by the Masonic Lodge at Round Valley Cemetery used by both Springerville and Eager—two little towns together. Eager is a Mormon town and Springerville more or less all different faiths."

Earl Thode.

Readers interested in visiting Earl's grave should go to Springerville if they are unfamiliar with the area.

* *

According to Arland Calvert, Editor of the *Rodeo Sports News*, Denver, Colorado, Earl Thode won the bronc riding championship at Cheyenne's Frontier Days in 1927, 1931, 1932, and 1934. He was world champion saddle bronc rider in 1929 and 1931, and won the all-around title in 1929, the first year in which records were kept.

In a letter to Lex Connelly, then secretary-manager of the Rodeo Cowboys Association, dated September 17, 1957, Earl Thode wrote, "I think Midnight was the toughest bucking horse I ever saw; he's the only horse I got on more than once and never rode." His biographical data sheet, sent in at the same time, says Midnight bucked him off three times in one year.

* *

Mrs. Earl Thode writes: "The lake which Mr. Woods mentioned in his story is from Mineral Creek, and has existed for many years; however, when we bought the ranch Earl contracted a bulldozer to greatly enlarge it and clear the debris which had accumulated over the years. He then stocked the lake with fish, and it was while fishing in it that the boat capsized, and either due to the bitter coldness of the water—the temperature had reached 18 degrees that morning—or to some physical ailment of which we were not aware, Earl did not manage to swim ashore. Mr. Woods was correct

(Continued on page 72)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WESTERN COLOR PRINTS!

1 Nez Perce On Appaloosa

2 The Scout

3 Branding Time

4 Ceremonial Dance

5 Tribal Costume

6 Pointing Toward Trouble

7 Brisk Causes Frisk

8 Gold On Padre Island

9 Stay Out Of My Territory!

10 The Captive

11 Lightning Got Him

12 No Time To Lose

13 Cowboy Chores

14 Spanish Treasure

15 Spring's Drama In The Desert

16 Old Memories

17 Flathead Indian

18 Autumn In Colorado

19 Buffalo Hunter

20 Lobos Hold A Wake

21 Old Homestead

22 Cowboy At Sunset

23 Lucky Shower

24 Welcome To Boot H

CUT OUT COUPON OR LIST ON A SHEET OF P

★ REDUCED RATES! ★

BEAUTIFUL COLOR PRINTS—COVERS OF PAST ISSUES OF TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES AND OLD WEST—PRINTED ON HEAVY DUTY PAPER, 10¼" X 14", READY FOR FRAMING . . . AND AT ROCK-BOTTOM PRICE, TOO.

1	$1.00	12	$ 8.00
4	$3.00	20	$13.00

Western Publications, Inc.
P.O. Box 3338-CP
Austin, Texas 78764

Circle prints desired

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Black Jack Ketchum in custody. Supposedly taken the day following his capture.

TRIED TO GIVE ME A BREAK!

npublished memoirs of a man who, by a last minute state ned outlaw, was cleared of complicity in the Steins Pass robb

pping around the Sulphur Valley horizon has long ago d trails. Covered too are the f the cowboys who rode shouting through the streets rizona.

wind is quiet, and blue water the dry lake beds of the a—distant mirages to mys-

expanse is a dust devil or reckless riders headed for night in town?

Located on the main Ow between Dodge City and p return farther West, Willcox location for cowhands with easier cash than their "thirty wages. The railroad's comi

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By WALTER C. HOVEY

Edited by
DORIS STURGES

with passengers and mail. Train robbery became rather routine in the 1890s and some of the outlaws wore sheriff's badges.

The Steins Pass train robbery in the fall of 1897 resulted in the arrest of several Sulphur Springs cowboys. One, Walter Hovey, chronicled their experiences in avoiding the hangman's noose while spending six years in New Mexico jails.

According to newspaper accounts four masked men boarded the westbound Southern Pacific train at Steins Pass and compelled the engineer to stop the train two miles beyond the station. A bonfire had been built at this location where other outlaws were waiting. Shots were fired into the express car. "Detective Jenkins of Wells Fargo killed one of the gang and the others fled on horseback. Another of the robbers is believed to be wounded. The dead robber is believed to be Edward H. Cullen, who is known to have been in Bisbee not long ago."

The train had a heavy list of passengers, most of whom were crouched under the seats, terrified at this initiation to the wild West. (Hovey set the date for the Steins Pass train robbery in November, although some newspapers give the month as December.)

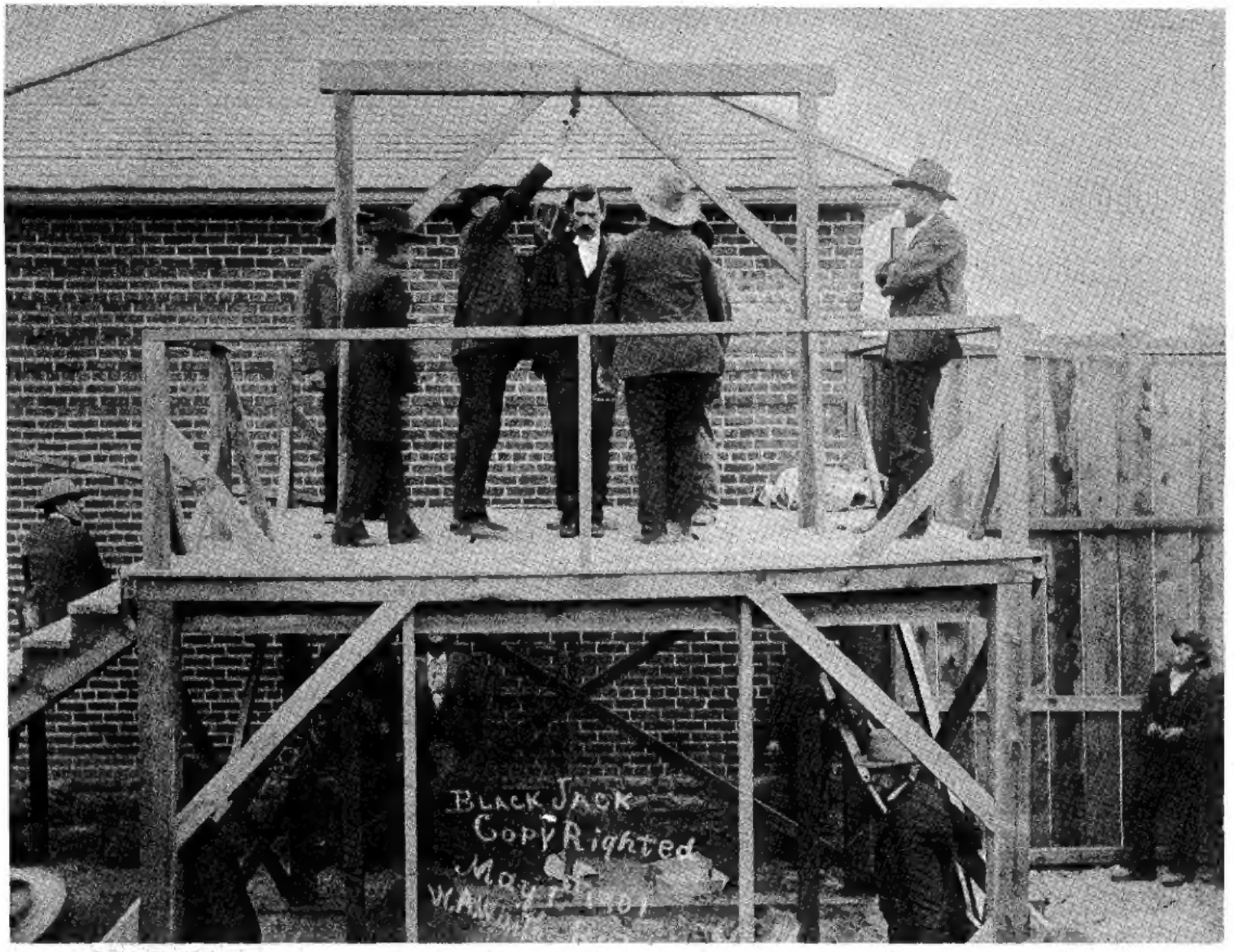
In 1939 Hovey sent his memoirs to Mrs. Mary Kidder Rak, after reading some of her books in a Portland, Oregon library. Mrs. Rak had written *Mountain Cattle and Cowman's Wife*, stories about ranch life in Cochise County. The Raks owned the Hell's Hip Pocket Ranch in the range country north of Douglas. In writing to her he explained, "Your stories are centered around a territory with which at one time I was familiar. That territory was home to me for a time. Fort Rucker, Tex Canyon, High Lonesome, San Simon, White River. . . . All of these names and many more served to revive memories and has created within me an almost burning desire to learn something of what became of those whom I called my friends.

"At the time I was in Arizona I was little more than a boy, a product of the frontier with little training and no restraining. I was associated at times with some pretty rough characters and, boy-like, assumed that this was the manly thing to do."

THE wild bunch who used to haunt the Chiricahuas and other mountain ranches in Cochise County, swinging wide loops to establish herds from maverick cattle, are an extinct breed. Walter Hovey, one of these early-day cowboys, left his home in Kansas at the age of fourteen. He was born in 1872.

Walter C. Hovey in 1893 at Higgins, Texas.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



It was the night of August 16, 1899, between Folsom and Des Moines, N.M., when Tom Ketchum attempted to hold up the Colorado and Southern passenger train singlehandedly. In the attempt he shot the mail clerk and conductor, and in turn was shot in the arm by the conductor. This wound ultimately resulted in his capture soon after. This series of photos of the hanging were taken by A. W. Ayers of Raton, New Mexico. In this scene officials are adjusting the noose around Ketchum's neck.

"I had been outside man for the San Simon Cattle Company. I put my own brand, WBC, on a few mavericks but I can truthfully say that I never put my brand upon a calf following another man's cow," Hovey stated.

"There were quite a few outlaws of varying degree in Cochise County. There was Code Young, Bob Hays, Jess Williams, Ed Mason, Dave Atkins, Bill Carver, Sam and Tom Ketchum, Ed Cullen, Jack Harper and many more. I believe most were my friends. I was anxious to have their goodwill because I wanted to stay in this country, and live. I never gave a posse a clue to their whereabouts and I gained the enmity of officers by my refusal. This nearly caused the early demise of myself and some of my other cowboy friends.

"None of us was in any way connected with the Steins Pass train robbery and none of us that November morning at the Tex Ranch had any knowledge of the holdup until we were surrounded by a posse of twenty-three breeds."

Throughout his letters to Mrs. Rak and threading his memoirs was a bitterness toward the lawmen he knew in Cochise County and in New Mexico. Burt Alvord, a sheriff at Willcox, earned his hatred for a very personal reason, as he relates.

"Alvord had his gang and they would go out and knock over a payroll, bank or train, or some lonely wayfarer who had a roll. Then organize a posse and go out to hunt for the robbers—sometimes bringing the 'criminal' in dead.

"I feel that he should have been decapitated for the cruel murder of Billy King in Willcox in 1897. I was not in town at the time of this murder, yet in a way I have always known how it came about.

"A few weeks before this affair I had been in Willcox helping in a cattle shipment. During the afternoon of the day we had finished loading out the herd I became embroiled in a fight with a man with whom I had previously been on very friendly terms. A shot was fired but there was no damage done and apparently everyone had forgotten the occurrence.

"Later about fifteen or twenty of us went into a bar and were having a friendly drink when suddenly I was whisked to my feet by a large Mexican deputy, and a man by the name of Walker who ran a barber shop. Of course I put up a struggle and jerking one gun free I struck the Mexican in the face. Billy King had been standing near me and he rushed forward and disarmed Walker. The Mexican and Walker both claimed to be deputies and demanded my arrest. Not liking the idea of being locked up I asked them to set some kind of bond until I could be brought before the Justice of the Peace. Since the JP was in the gathering crowd, he told the deputies to release me on a fifty dollar cash bail. I am merely relating this circumstance in order to show just what set off the hatred of Deputy Alvord for Billy King.

"King had gone to Willcox and was in Raum's Saloon, a large frame building with a double door at the entrance in front and another door leading out the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rear. There was a high board fence which joined onto the back of the building, extending to the alley. Alvord walked into the front of the saloon and, in passing King, touched his shoulder saying, 'I would like to speak to you a moment.' He never checked his stride and King turned from the bar and followed him.

"Alvord opened the rear door and then stepped back so that King could walk out first. As he pulled the door shut behind him he drew his gun. Not a word was spoken but five shots rang out in rapid succession from Alvord's army Colt. Three of them entered King's back and neck. The two others were through his head and his side.

"It was the click of the latch on the gate in that same alley that prevented me from meeting the same fate, and by Alvord, just twelve days preceding the shooting of King. Later I learned that Alvord boasted he would get King and me both the first time we came into town. He made good on his threat about King and I took a solemn vow that I would make him pay with his worthless life—a vow that I was never able to make good because of rapidly changing events [meaning Hovey's arrest for the Steins Pass train robbery].

"I had ridden into town and tied my horse in front of the saloon and walked in. The bartender announced, 'Alvord has made a new ruling. You'll have to unbuckle your gun belt and leave it here behind the bar while you are in town.'

"I thought a minute and almost decided to ride out. But thinking better of it I handed over my gun and walked back to the card tables. In a few minutes Alvord swaggered through the front door. Walking quite fast he passed me and touched me on the shoulder saying, 'I want to speak to you a moment.' He didn't stop but continued on to the back door, which was open, and I immediately followed.

"Three doors down from the saloon was the barber shop run by Walker. Alvord stopped behind this shop and stepping to one side left me facing the alley gate to it. Then he said, 'Walker has left town. He has heard that you were in and that you had bragged that you were going to kill him.'

"Through a crack in the fence I sighted a slight movement and the form of a man holding a shotgun or rifle. Instantly I said, 'Burt, I have never made a threat against Walker.' And I had never done so, but I knew that this was no private conversation.

"Alvord replied, 'I have heard that you did say so, and'—as he stopped talking he shifted his gaze to the west street entrance. A large colored woman had unhooked the hook back and was entering. She had in her hands a tray of food, covered over with a white cloth. Coming toward us she said cheerfully, 'Howdy-do, Mister Burt.'

"Her voice was the sweetest I have ever heard as she came directly to us and started a conversation with Alvord. I turned and walked back to the saloon, expecting every moment to hear a challenge. None came. I was shaken as I asked for my gun and as I buckled it on, Alvord walked in the back door.

Tom Ketchum

Putting on the black hood.

" 'Come and have a drink with me,' he said as he joined me. We drank and then without a word he turned and walked out the front door. I too went out, mounted my horse and rode back to camp. I tried then to warn Billy King, but could not reach him in time."

Hovey was known as Walter Hoffman in Cochise County, a name he says was wished on him by Charley Cook who was a nephew of Jimmy Cook, manager of the Three Bar Cattle Company in Sulphur Springs Valley.

Mrs. Rak corresponded with Hovey for a time but did not put his story into a book, as he had wished, but advised him to go ahead and write it himself. And she did nothing with the material he sent to her until years later, in 1954, when she passed it on to me—"to do something with." Mrs. Rak died soon after.

The Hovey papers have remained in my possession just as Mrs. Rak left them. Recently it occurred to me that Walter Hovey's story might be of interest to the readers of TRUE WEST.—Doris Sturges

MEMORIES of outstanding circumstances in our lives may be buried deep within us but try as we may it is

Immediately after the drop and the resulting decapitation.

not possible to entirely forget. Passing events, changing attitudes, or some small incident may revive the past, so that there may be all but a spontaneous outburst of our inner being. And then we will reveal secrets which we fully intended to carry into the great unknown.

I was a product of the great West, the old West. And in those early days I knew some of the "bad men." Some were outlaws by choice while others were driven to it by the type of law officials, such as the Earp brothers. Others like them were Jack Love, Tom Odem, Date Graham and Pat Garrett. Garrett was the notorious slayer of William Bonney, better known as Billy the Kid. They were fully capable of killing for the posted reward, claiming that they had shot in self-defense.

On the other side of the ledger there were those officers with the highest degree of honor and courage, such as Sheriff McGee of Canadian City, Texas; Scott White of Tombstone, Arizona; and Jim Herring of Beaver City, Oklahoma. And many more.

In those early days it was not customary, nor good policy, to become too personal in the matter of asking a stranger his name or where he hailed from; rather it was to accept each and all alike. When I worked for the Anchor D Cattle Company in what was known as the Neutral Strip, or No Man's Land, of Oklahoma there was no law except for the .45 Colts and vigilante committees. I left that country in 1889 and landed in Higgins, Texas where I worked for the Box T Cattle Company. If my memory serves me correctly it was in 1892 or, 93 that I met and became acquainted with Will Rogers. He rode out to the Box T and stayed several days and I was very impressed with his pencil sketches and his droll manner in spinning yarns.

I took part in the big race, in both the Cheyenne and the Cherokee Strip, when they were thrown open to settlement. Then I drifted into Southern Arizona where I embarked on a small scale in the horse and cattle business. Arizona was inhabited by large ranching interests and there was quite extensive mining. Many of the old-time punchers carried about as much artillery as the outlaw. So it wasn't easy to distinguish the vocation of a man by first glance.

The appearance of heavily armed strangers was generally the giveaway of a bank robbery or something of the sort. These posses were usually composed of around a half-dozen Americans and fifteen to twenty Mexicans and Indians. These [posses]were far more dangerous at your camp than the outlaws themselves.

One brush between officers and outlaws occurred shortly after the Nogales bank robbery of 1896 when a posse trailed the robbers across the Sulphur Springs Valley and the San Simon and into Skeleton Canyon where the outlaws doubled back to form an ambuscade, and where the officers suddenly encountered them in the deep rocks. The outlaws were the original Black Jack, Bob Hays, Code Young, Jess Williams and another that I don't recall.

Sheriff Leathergood led the posse, composed of twenty-two members. One was Bill Hildreth, a cowpuncher who had often tried to be friendly with Black Jack's bunch to gain their confidence. The outlaws had planned to kill him and when they found he was in the posse they concentrated their fire on him. Sheriff

Leathergood was killed and several horses were shot from under their riders. Posse members never fired a shot, and oddly enough Hildreth escaped down a canyon.

The mouth of Skeleton Canyon was only three miles from the San Simon horse camp and I assisted the officers remove the body of the sheriff from the canyon. Leathergood didn't know the country and had placed too much confidence in Hildreth, who led the company into the ambush. Within a few weeks Williams and Young were shot and killed at the A Ranch by a party of officers. Black Jack's horse was shot from under him but he managed to get away. The Chiricahua Mountains seemed to provide the safest hiding places for the outlaws.

I believe it was on the 9th of November, 1897, that a Southern Pacific train was held up at Steins Pass, New Mexico by six men. They boarded and took possession, forcing the engineer and fireman to run it a few miles past the hamlet. There was supposed to be a large consignment of gold and currency aboard.

A number of guards, headed by Jeff Milton, were on the train to protect the shipment. All were armed with .30-30 caliber Winchester rifles and sawed-off shotguns. The battle was on and, according to crew and passengers, it raged for some forty-five minutes before the guards routed the would-be robbers. They left behind the body of Ed Cullen, riddled with buckshot.

There was at this time a posse of twenty or more encamped at Bowie, Arizona which was about thirty-five miles west of Steins Pass. They had been congregating for several days preparing for a trip down into the Chiricahuas and Swisshelm Moutains, where they planned to round up a band of around thirty outlaws with prices on their heads totaling $9,000.00 The attack on the train galvanized them into action. At that time there was a standing reward, dead or alive, for mail or train robbers.

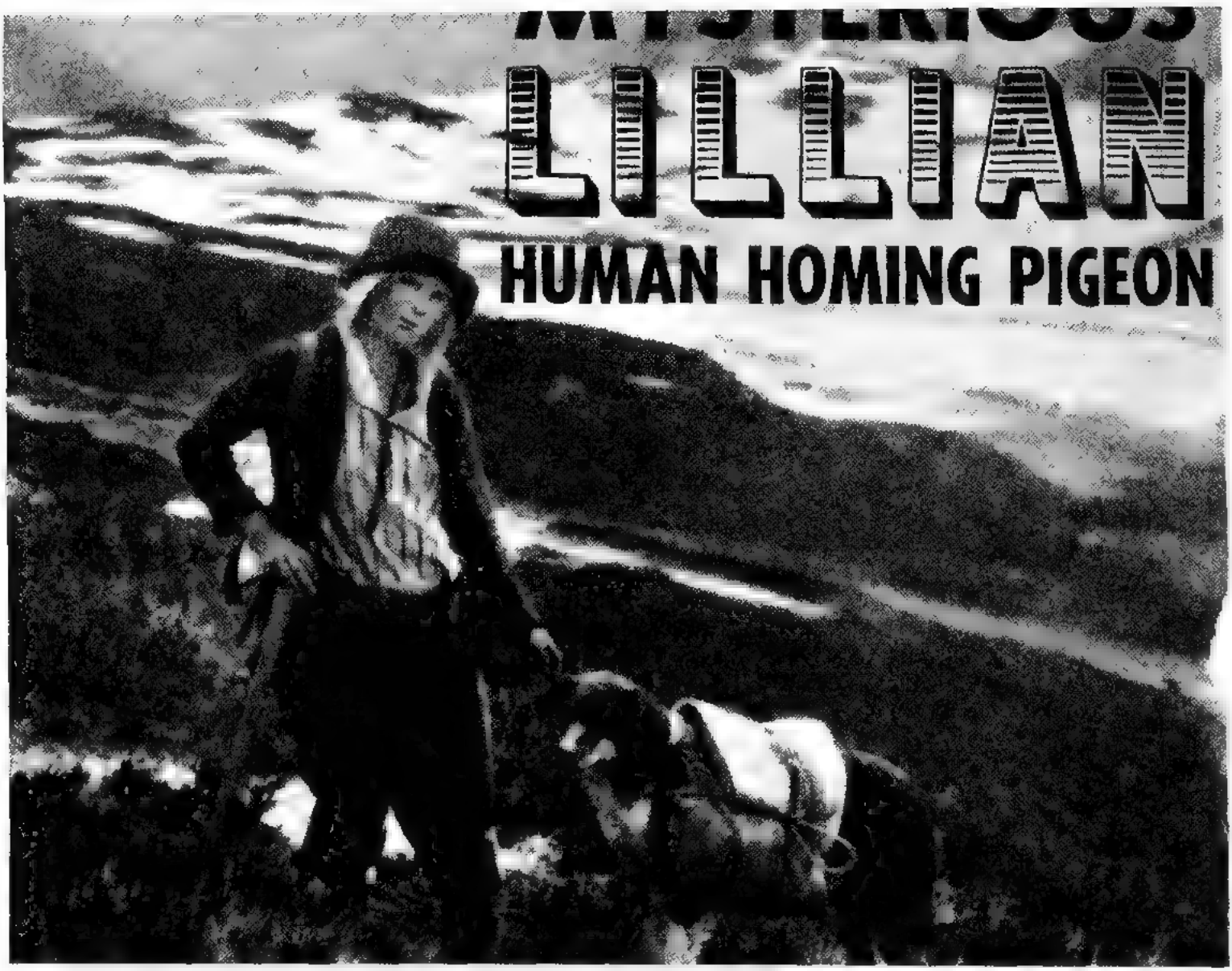
My headquarters at this time was in Hunt Canyon in the Swisshelms, about three miles from the Seven-up Ranch. There were three partners in the cattle business at Tex Canyon about seven miles distant. Their names were Albertson, Warderman, and Vintage. Hard-working and honest, they had the respect of everyone who knew them. Tex Canyon was around 120 miles southwest of Steins Pass, and Silver Creek was another 20 miles southwest of Tex Canyon and about 6 miles north of the Mexican border.

Warderman, Vintage, Albertson and myself had planned for some time to work the Silver Creek country to round up strays to keep them out of Mexico. It so happened that Vintage could not go with us and so the rest of us set out with our pack horses for a three-day trip. We made a late camp and shortly thereafter we saw three riders driving four pack animals before them. They had also seen us, and stopped.

(Continued on page 48)

Close-up of the grisly corpse of Tom Ketchum.

MYSTERIOUS LILLIAN
HUMAN HOMING PIGEON



Above, Lillian Alling and her canine companion on a portion of her formidable journey from New York City to Siberia! Below, the last cabin at Echo Lake, one of the nine cabins on the Yukon telegraph line where Lillian could rest.

All Photos Courtesy Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.

LILLIAN ALLING walked from New York City to the Bering Sea in a desperate attempt to reach Siberia. Her route covered 6,000 miles, half of them through some of the most hostile mountain wilderness in the world. We may not see her like again.

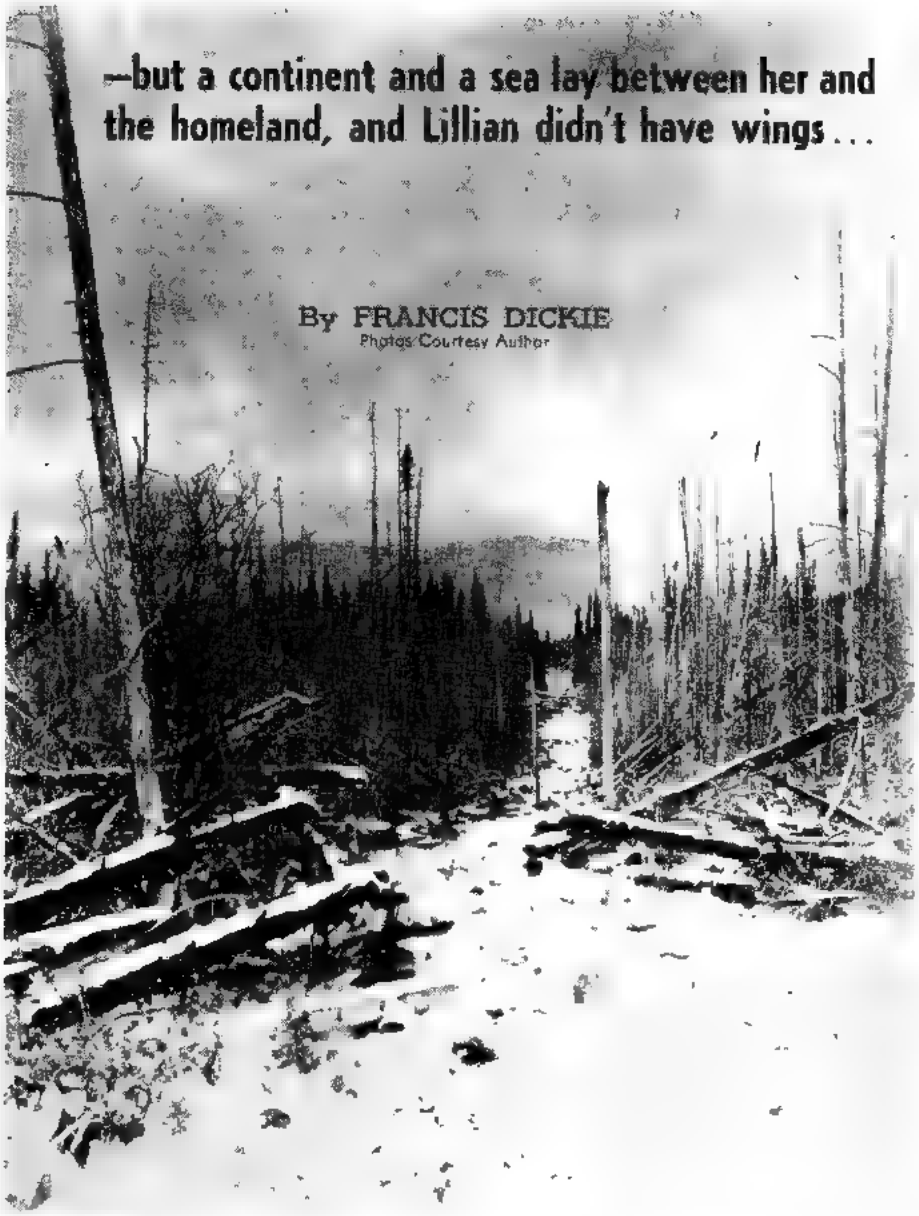
No one knows if her four-year journeying brought her at last to the goal she sought with such determination, or if death waited on the bleak edge of the Bering Sea, which we *know* she reached. If death were her portion, peace to her soul after those dreadful days of privation to mind and body.

Lillian Alling's past, the strange compulsion which drove her to press on against every obstacle of man, and Nature at its worst, remains wrapped in mystery. Throughout all the days, months and years of her walking, she never confided in anyone—civilian, policeman, magistrate, or prison warden, all of whom were compassionate in their efforts

—but a continent and a sea lay between her and the homeland, and Lillian didn't have wings . . .

By FRANCIS DICKIE

Photos Courtesy Author



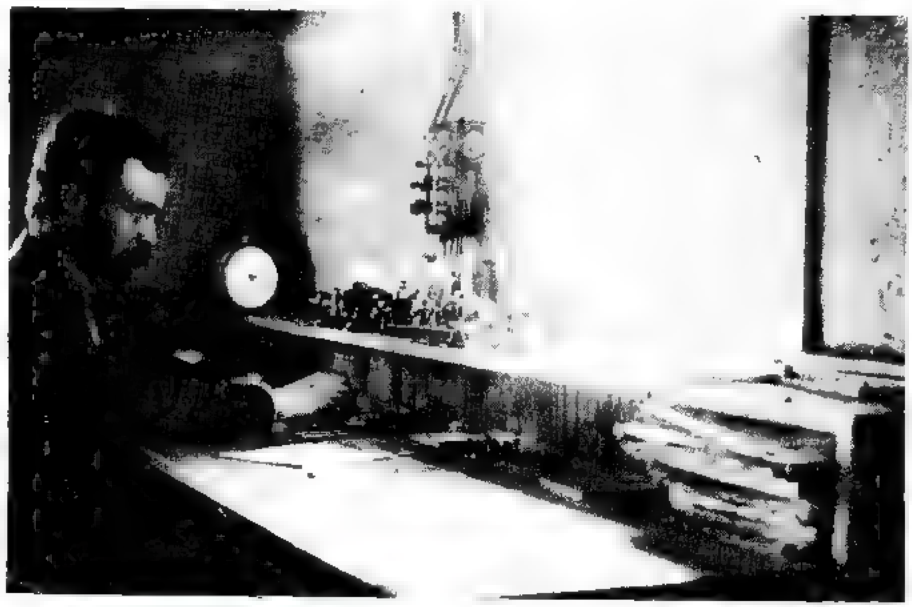
Above, this thin swath through the trees defines the Atlin-Quesnelle telegraph line which Lillian Alling followed on her long journey. At right, Provincial police office Sgt. A. Fairbairn took a special interest in Lillian. Below, the interior of the Telegraph Creek office on the B.C.-Yukon line.

to help (or hinder) her on this fantastic trek.

Many sensitive people along the way, from the pavement and railroad tracks across the settled portion of the land—New York, Chicago, St. Paul, Winnipeg, Vancouver, British Columbia—or in the lonely cabins of the telegrapher-linesmen which marked the Yukon Telegraph, were affected by the frail young woman whose answer to all questions was, "I go to Siberia."

Recalling these words and the fog-and snow-shrouded 8,000-foot mountain she climbed, one is vividly reminded of Longfellow's poem "Excelsior." This must be read for complete understanding of the comparison. Yet we remain ignorant of what she was fleeing from, or fleeing to. The Provincial Police of British Columbia, and a magistrate, in all humanity, strove in vain to stop her. Even prison bars halted her only temporarily.

Only these sparse facts are known: She



One of the several mountain passes that Lillian crossed in B.C. on her way towards Siberia.

was twenty-five years old, and had come to New York City from Russia. Why she came; how long she stayed there; why she started for Siberia—of these we know nothing. She worked as a maid, spoke good English and apparently was well educated. She told the British Columbia Provincial Police that when, after months of work, she was unable to save enough steamer fare for her return to Russia, she decided to walk. She studied books and maps on the north in New York's public library. From the maps she had drawn a rough outline of her journey which the Police considered a remarkable example of cartography on the part of one untrained. When one Police officer at the wilderness town of Hazelton, British Columbia, remonstrated with her at the impossibility of her plan, she replied, "There is only one big difficulty—the fifty miles of Bering Strait. I cannot walk that, but I *will* cross."

APPARENTLY Lillian left New York City early in the spring of 1927 because she arrived at Cabin 2 on the Yukon Telegraph line which cut through the forest of British Columbia, on September 10. Even this represented walking on an average of thirty miles a day. Her ability to travel fast was repeated even in the rough going of woods and mountains, a fact continually remarked upon by the experienced telegrapher-linesmen whose Cabins every twenty miles guarded the wire, and also by the Provincial Police who tried to bar her path.

During the earlier part of her journey Lillian was plainly, neatly dressed in brown skirt and shirt-waist, stout walking boots, and the scarf headdress common to Russian peasant women. She carried on her back a small knapsack.

New York, Chicago, St. Paul, Winnipeg, and Vancouver were left behind. Then on the chill afternoon of September 10, 1927 the telegrapher-linesman at Cabin 2 answered a knock on his log home and office. He stared in wonder at the young woman whose clothing was almost in rags and who was wearing, of all things, running shoes through the broken sides of which her bare feet showed.

After giving her a meal, the linesman questioned her. When, in answer to where she was going, she replied, "Siberia," he knew he had to do something to dissuade her. He sat down to his key and contacted Constable J. A. Wyman at Provincial Police Headquarters in Hazelton, informing him of the woman's condition. "And she says she's going to Siberia!" was the linesman's incredulous comment.

Wyman was an officer experienced in this wilderness where September marked the beginning of bad traveling weather on the trails beyond. Winter was fast approaching; north winds were waiting

Jim Christie, the telegrapher-linesman who helped Lillian and provided her with a dog for companionship.

Cabin 8, where Lillian was outfitted by the telegrapher-linesmen on duty there.

to swoop down from Alaska with death-bringing blizzards; already fog hung low over the mountains beyond Cabin 9, a region where even experienced linesmen had become temporarily lost. The constable instructed the telegrapher to keep the woman at Cabin 2 until he arrived.

Wyman brought Lillian Alling back from Cabin 2 despite her pleading and, later, defiant protest. At Hazleton he turned her over to Sergeant W. J. Service the district officer.

Service was most perplexed. The young woman's gaunt features and frame cried aloud of malnutrition. Service kindly pointed out that she would endanger her life in going on. "In the clothes you are wearing you will freeze to death, and you are without food."

Lillian's reply was stoic. "I have three loaves of bread and some tea. Please do not stop me." As she addressed him, her tragic eyes suggested a compulsion kin to madness. Sergeant Service was in a difficult position. Had he the legal right to prevent a peaceful citizen's walking in a free country?

OUT of kindness toward this strange foreign girl and to prevent her from committing certain suicide Service hit upon a plan. He arrested her for vagrancy. When the police matron searched Lillian, she found two ten-dollar bills, and a light iron bar eighteen inches long concealed under her skirt. Sergeant Service quietly remarked to Lillian that the bar would be useless against wild animals, to which she answered curtly, "It's protection against men." She little realized how helpful in the near future the telegrapher-linesmen on the lone British Columbia-Yukon Telegraph trail would be!

Brought before Justice of the Peace William Grant in Hazelton Police Court on September 21, 1927 Lillian Alling was charged with vagrancy although the fact that she had $20 and was merely walking cross-country made the strict legality of the charge doubtful. However, Magistrate Grant, moved by the same concern for her life the Provincial Police had felt, overcame the legal technicality by fining her $25 and costs for carrying a dangerous weapon! As her bankroll was limited to $20, making it impossible to pay the fine, he gave her an alternate sentence of two months in Oakalla Prison at Vancouver. In this way Lillian could keep her $20 and was assured of free food and lodging until the arrival of winter would make her realize she could not continue, at least for the time being, the hazardous trail across British Columbia, the Yukon, and Alaska.

When released from Oakalla Prison in November, Lillian obtained kitchen work in a Vancouver restaurant. By the end of May she had saved enough money to continue northward. As a homing pigeon is moved by forces beyond our ken, so too must this girl have felt an instinctive urge to reach the land of her birth that no logical reasoning could deter.

By spring she had become a figure known to the Provincial and City Police. Thus it was that near the end of June 1928, Sergeant A. Fairbairn, stationed at the railroad division of Smithers, B. C., on the Canadian National main line, received a wire that Lillian was headed toward his district. To his utmost astonishment she reached Smithers on July 19. The distance covered was so great that he asked, "Did people give you a lift from time to time?"

She answered with proud dignity, "I walked all the way."

Fairbairn made a rough calculation that she must have averaged between thirty and forty miles a day. At the speed she was going, Sergeant Fairbairn calculated she might with good luck get over the Summit into the Yukon before bad weather. There still remained half of July, and August. There also were no grounds upon which he could detain her. He did exact a promise that she would report to every one of the Cabins on the B. C.-Telegraph-Yukon trail.

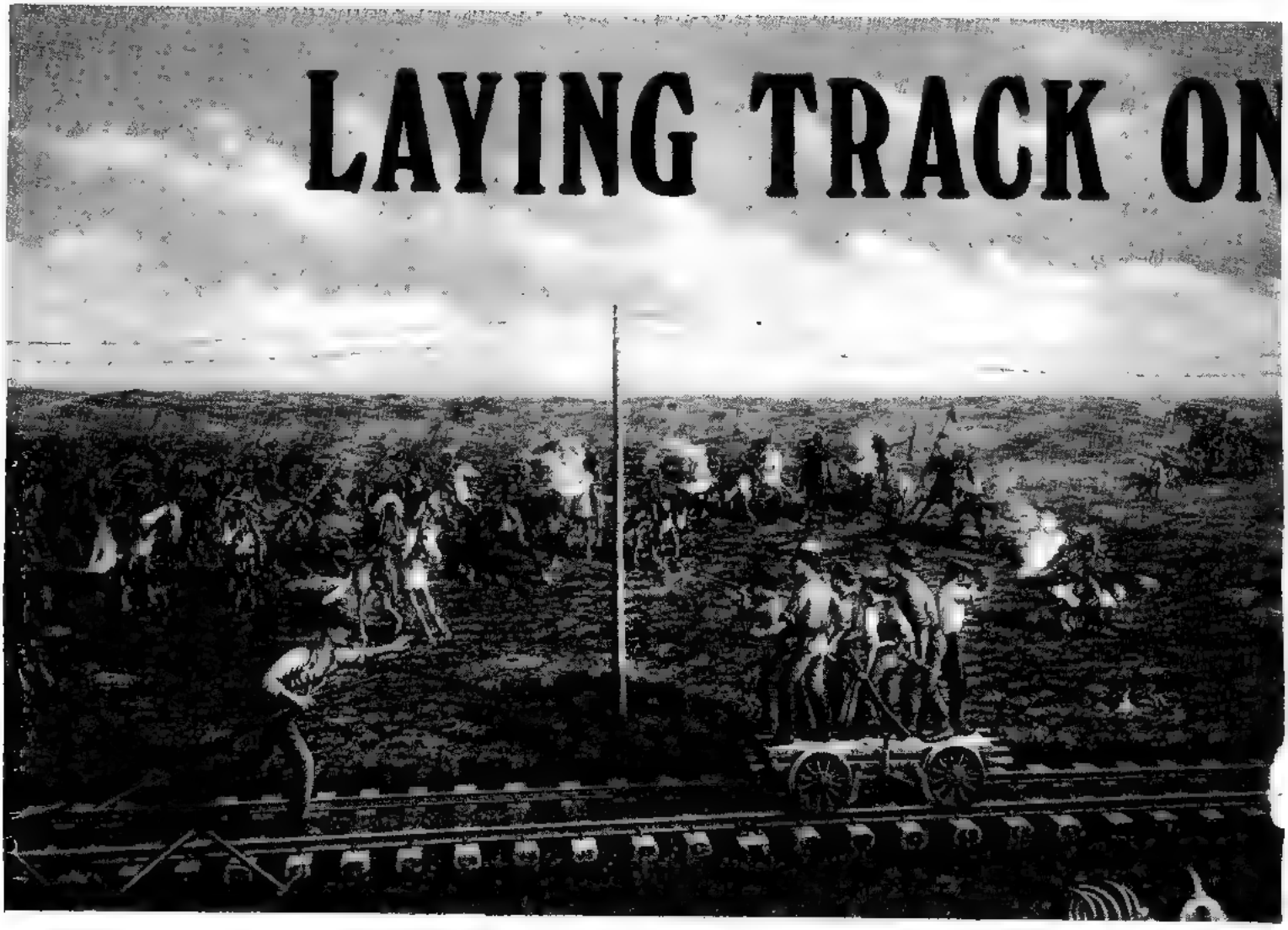
"I will do that," she gave her word with great fervor, and thanking him, went her way.

On right is Charles Janse, in whose clothes Lillian was outfitted.

FAIRBAIRN sent a wire to be relayed to all the telegrapher-linesmen who kept vigil over that single strand across the desolate, almost uninhabited land be-

(Continued on page 55)

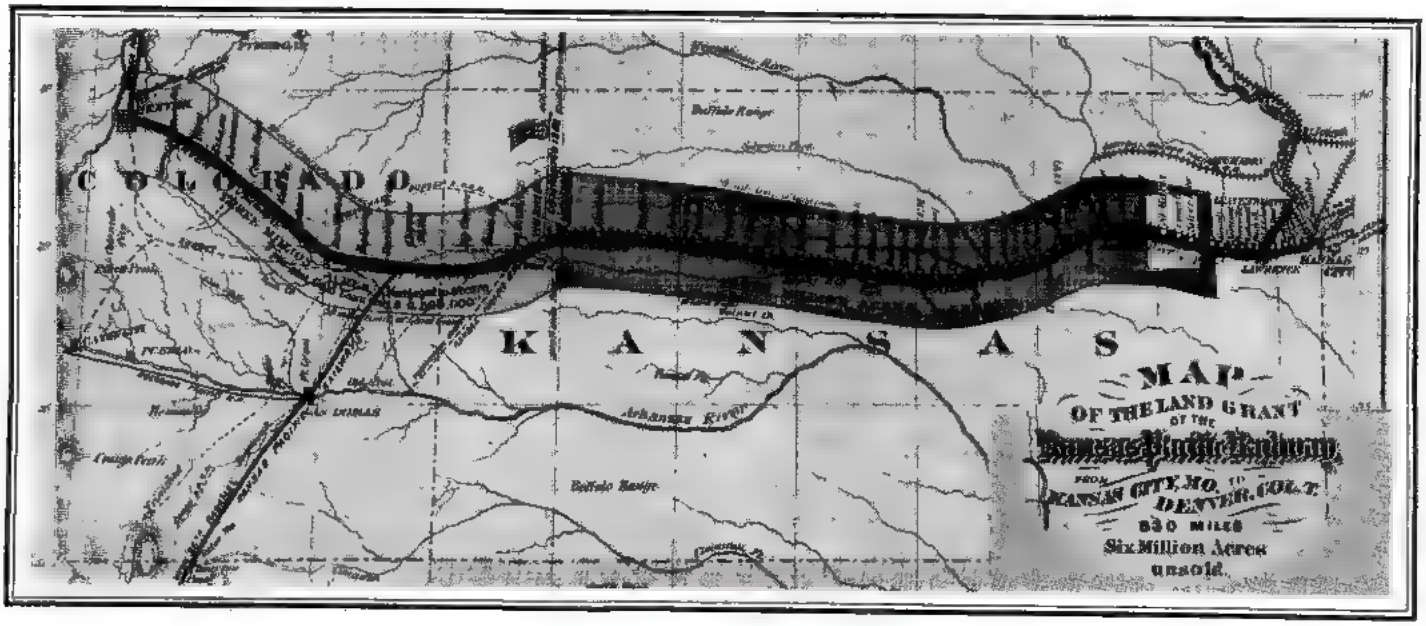
LAYING TRACK ON



A painting by Jakob P. Gogolin depicting the attack by Cheyenne Indians on Union Pacific section workers near Fossil Creek Station on May 28, 1869.

A construction train made a darn poor defensive position against the deadly combination of Cheyenne and Sioux!

Author's note: With the end of the Civil War in 1865 the United States began to redevelop the nation's resources. Railroad fever, in particular, which had reached a white hot temperature in the late 1850s, surged upward again and by



L E D T E D
E L E C T R O N I C P R O C E S S E D

THE HIGH PLAINS

By JOSEPH W. SNELL
Photos Courtesy Author
Provided by the Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Union Pacific, Eastern Division, laying track at a point 20 miles west of Hays City, Kansas. An 1867 photo by Alexander Gardner.

the time peace was an accepted fact, steel rails west were on nearly everyone's mind.

The Pacific Railroad Act of 1862 provided new impetus to the industry which had been dealt a deadly blow at Fort Sumter. A financial and official tranfusion was given those developers who envisioned continuous rails from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean. In Kansas foremost among the projected railroads was the Leavenworth, Pawnee and Western which was to be one of five eastern fingers of the transcontinental Union Pacific. From the present-day Kansas City area it was proposed to build up the Kansas River Valley to the Republican and then veer northwest to connect with the Union Pacific in the vicinity of Fort Kearny, Nebraska. Before any construction took place, however, the line's name was changed to the Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division, and in 1866 its route was altered so that it would continue west up the Smoky Hill to Denver and perhaps on to the Pacific.

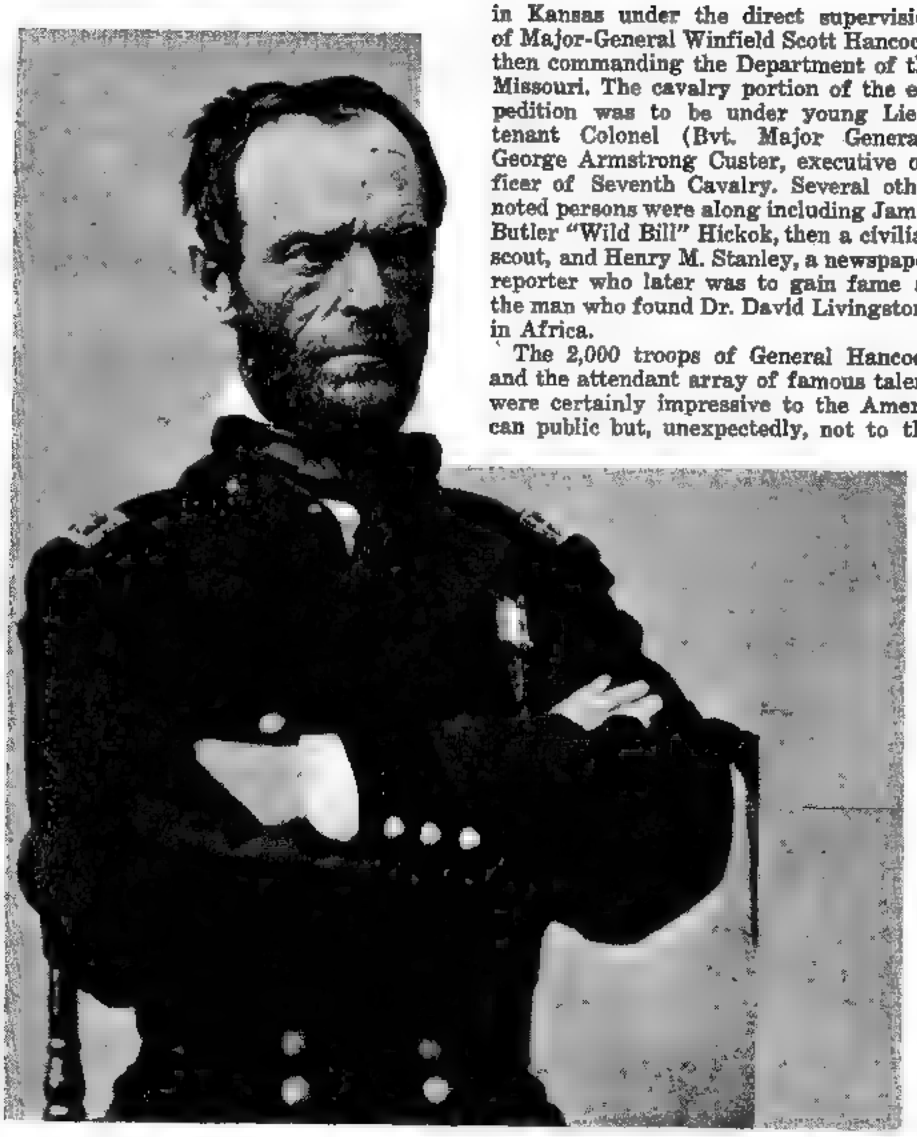
Work, which commenced in September 1863, proceeded slowly. By late 1864 the road reached Lawrence, some forty miles from Kansas City. Another year passed before it entered Topeka, twenty-five miles away. The cause of the delay was poor administration and tardy acceptance of completed sections by the government. And there were some who hinted rather broadly that the road was being held back purposely by secret owners who preferred to see the Nebraska road advance to Fort Kearny first.

Company administrations were changed by fair means or foul, and soon progress began to be made. Eventually things ran so smoothly that only floods, snowstorms, buffaloes, and delayed supplies slowed the railroad's progress. With the arrival of spring in 1867, however, a new factor was introduced—Indians had gone on the warpath.

FOLLOWING the Sand Creek Massacre of 1864 all Plains Indians became restive. By 1867 the situation had deteriorated to the extent that the army was called upon to put a large force in the field to impress upon the Cheyenne, Arapaho, Comanche, Kiowa and Sioux tribes the folly of warfare against so formidable an enemy as Uncle Sam.

The military parade was to commence

A Union Pacific engine in front of the Wallace Hotel & Depot in Wallace, Kansas.



in Kansas under the direct supervision of Major-General Winfield Scott Hancock, then commanding the Department of the Missouri. The cavalry portion of the expedition was to be under young Lieutenant Colonel (Bvt. Major General) George Armstrong Custer, executive officer of Seventh Cavalry. Several other noted persons were along including James Butler "Wild Bill" Hickok, then a civilian scout, and Henry M. Stanley, a newspaper reporter who later was to gain fame as the man who found Dr. David Livingstone in Africa.

The 2,000 troops of General Hancock and the attendant array of famous talent were certainly impressive to the American public but, unexpectedly, not to the American Indian. Hancock parleyed in a high-handed manner, according to Indian agent E. W. Wynkoop, with the Sioux and Cheyenne near Fort Larned, Kansas. The Indians feared another Sand Creek and did not trust the general. Hancock insisted on going to the Indians' village but they refused. When it became apparent the army would move toward the village anyway, the Indians quietly abandoned their lodges one night and silently fled from the vicinity of the troops. The general was furious and ordered Custer to take the cavalry, pursue the Indians, and chastise them when they were overtaken. Custer and his men literally spent the rest of the summer chasing Indians but never engaged them in any conclusive battles.

The actions of the white men (Hancock ultimately ordered the large encampment burned in retaliation) convinced the Indians that there would be no peace that year and they expanded their sporadic raids on settlements and transportation lines of Western Kansas and Nebraska.

The Union Pacific Railroad, Eastern Division, was stretching onto the High Plains by May 1867. Survey parties were as far west as Fort Wallace, and construction was moving quickly beyond Salina.

Then the Indians struck. Robert M. Shoemaker, the contractor building the railroad, reported on May 23 that a survey party under Colonel W. H. Greenwood had been attacked near Monument Station on the morning of May 18. For four and a half hours the surveyors fought off the Indians who finally withdrew without doing any damage beyond capturing thirteen mules. Two Indians were killed. The engineers were frightened, however, and fell back "to the settlements" to wait a military escort

Above, Lieutenant-General William Tecumseh Sherman was commander of the Division of the Missouri, therefore responsible for military actions against Indians in Kansas. He did not believe that an Indian war was imminent. Below, an Alexander Gardner photo showing Negro troops detailed to guard the U.S. Express Overland Stage. The stage is shown ready to leave Hays County, Kansas in October, 1867.

which had been promised by the commander of the Department of the Missouri.

Lieutenant General William T. Sherman, commander of the Division of the Missouri and consequently responsible for military actions against Indians in Kansas, felt a war was not impending and was widely quoted in this regard in the state's newspapers. The Junction City *Union* on May 25 reported that Sherman felt "we can have an Indian war or not, as we choose. He says certain parties in Kansas desire war, but don't think they will be gratified."

George W. Martin, editor of the *Union*, was not particularly impressed with Sherman's statements. "Such an expression sounds very good," he continued wryly, "considering that since the 15th of the month the Indians on the Smoky Hill Route have stolen sixty-four head of stock, burned two stations entire, burned two stables, and a large amount of hay, besides killing two men."

Two weeks later the editor was a little more conciliatory in his writing. He had just interviewed General W. W. Wright who was charged by the UPED with conducting a survey to Denver and another to Fort Lyon, Santa Fe, and on to the Pacific Ocean, the railroad's ultimate goal.

"This is probably the greatest and most important railway survey ever attempted," Martin stated. "The Indian troubles make it somewhat hazardous at the present time; but the Secretary of War has ordered the party to be furnished with a sufficient military escort, and Generals Sherman and Hancock will do all in their power to make the survey a success."

EDITOR MARTIN'S statement that "nothing will more effectually settle the Indian question for all time to come than the building up of a railroad through the disputed territory" was prophetic. The Union Pacific Railway, Eastern Division, was just then, as it happened, nearing Fort Harker, Ellsworth, and Indian country. But the Cheyennes didn't foresee the advantage. They continued to battle against the intrusion into their lands all along the Smoky Hill. On June 21 Fort Wallace itself was attacked and two soldiers killed, while on June 22 the Cheyennes killed and scalped three railroad workers within twenty miles of Fort Harker. Stage stations west of Wallace were under almost constant attack during June.

"The Indians along the whole line are engaged in their savage warfare," John D. Perry, president of the railroad, wrote to Kansas Governor Samuel J. Crawford on June 24. Over one thousand workers laboring on seventy-five miles of the line were driven back from their work. "What can be done to put an end to these atrocities?" Perry asked the governor.

Crawford, an experienced Civil War combat commander, reacted immediately by wiring Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton in Washington. "This Road west of Fort Harker, the route of travel across the plains, together with our Frontier settlements, will all have to be abandoned if prompt and decisive measures are not adopted," he warned.

Kansans could fight the menace, he suggested, and offered to raise a regiment of volunteers if the government could not provide enough regulars. "Do you desire the aid?" he asked.

The same day Crawford received Perry's wire, he was sent another by Shoemaker from "End of Track."

"The Indians killed two of our men near Bunker Hill and drove the workmen all off of twenty miles of line," Shoemaker reported. But Shoemaker, like Crawford, felt his men could handle the situation if they were sufficiently armed. He asked the governor for 500 stand of arms and plenty of ammunition. The contractor was willing to pay for the services of an ordnance officer who would issue the arms and see that they were in good working order. "Unless you send us protection our work must be abandoned," he concluded.

Unfortunately, Kansas did not have the ammunition it needed. Crawford attempted to get ten thousand rounds of .58 calibre bullets from the arsenal at Fort Leavenworth but was told that Bvt. Major General Andrew J. Smith, colonel of the Seventh Cavalry but temporarily commander of the District of the Upper Arkansas and headquartered at Fort Harker, had already supplied Robert Shoemaker's men with both arms and ammunition. General Sherman was expected at Leavenworth momentarily and the governor's request would be turned over to him since Sherman was the ultimate commander of the area.

Crawford received a similar telegram from Secretary of War Stanton. "Lt. Genl. Sherman, Commander of the Military Division of the Mo. has immediate charge of Military operations against the Indians, with authority to furnish all necessary supplies and upon your requisition he will furnish arms, ammunition and whatever is necessary. Inasmuch as full authority is vested in Genl. Sherman the dept. does not direct operations but commits them to his discretion."

The Governor of Kansas, Samuel J. Crawford, attempted to secure help from Secretary of War Stanton for the growing Indian menace.

Railroad officials continued to inform the governor of attacks along the line. J. B. Riley, an engineer, reported on June 28 that "my camp was attacked yesterday at 7 A. M. by Indians—we lost one killed —John Kessler, from Springfield, Ohio & George Waite badly wounded—five or six Indians were killed. I leave here tonight with more soldiers for our protection."

Contractor Shoemaker, who had forwarded Riley's communication to Crawford, predicted that "unless our men are promptly protected, all the men will be driven off the road & the citizens out of the country."

AS DAYS WENT BY Shoemaker grew more perturbed and more demanding. "We want a company of Infantry to guard our construction train and one of Cavalry to patrol the country. How soon can you get them here?" he wired on July 5. Crawford's answer was dependent on the raising of a battalion of volunteers, which would be called the 18th Kansas since the last Civil War regiment was numbered the 17th. General Orders Number One, dated Topeka, July 1, 1867, called for eight companies of cavalry (though only four were ever raised) which would conform to the regulations of the U. S. Army. Each man was to furnish his own horse and accoutrements for which he would be reimbursed by the government.

Recruiting officers were appointed at Atchison, Leavenworth, Wyandotte (present Kansas City), Lawrence, Olathe, Topeka, Manhattan and Kansas City. The troops were to be mustered in at Fort Harker on Saturday, July 6.

Governor Crawford, also on July 1, issued an executive proclamation which stated that "Central and Western Kansas has been and is still, overrun and invaded by bands of hostile Indians, who are indiscriminately murdering, scalping and mutilating our frontier settlers—travelers on the great western thoroughfares, and the employees on the U. P. R. W., E. D. They have almost entirely cut off communications between Kansas and the States and Territories west. The U. S. forces, now on the plains, are unable to protect life and property. And, having received authority from Lieut. Gen. Sherman to raise a volunteer cavalry force of eight companies, to be mustered into the U. S. service for four months, unless sooner discharged, I, therefore, appeal to all good citizens of the State to protect the frontier settlers—the traveler —and the workmen engaged in the construction of the great national thoroughfare—the U. P. R. W.. E. D."

Sherman had rescinded the authorization, then reinstated it, and a battalion of four companies was finally mustered in on July 15; but the general, in spite of his authorization to organize the 18th Kansas, still seemed to feel that there really was no Indian outbreak. Instead he hinted at "other causes" which stopped

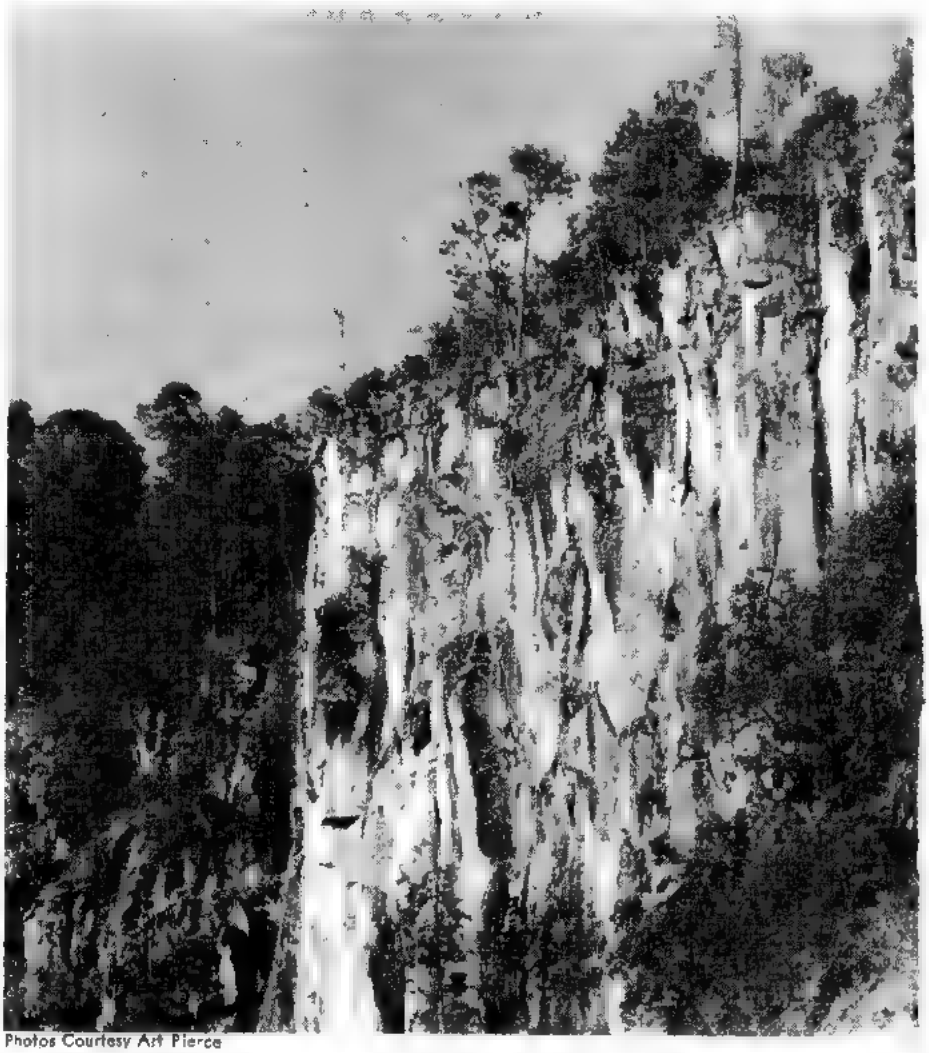
(Continued on page 66)

By DEN GALBRAITH
Photos Courtesy Author

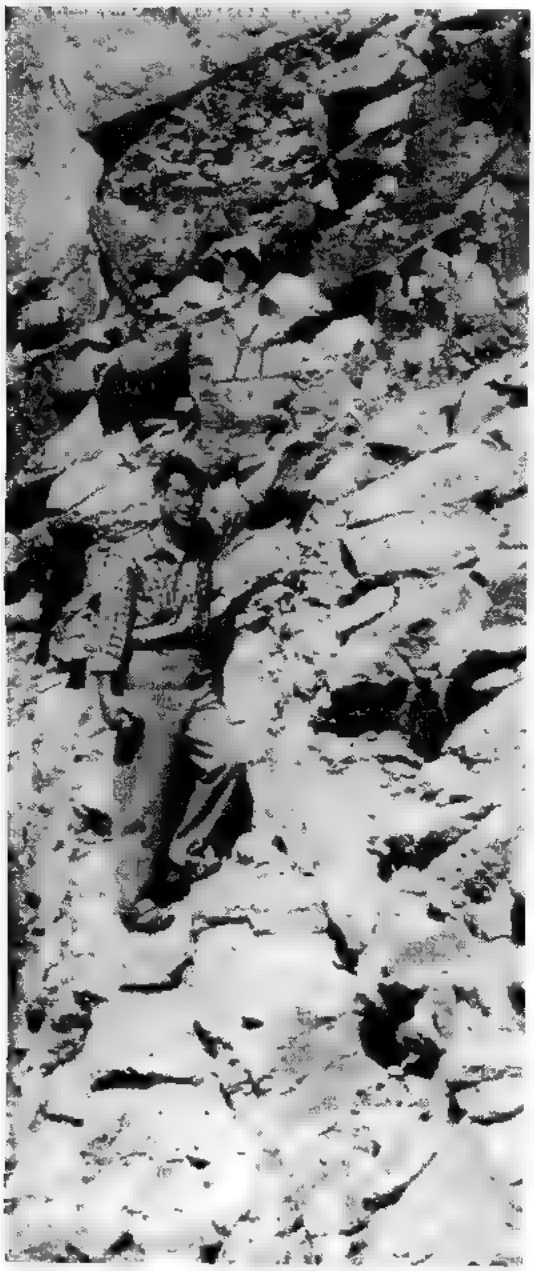
No mine except Tayopa has fascinated the Mexican rainbow-runners as much as El

A TORTUOUS TRAIL once ran between Durango and Mazatlan, down in Mexico. Tradition, emanating from the Sierra Madre country, tells how this route, *el camino real*, the royal road of the ancient *Indio*, went near the long-time-lost mine of El Naranjal—the "Orange Grove."

This trail—lost now—wound through the rolling hills of oak and juniper and upward to mountain stands of Chihuahua pine and spruce. In the moist portions the country is semi-tropical and black grama and bunch grass grow nearly horseback high. Water exists in some canyons, if you know the right canyons. Game is plentiful. Turkey, quail, deer, fox—the mountains teem with wildlife. Flocks of *guacamyo* parrots fill the air with noisy social chatter. Clouds of green-and-yellow *pericos* flutter overhead. *Crested urracas* utter wierd, piercing cries.



Photos Courtesy Art Pierce



Pleasant, this country, yet it can be harsh. All grub, water, supplies, and equipment must be carried muleback. Past El Salto, the jumping-off point, there are no towns, only villages consisting of small groupings of crude huts. A man might travel for days without seeing another human, unless he chanced upon a pastor or tiecutter, and rarely a *gambucino*.

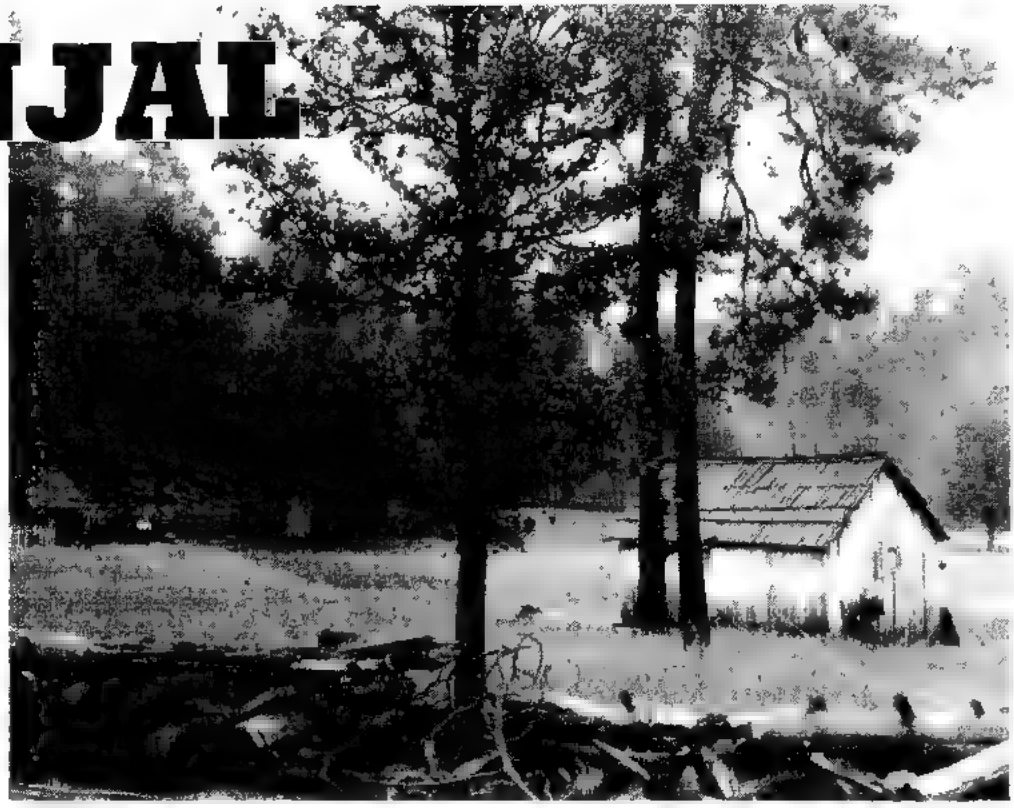
Wild hogs filth up the waterholes. Jaguars prowl at night. Two-foot-high woodpeckers shatter the days with their unearthly shrieks, and the *chachalaca* birds holler at night. It is that kind of country.

After sun-to-sun days of tough, up-and-down travel, one reaches the edge of a fearsome *barranca*, dropping downward as far as the mountains have risen upward. Days, yes, but it has been a short jaunt compared to the grim challenge below and beyond. Only the adventurous person will attempt the descent; those without purpose will remain content to enjoy the view, then return to civilization.

Here again the legend makers have created a bit of romance. At the edge of the *barranca*, close by a grove of red-barked *madronas*, there is a pile of rocks, reminiscent of having been constructed with as much care as the sheepherder's monuments one sees throughout the West and Southwest. Each person, descending into the depths, places a rock upon the pile, removing it upon his return. This place is known as the Point of No Return; yet they say it is the starting point for El Naranjal. Old accounts have told

At left, Art Pierce examines a wide mineralized zone deep in the area which forms the steep west scarp of the Sierra Madres. On right, a rocky cairn and cross marks the spot along a forgotten trail where some unknown traveler rests.

NARANJAL



At left, a precipitous cliff of volcanics rimming an awesome *barranca*, with no apparent route down. Above, a small Indian village situated in a wide, pleasant valley in the heart of the Sierra Madres.

of men who had seen it "with these very eyes, Señor," yet it remains lost. Lost, maybe forever.

Nearly all versions of the legend have a few things in common—the several prolific mines; the large *hacienda* situated deep in the bottom of a *barranca;* the splendid church; and the immense grove of orange trees, still growing, they say, as if some unseen hand cares for them.

But where? What *barranca*? Which forlorn side canyon? What part of the Sierra Madre?

TRADITIONALLY the mine, or mines, is situated between Durango and Mazatlan, near the line that divides the States of Durango and Sinaloa, in the country of the Tepehuanes. That is "much country" and it is all up and down. A man could prospect there the rest of his life and see only a portion of it.

The trails are few and they lead nowhere, or everywhere. Some of the Tepehuanes have come close enough to civilization to learn Spanish, but they have not come close enough to tell if they know of that *hacienda* and the orange grove and, above all, those fabulous mines. No, they do not talk.

To and from El Salto, the trail among the tall pines is pleasant enough but one has that lonely feeling, that spooky feeling that you are alone, or are not alone, and the mules or burros will skitter back to civilization unless tethered or hobbled at night. From the Point of No Return, the trail starts its treacherous descent into the misty unknown below.

The trail plunges down, zig-zagging awesomely, an ancient scar along the faces of thousand-foot cliffs like a stairway hanging in space. Once on this portion of the trail, there is no turning back. A man could turn back but there is no room to turn a mule around, it is that narrow, and no man in his right mind would leave his animal. Not in that country, isolated as it is.

Down, on down, the narrow shelf route corkscrews in and out of the steep canyons. Stiff winds, rising along the vertical cliffs, pelt man and beast with pebbles. Birds of prey use these currents to gain altitude, yet one does not see them go by, only hears their gentle *swish*, but later they can be seen, high in the sky, floating in lazy, effortless circles.

On and on the trail went, in and out, up and down. One version of the tale says that the trail passed close by the crest of a mountain known as Huehuente—"Go Between"—which lies upwards of 10,000 feet. Still another version has a mountain shaped like a pyramid at the top. Even after you have made your way out of the many-canyoned *barranca*, there is still the steep scarp on the west side of the Sierra Madre before you begin the gentle descent to the sea through almost unpenetrable desert growth.

Somewhere along that trail, or a trail leading from that trail, an adventurer should pass near a tremendous treasure cache and the mining district known as El Naranjal—close enough, at least, to hear the church bells tolling in the breeze.

Natural formations known as tent rocks give this scene in the High Sierras an African village look.

LIKE ALL good tales should, the story of El Naranjal began a long time ago. Legends and brandy must age properly! Its start may go back to the 16th century when the early Spanish adventurers spread out over Mexico, searching first for gold then silver—maybe at a time when the Camino Real from Durango to the coast was still used by the Indians.

Some say that the mine was worked by the dark-robed *padres*, but most tellers-of-the-tale insist that El Naranjal was operated by a proud and noble *grandee*. In J. Frank Dobie's version, the *grandee* would not lower himself even to shake hands with his mine manager, he was that proud—giving him, instead, the end of his cane to shake.

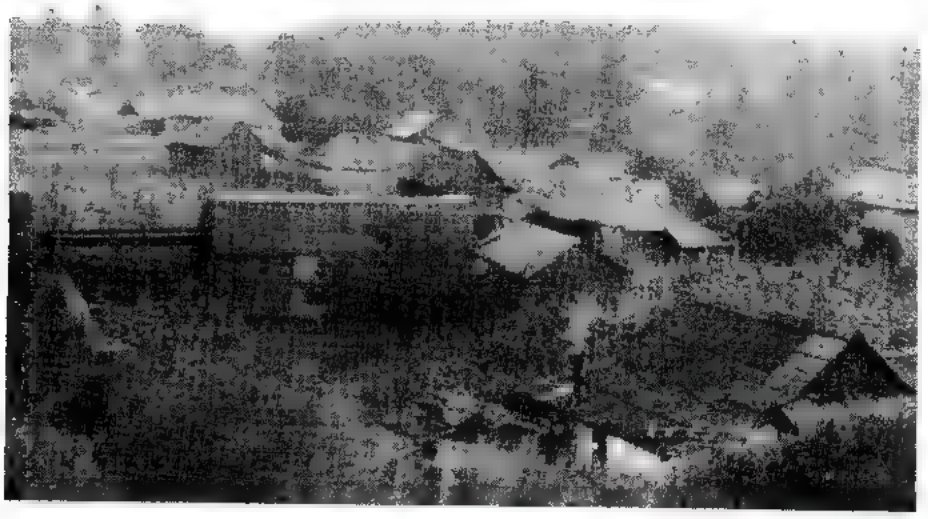
So much silver came from this prolific producer that, placed inside the portals in niches and other places in the mine, were saints molded of pure silver. Production ran into the millions at this *antigua*, although there were no smelter records.

Then, starting about 1810, the natives rose up against the *grandee* and the area reverted to its natural state. At the time of the uprising, a *conducta* of silver, consisting of twenty-pound bars formed by pouring the molten metal from the *vasos* into crude wooden molds, had to be abandoned in the wild flight, left in the dark interior of the mine.

Every early-day mining engineer in Mexico knew of the legend of El Naranjal, but not one ever came up with any factual data to substantiate its existence. Still the tradition persists.

My first inkling of this legend came from an American promoter and sometimes mining man, A. R. Schloesser, gone now, who married a young Mexican girl and spent most of his life in historic, bullet-scarred Chihuahua and the mountains to the west. In corresponding with him about the Rio de Plata Mine, he wrote some fascinating, poetic accounts of El Naranjal, the Gloria Pan, El Tigre, and several other legendary mines of the Sierra Madre. His vivid descriptions of that country did nothing to dull my enthusiasm, and years later at his home in Chihuahua I spent many pleasant hours listening to his accounts of folklore and tradition.

El Salto, the jumping-off point for the *barranca* country to the west.



A geologist friend from the Colorado School of Mines, Art Pierce, related the legend of the Point of No Return, a tale he had heard in the back country. Pierce and I tried to substantiate that legend, and we finally found a reference only to lose it again. As we recall, the story came from that little-known book *Unknown Mexico* by Carl Lumholtz, but all library copies in our area have disappeared. Books, like mines, can become lost.

I DECIDED to visit the Sierra Madre country. In 1952 Pierce and I made a prospecting junket between Durango and Mazatlan. Pierce would have liked to have found that "pile of rocks" and I was intrigued by the possibility that it might be the jumping-off point for El Naranjal. Again in 1956, Pierce and I spent some time in that area, this time with another geologist, Jim Mytton.

But we did not find El Naranjal, or any bona-fide clues as to its whereabouts, I am sorry to say. We found old-timers who had heard the story, yes; but as for any facts, no. They could only point west and shrug their shoulders. Yet we will never consider those trips as a dead loss, for the *barrancas* west of El Salto are unparalleled in their savage beauty. Pierce and I will always consider that seeing two-foot-high woodpeckers and a glimpse of a jaguar at dusk was enough to make the trip worthwhile.

Certainly we benefited in yet another way, for while we didn't find our lost mine, we found some places where it wasn't. Those trips through the Sierra Madre made us cognizant of one fact. You cannot hope to explore that country in a week or a month, or even a year. No, a man might not see all that land in a lifetime.

How is it, then, that such a prosperous mine or mining camp could be completely blotted from the landscape and history? One must understand the background of the Sierra Madre to realize how an entire settlement could vanish, leaving only a myth.

The processes of nature seem slow, yet erosion continues in a relentless fashion. One look at the awesome country will convince you. A profile through the Sierra Madre is like a normal mountain profile turned upside down, or inside out. As late as 1930 an earthquake in the State of Sinaloa split off the top of a mountain and exposed rich gold veins at the camp subsequently known as El Tambor. Earthquakes can cover as well as uncover.

Mountain slides can completely tear away a hillside; it becomes unrecognizable. In 1956 when Pierce, Mytton and I prospected west of El Salto, a landslide tore out the road and we were held up for a day and a night while dozers rebuilt it. Heavy rains and flash floods during the wet season may wash away entire dumps. Harvey L. Tedrow, a well-known mining engineer from Colorado and an office associate of mine for many years, remembered several destructive rainstorms when he worked in the Sierra Madre country, east of Concordia,

(Continued on page 62)

EXAMINATION COPY
NOT TO BE REPRODUCED

Many fragments of Western history exist today, unknown except to the immediate kin. Inscribed on the most susceptible material of all—wood pulp—these records lead a life as precarious as the pioneers' they immortalize

FAMILY PAPERS...

WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO THEM?

By GARY L. ROBERTS

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

IN the last year or so, a lot of folks have started to worry about keeping the old sky blue and being able to count on a little green grass in the spring. It is worse some places than others, of course, and none of us set out to foul our air and water supply; it just slipped up on us.

Now everybody is talking about *ecology* and *pollution* and trying to undo the damage. It would have been a lot simpler to take care of things before the problem got to be a problem, and if Charlie Russell and Teddy Roosevelt were around today they'd be obliged to mention that they told us so. We can take some consolation from the fact that Russell left us a record of what things were like "way back when"; there is a bit of comfort, too, in knowing that Roosevelt and a few other people were farsighted enough to conserve some of nature's beauty so later generations could know what the land was like when the West was new.

In addition to our careless treatment of the landscape, a lot of fine, old reminders of the past—buildings and houses and forts—have been shoved aside in the name of progress and urban renewal. Recently, however, the preservation of historic sites and relics has become a popular cause. Organizations such as the National Trust for Historic Preservation, the Pioneer America Society, and the American Heritage Society have turned their attention to the problem. Archaeological excavation of historic sites, and the efforts of thousands of hobbyists who search for relics in country stores, old homes, and ancient barns are contributing greatly to the maintenance of a physical record of the past.

The readers of these magazines are people who love the West, its land and its history. For some the Old West is a fond personal memory, but for a lot of us it is something we can only read about. Once men and women rode across prairies dotted with sunflowers and bluebonnets; grizzled trappers stood on mountain peaks and gazed into valleys untouched by the plow or ax; lank cowhands

(Continued on page 68)

The Lucky Town the World

TEXAS has many almost deserted towns. Some people call them ghost towns, forgotten by the rest of the world. Sisterdale might be classed as one of them, for it is off the beaten track, lying in the valley of the Guadalupe River, a stream still unpolluted and running clear over rocks and green aquatic ferns.

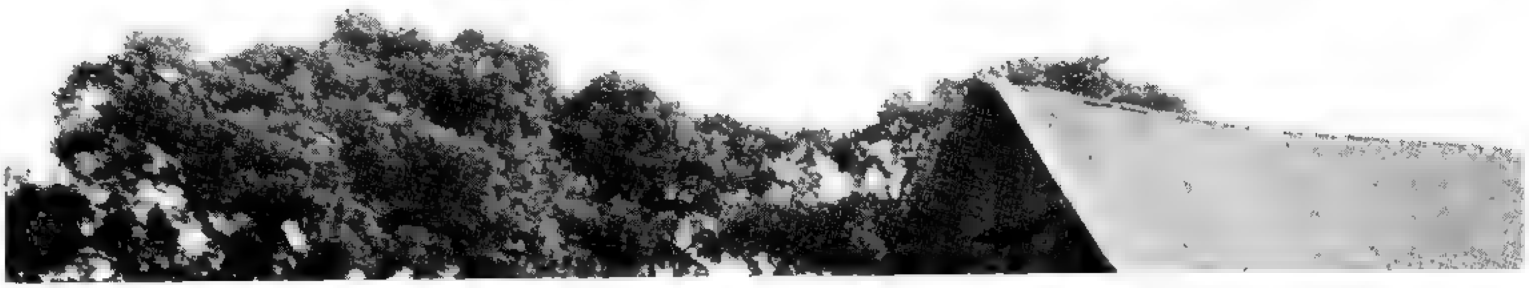
All that is left of the village that was founded in 1847 is a flash of neat homes, a general store, a few high-roofed German houses, rock-walled fields, and its circle of beautiful rolling hills and the river valley. The first settlers were German immigrants who, while traveling westward from New Braunfels, chose to remain on this land which reminded them so much of home.

To find Sisterdale one has to leave Interstate 10 either at the Boerne exit and take Ranch Road 1376 out of that small hill country town, or leave Comfort driving eastward on Ranch Road 473. This is a country for leisurely driving—no 65-70 mile an hour clip—or one will miss the beauty of the surroundings. Neat farm homes dot the hills, and here and there one sees the remnants of buildings raised years ago, barns of wood held together with square-headed nails or corn cribs made by the old "chink and daubing" technique.

To see the quiet town now, it is hard to realize that back when it was founded it probably had more intelligentsia per capita than any other section in Texas, for the Germans who founded Sisterdale were highly educated and diverse. There were noblemen, authors, editors, doctors, scholars, musicians, and philosophers. Brain for brain, they probably possessed the state's highest IQs. And they had come to found a town "where it was free to think."

So they came—not farmers or ranchers who knew how to survive in a land that was still roamed by Indians but professional men and craftsmen, unversed in the things they would need to know to make a town out of a wilderness.

Sisterdale came into being when Col. Nicolas Zink, who had already helped lay out New Braunfels, put his cabin where Sisterdale Creek met the Guad-



alupe River. At about the same time, Ottomar von Behr settled there. Today one will still find names on rural mailboxes such as Behr (they have long since dropped the von), Degener and other German names of the first colonists, all descendants of the original settlers.

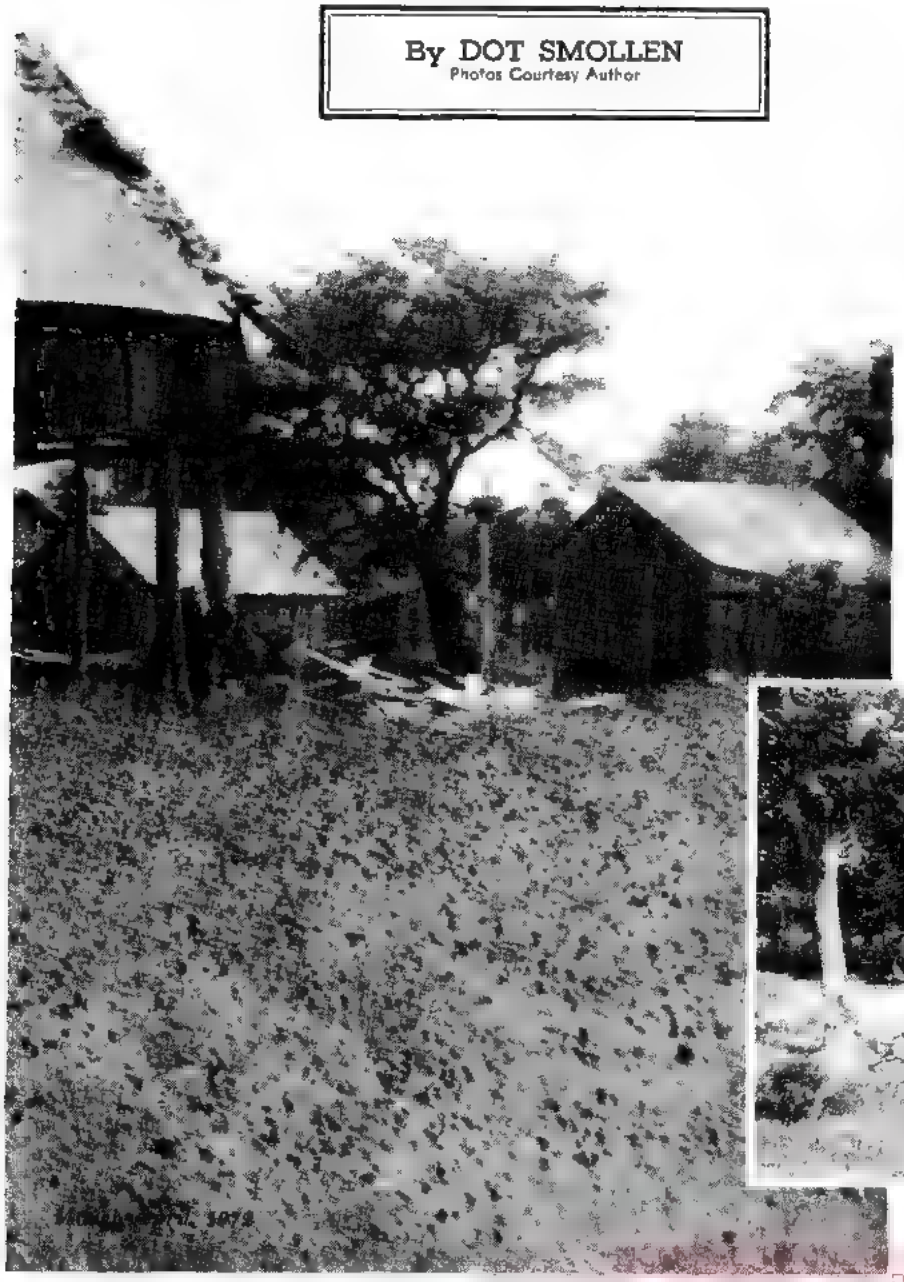
The schools of early-day Sisterdale were some of the finest. Why shouldn't they have been? Nearly every home in the valley had shelves lined with the classics, Caesar's *Commentaries on the Gallic War*, and the works of Sir Walter Scott. The villagers met weekly for song and discussion and many a time "Morning Song" would ring out across the valley or one could hear Mozart's works played on the piano and flute.

The pioneers of Sisterdale built their structures to last, like this corn crib built by the "chink and daubing" method of using logs or limbs and filling in the crevices with caliche or adobe mud.

Forgot

At left, an old deserted barn about a mile outside of Sisterdale that has lasted far longer than the settler who constructed it. Below, this small waterfall on the Guadalupe River is the sort of idyllic setting that attracted the original German settlers to this part of the wild Texas hills.

By DOT SMOLLEN
Photos Courtesy Author



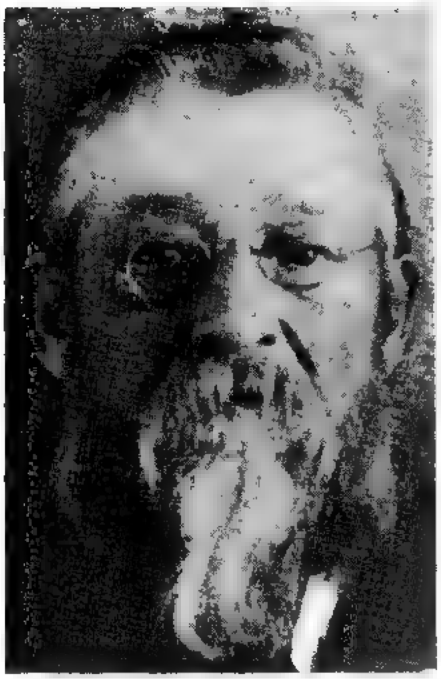
The town had a lending library as early as 1850 and for a time it seemed as though Sisterdale might prosper, for it was a way station between Fredericksburg and New Braunfels. Many a weary traveler, looking for a new home in the Comanche hills, spent the night in Sisterdale.

It was to Sisterdale that Prince Paul of Wurtemberg, a brother of the king, came in the early 1850s to visit with the Ed Degener family. The prince found that the people were "happy with their new land, never regretting the estates they had left behind in Germany."

It was here that Ernest Kapp built his home on the hill. He was a distinguished author and professor from Minden in Germany who turned his efforts toward

(Continued on page 57)

By REED F. ADAMS
Photos Courtesy Author



It was S. L. Adams (above) and his two companions who were unexpectedly visited by a band of not too friendly Indians on a summer night in 1870. At right is "John" To-ab, a Ute Indian who is said to have been responsible for the killing of Powell's men. This is a prison photo taken years later.

A NIGHT OF SUSPENSE IN INDIAN COUNTRY

Seventy miles from the nearest settlement was a long way to be when the killers of Major Powell's men were still roaming the canyons!

THE TRAGEDIES of the Grand Canyon will never be told. Once caught in its swirling rapids, the victim never returns. The Colorado has claimed many; how many, no one really knows, for there were few witnesses. In 1869 Theodore Hook was carried away; in June, 1876 Lorenzo W. Roundy was caught in the whirlpools and drowned. His body was never recovered. Frank M. Brown lost his life while surveying the Canyon in 1889 at the Soap Creek Rapids just below Lee's Ferry; five days later Peter Hansborough, a member of Brown's survey party, was drowned. More recently, the skeleton of a man was found in Grand Canyon below Bright Angel Trail, lodged on a ledge far above the water. Remnants of a newspaper found in his clothing had been published in the spring of 1900.

Prior to 1869 the Grand Canyon was a geographic mystery. To the Indians who occupied country on the north and south rims it was well known, but they made no effort to penetrate its depths; to them it was a place of evil spirits, awaiting the opportunity to seize the unfortunate who might venture within the shadows of its massive walls, drawing them into the whirlpools and rapids of the great river from which there was no escape.

The Colorado was never approached by the Indians except at certain places where the country was open and water could be reached without entering the foreboding canyon. The first Indians of record to cross the river were a party of Oribas who had come to the settlements in Southern Utah with Jacob Hamblin on his return from a visit to the Hopis.

Major John Wesley Powell of the U. S. Geographical Survey Department, and his men, were the first persons to explore Grand Canyon and reveal its beauty and dangers to the world (1869). It was a hazardous expedition which only men of supreme courage would have undertaken. The party consisted of the Major, John C. Sumner, William H. Dunn, Walter H. Powell, G. Y. Bradley, O. G. Howland, Seneca Howland, Frank Goodman, William R. Hawkins and Andrew Hall.

With specially constructed boats, these men plunged into the watery peril of the greatest chasm on the face of the earth. The difficulties met and overcome as they slowly felt their way were of the most serious sort. Some of their boats and much of their supplies were lost.

Reaching a point almost due south from St. George, Utah, where the Shevwit Plateau pushes out and forces the Colorado off to the south in what is known as the Horse Shoe Bend, they encountered a rapid which appeared to some members of the party to be impassable. O. G. Howland was adamant in his determination to go no farther. He regarded any further progress impossible, and urged that the expedition be abandoned and an effort made to reach the settlements to the north by scaling the canyon walls and traveling overland. A council was held at which Major Powell urged the men to proceed, as he felt they were near the end of their ordeal and was determined to finish the task his government had assigned to him.

Division rose in the party, some of the men desiring to abandon the project while others were willing to follow the Major wherever he led. When morning came the Howland brothers and Dunn refused to go farther. However, there was no ill will, and because supplies were low they declined accepting any food, taking two rifles and a shotgun instead and saying that with these they could kill game enough to provide food until they reached the settlements.

As the boats pushed off and drifted toward the dangerous rapid, the Howland brothers and Dunn stood on a ledge of rock, far above the water, and waved farewell to their comrades. A few days later the Major reached the mouth of Rio Virgin, his task finished. The Howland brothers and Dunn were never again seen by people of their own race. What happened to them can only be surmised from somewhat obscure facts.

Courtesy Utah State Historical Society

A street in St. George, Utah about 1910.

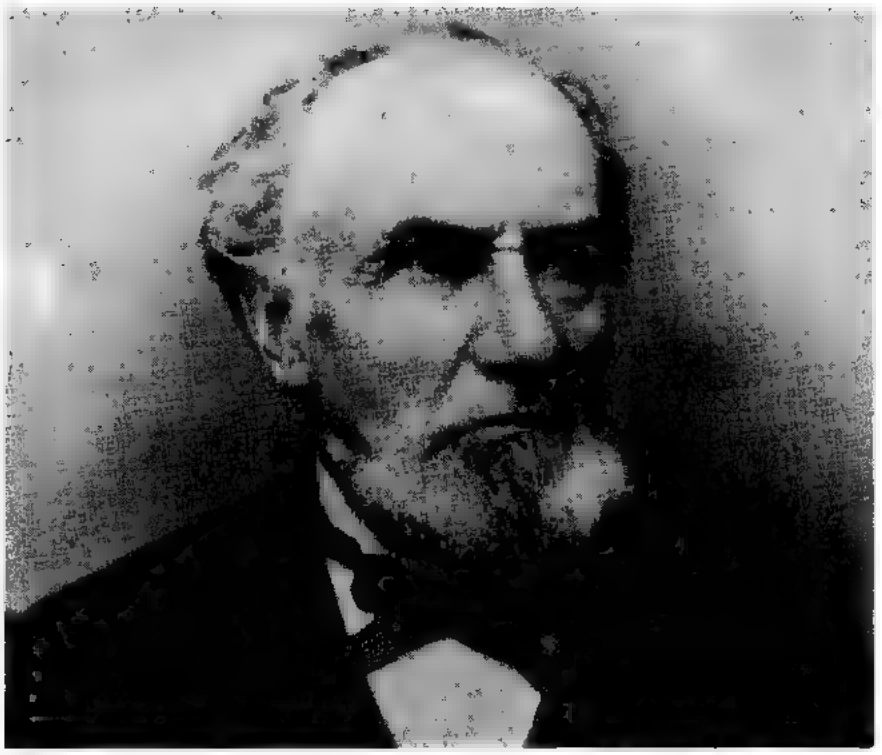
Right. John Wesley Powell

Photo from **The Romance of the Colorado River** by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, 1902; reprinted by Rio Grande Press

SOON AFTER the events recounted, a party of Shevwit Indians came to St. George, having in their possession guns and a watch which had evidently been the property of white men. They offered to trade the watch for clothing, food, or powder and balls. When questioned about ownership, they stated that the articles had been found at an abandoned camp. It later became known that three of Major Powell's men had left him in the Grand Canyon, and that they had been killed by Shevwits as they made their way toward the settlements.

The following year (1870) Major Powell came to St. George in an endeavor to locate his missing companions and, with Jacob Hamblin as guide and interpreter, visited the Indians at Mount Trumbull. They admitted that during the year before, their people who lived on Shevwit Mountain had killed three white men, the reason being that Indians on the south side of the river had told them the strangers were bad men looking for gold and that they would attract others who would take over the country.

Major Powell explained that he had come as a friend and that he wanted to become acquainted with them that he might report to the government in Washington their condition and the character of the land they lived in. After the Major had made his speech, the Indian who



Courtesy Utah State Historical Society

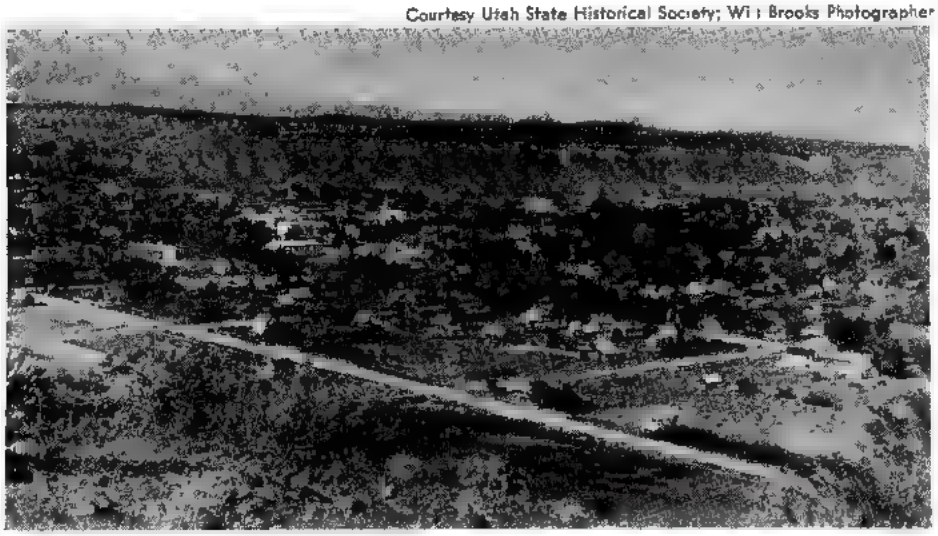
Richard Bentley, Trustee of St. George Normal School in 1872, and Mayor of St. George in 1870.

acted as spokesman said: "Your talk is good. We believe what you say. We believe in Jacob and look upon you as a father. When you are hungry, you can have our game. You may gather our sweet fruits. We will give you food when you come to our land. We will be friends; we will show you the springs and you may drink; the water is good and when you come we will be glad. We will tell the Indians who live on the other side of the great river that we have seen Ka-Pu-Rats (One Arm—the Major had lost one of his arms) and that he is the friend of the Indians. We will tell them he is Jacob's friend.

"We are very poor. Look at our women and children, they are naked. We have no horses, we climb the rocks and our feet are sore. We live among the rocks, and they yield little food, but many thorns. When the cold moons come, our children are hungry. We have little to give; you must not think us mean. You are wise. We have heard you tell strange things. We are ignorant. Last year our people killed three white men. Bad men said they were our enemies; they told great lies. We thought them true; we were mad, it made us big fools. We are very sorry. Do not think of them; it is done, let us be friends. We are ignorant like little children compared with you. When we do wrong, do not get mad and be like children, too. When white men kill us, we kill them, too. Then they kill more of us. It is not good. We hear that white men are a great number. When they stop killing us, there will be no Indians left to bury the dead.

A view of modern day St. George from a hill west of the city.

Courtesy Utah State Historical Society; Wm Brooks Photographer



"We love our country; we know no other lands. We hear that other lands are better, we do not know. The pines sing to us and we are glad. Our children play in the warm sand; we hear them sing and are happy. We do not want their lands. We want our rocks and the great mountains, where our fathers lived. We are very poor, but very honest. You have horses and many things. You are very wise, you have a good heart. We will be friends. I have nothing more to say."

A FEW YEARS after Major Powell's visit in search of his men—or at least to determine what had happened to them—several adventurous men in Southern Utah stocked the range with cattle and commenced a general ranching business after buying from the Indians rights to various springs and waterholes. But soon it became evident they could not raise cattle and Indians on the same range. The Indians began killing cattle for food, and claiming the country was theirs and that the white men should move their flocks and herds and leave them in possession.

A report was made to the Indian Department in Washington, D. C., with the suggestion that the Shevwits be placed on a reservation on the Santa Clara River where they would be subject to government supervision. This was approved. Funds were appropriated for the purchase of land and improvements, and Anthony W. (Tony) Ivins was appointed to establish an agency and place the Shevwits upon it. The Indians were reluctant to leave their old home and a few refused to come in, but when they found that no force would be applied and that those on the reservation were well treated, one by one they came straggling in until all were there.

Among these Indians was one man who was a constant source of trouble. He was obstinate, uncontrollable and pretended to be a medicine man, possessing supernatural power which enabled him to see, in dreams and visions, the past, present and future. His Indian name was To-ab. The whites called him John To-ab.

From the time To-ab came to the reservation Mr. Ivins suspected that he was connected with, if not entirely responsible for, the murder of the Howland brothers and Dunn. But by no form of persuasion, offer of reward, or threat could he induce the other Indians to give any word that would incriminate him, so great was their fear of To-ab.

It was not long until he was sent to Utah State Prison for killing another Indian. He soon became ill and was placed in a hospital, where he recovered rapidly. After this he was ill while in his cell, but immediately recovered when sent to the hospital. The warden finally sent him back to the reservation to get rid of an intolerable nuisance.

Finally in 1923, after fifty-four years had passed and To-ab had died, there was but one Indian living who would have personal knowledge of the killing of Powell's men, and that was old Simon. George Brooks, ex-sheriff of Washington County and a good friend of the Indians, interviewed Simon and this is what he told Mr. Brooks: He remembered that when

he was a big boy, three white men came up from the river which flows through the Grand Canyon and were killed by the Indians on Shevwit Mountain. Que-toose, who at the time was chief of the Shevwits tribe, was away at a spring, cultivating corn, and knew nothing of the killings until after they had occurred.

From the story told by Simon, and from other information gleaned from the Indians, it appears that after the men left the Major at the river they followed an old Indian trail which reaches the north rim of the Grand Canyon at a point on the east side of Green Spring Canyon where there is a small dripping spring called Kelly's Spring. The trail then leads northwest on the north side of the "Butte," goes over Lake Flat, and turns north down a canyon to Pine and Duke Springs and from there down Para-Shont Wash to the head of Hidden Canyon, across Poverty Mountain to Wolf Hole Springs and on to St. George and safety. Had the explorers not been attacked by a few bad Indians, they would have reached the settlement.

According to Old Simon, when the three men first met the Shevwits, they were received with friendship. After they had passed, a council was held to determine whether they would be permitted to proceed in peace, or be attacked and killed. The majority of Indians were in favor of treating the strangers as friends, but To-ab insisted they be dealt with as enemies. Persuading two young Indians to go with him, he followed the white men to Para-Shont Valley, where they were attacked from ambush and killed and robbed of their few possessions to satisfy To-ab's bloodthirsty whim.

Fifty-four years had passed since Powell's men had been murdered and John To-ab had died before the secret could be wrung from the Indians, so great was their fear of To-ab. And even though he was imprisoned three times, he never really paid the price for the lives he took or the devilment he created during his lifetime.

Old Simon, the Indian who placed the blame for the killing of the Howland Brothers and Dunn on To-ab.

IN' June 1870, my Grandfather Samuel L. Adams and two others started out to look for a place a wagon road could be built to a big copper mine known as the Grand Gulch. Grandfather was a blacksmith by trade but was also active in mining development—especially copper. This account is taken from his memoirs.

"We had for two years, while developing this mine, been compelled to follow an Indian trail and thus pack our blankets, mining tools, blacksmith tools, supplies, etc., on mule back. Our watering places were scarce and the Indians were not very free to tell us where we could find water and a chance for a wagon road. All such information was withheld for the purpose of extorting guns and other pay from us, as they claimed both grass and water as their private property.

"Determined to beat this condition, we started out on horseback to reach our mine on the old trail, do some work at the mine, and start for home by an unexplored route. My companions were two men, one much older, the other much younger than I. This was the younger one's first trip in such wild country. The older man was with me on the first trip ever made in quest of the copper mine. This was Mr. Bentley, then the mayor of the City of St. George. The younger man was Willard Snow, son of Apostle Erastus Snow. The mine was situated about seventy-five miles directly south of St. George, Utah.

"We made our southward trip all in good shape, finished our labors at the mine, and left. Taking a northeasterly trail we travelled about nine miles, found no trouble, plenty of grass, good chance for a road. Here we unsaddled, thinking to stay only a little while, when to our surprise I saw up a little ravine, a protruding rock and on it a number of mourning doves. With that sight I supposed we must be in the neighborhood of water. We explored the spot and to our joy found a spring of living water which, when cleaned out, proved to measure three quarts per minute. We named this Pigeon Spring. This was such a joyous start that we concluded to stay for the night. We ate our evening meal, then spread our few blankets, making one bed, then all lay down for the night.

"You will here allow me to diverge a little to tell you the neighborhood we were in. There is a valley about sixteen miles from Pigeon Spring that is called Para-Shont Valley and one year prior to our discovery of Pigeon Spring Major Powell of the U.S. Geographical Survey Department made a trip through the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, starting at Green River with five boats (part of which he lost).

"When immediately south of St. George three of his men declined to face the rapids that now confronted them and the party divided. They got released from their obligations with the Major, got all

Courtesy Utah State Historical Society

Francis Marion Bishop, assistant Indian agent.

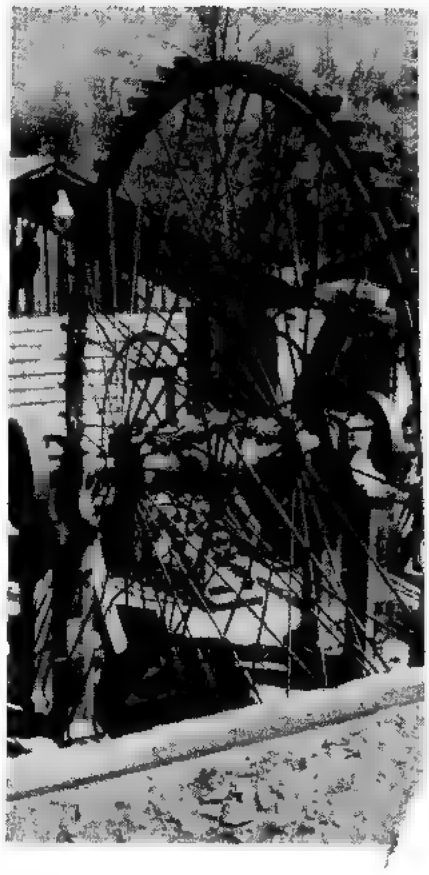
information from him possible as to locality, and started on foot, following the North Star and making for St. George. These three men were waylaid at Para-Shont Valley by a number of Indians headed by John To-ab. The murder of Major Powell's men so nearby where we were camped was fully in my mind.

"I LAY down to sleep but no sleep came to me. It was a beautiful moonlit night and my companions snored aloud. About 11 o'clock I heard the pad, pad, pad of the feet of Indians. I quietly signalled my bedfellows. By the aid of the moon I counted eight naked Indians passing about four rods from the head of our bed, four of them carrying each a gun, the rest loaded with bows and arrows.

"I immediately shouted to them in their own tongue, 'Umbo po shogi' (what are you hunting)? Their leader replied, 'Dams po shogi.' This was at an untimely hour and I knew that it meant mischief.

"Like fiends they ran down upon us, surrounding our bed. To-ab, their leader, got hold the corner of our blankets and commenced to pull. I told him to desist, but he said that he wouldn't and was going to have our blankets. At this time he drew his hands under his chin and made the remark 'Pinunk umma minie scabben,' (Pretty soon me cut your throat). The true spirit of the visit was now before our

(Continued on page 56)



Above, water wheel in front of the Miners Foundry in Nevada City, Calif. Below, part of the original Allen machine shop where the first Pelton wheels were developed. Now it houses the Miners Foundry. The building dates from the 1850s.

By BRAD PROWSE

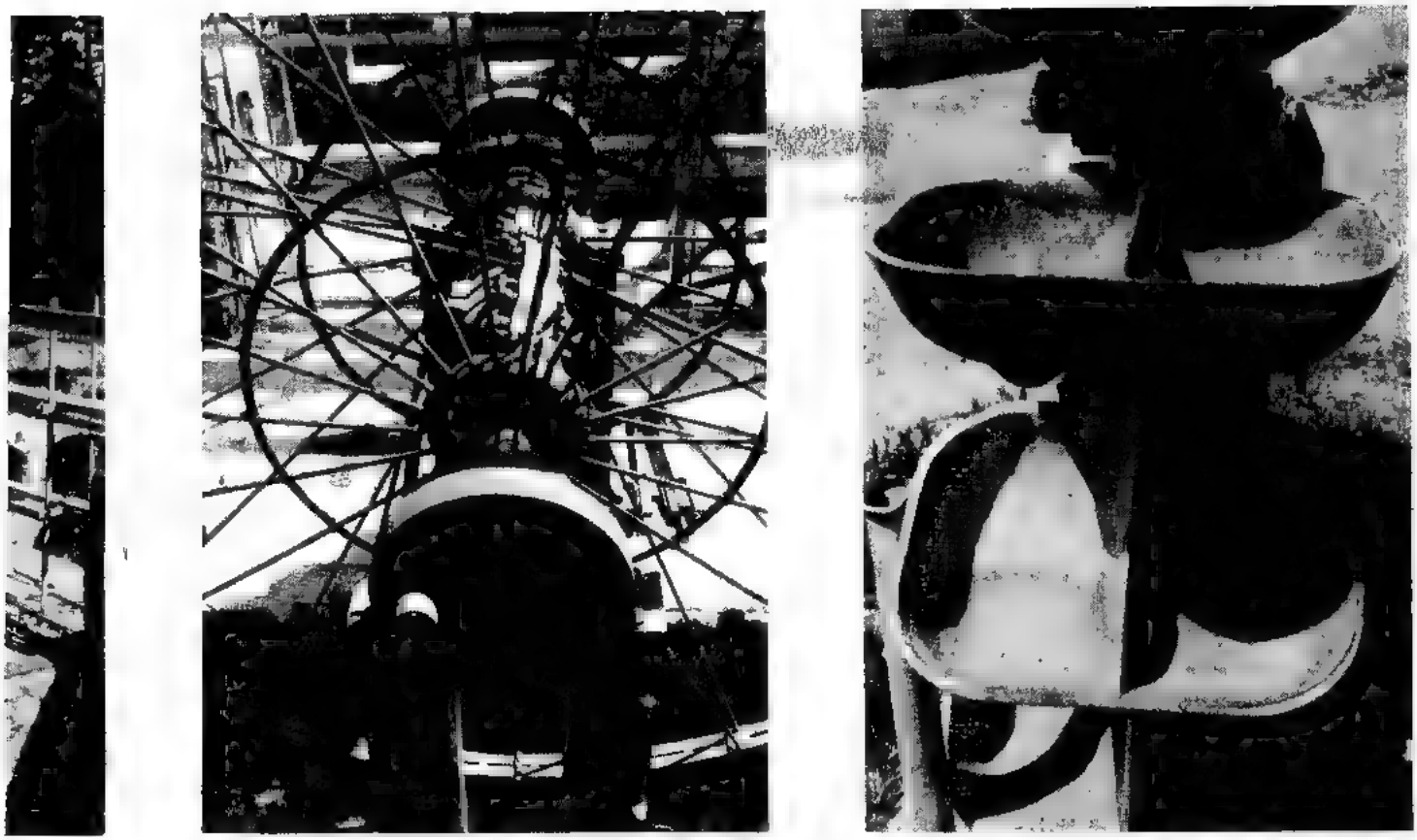
Photos Courtesy Author

THE PELTON WATERWHEEL is considered the world's smallest prime mover for creating power but in 1850 its inventor, Lester Allen Pelton, was thinking only of gold when he joined the rush to California.

Born in Ohio in 1829, young Pelton began working in the goldfields as a miner. Later he became a carpenter and then a millwright, finally settling down in the Sierra foothills town of Camptonville. Much of California's mining had moved underground by the 1860s and Pelton saw the need for power to move the hoists and run the drills deep beneath the earth's surface. Gas and electric motors were still too primitive and steam engines were costly to run, but water was plentiful and a man could operate a waterwheel by simply running pipe or flumework. Over- and undershot wheels weren't efficient enough to power mining

This product of our

PELTON



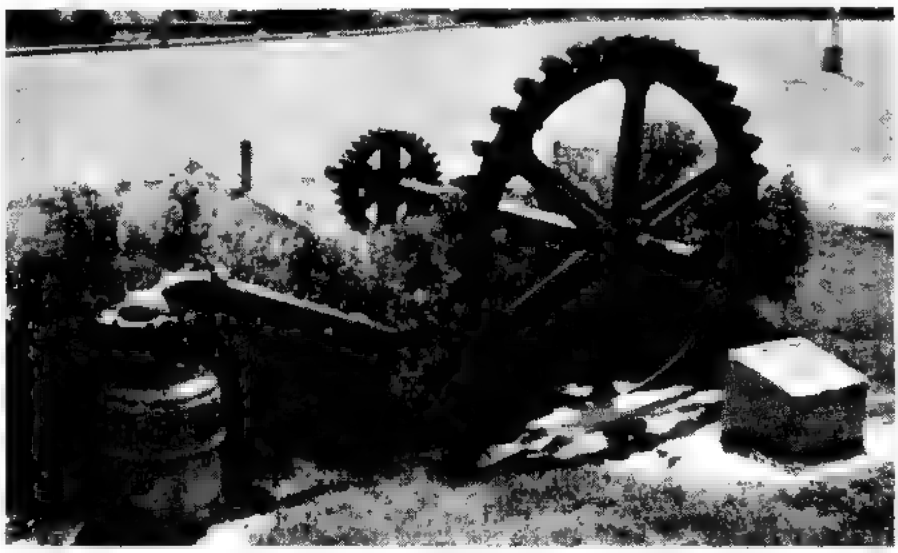
Above, left, the largest of the Pelton water wheels was 30 feet in diameter. It ran pumps, hoists, and drills at North Star Mines' central shaft. Last used in 1933, it developed 1000 horsepower. In center, an iron crankshaft drove the compressor. The rest of the wheel was steel, with bronze buckets. Above, right, Pelton's unique double-bucket design. Below, a simulated set-up of a wheel and water jet.

machinery but impulse wheels were. Also known as hurdy-gurdy wheels, they ran in an upright position with vanes or buckets on the wheel rim being driven by water from a nozzle. Power was taken from the turning shaft.

Using a small shed for a workshop, Pelton built a wheel and talked his landlady, Mrs. Margaret Groves, into letting him hook it to her sewing machine. Probably with some misgivings, she allowed the wheel to be attached and most likely was astonished that the contraption ran when Pelton played a garden hose on the wheel buckets.

This small wooden wheel, like other impulse wheels at this time, was still slow and inefficient mainly because the water hitting the buckets splashed back, striking the bucket next in line and slowing down the operation. After much experimentation, Pelton finally hit on the idea of placing a divider down the center of the bucket. This caused the water to deflect backward at an angle that missed

(Continued on page 64)



own gold country has turned rivers to power all over the world!

'S WONDROUS WHEEL

GRAY WOLVES AND BUFFALOES

By R. C. HENRY
Photos Courtesy Author

Were they really the guardians of the herd?

"GUARDIANS OF THE HERD" they were called—the great, gray wolves that by the hundreds hung around the buffalo herds, eternally alert for a stray calf, an injured animal abandoned by his fellows, or direct attack upon something less formidable than a bull or full-grown cow.

They disappeared with the destruction of the great herds, partly because of lack of food and partly because of wholesale killing by white hunters who specialized in this line of work—the "wolfers." Virtually extinct today in the West, when an occasional gray wraith wanders south from Canada its sighting is occasion for newspaper headlines in Montana and Idaho and Washington.

The heyday of the wolfer was during and immediately following the period of the destruction of the great northern buffalo herds—the late 1860s, 1870s and early 1880s. By this time the million-animal herd of the southern plains centered on the Republican River—the "Republican herd"—had been exterminated, and the hunters turned north. Wolfing as a profession boomed partly because of fashion—the ladies east of the Mississippi River began to wear wolfskin coats, much like their fathers insisted on having around the house and in his sleigh a couple of buffalo robes.

Most of the men who went into the profession on the northern great plains, dominated by the valley of the upper Missouri River, had fought in the War Between the States. They were drifters, rough men, and had to be extraordinarily tough to endure what was probably the most hazardous civilian line of work in our history for the short time it lasted.

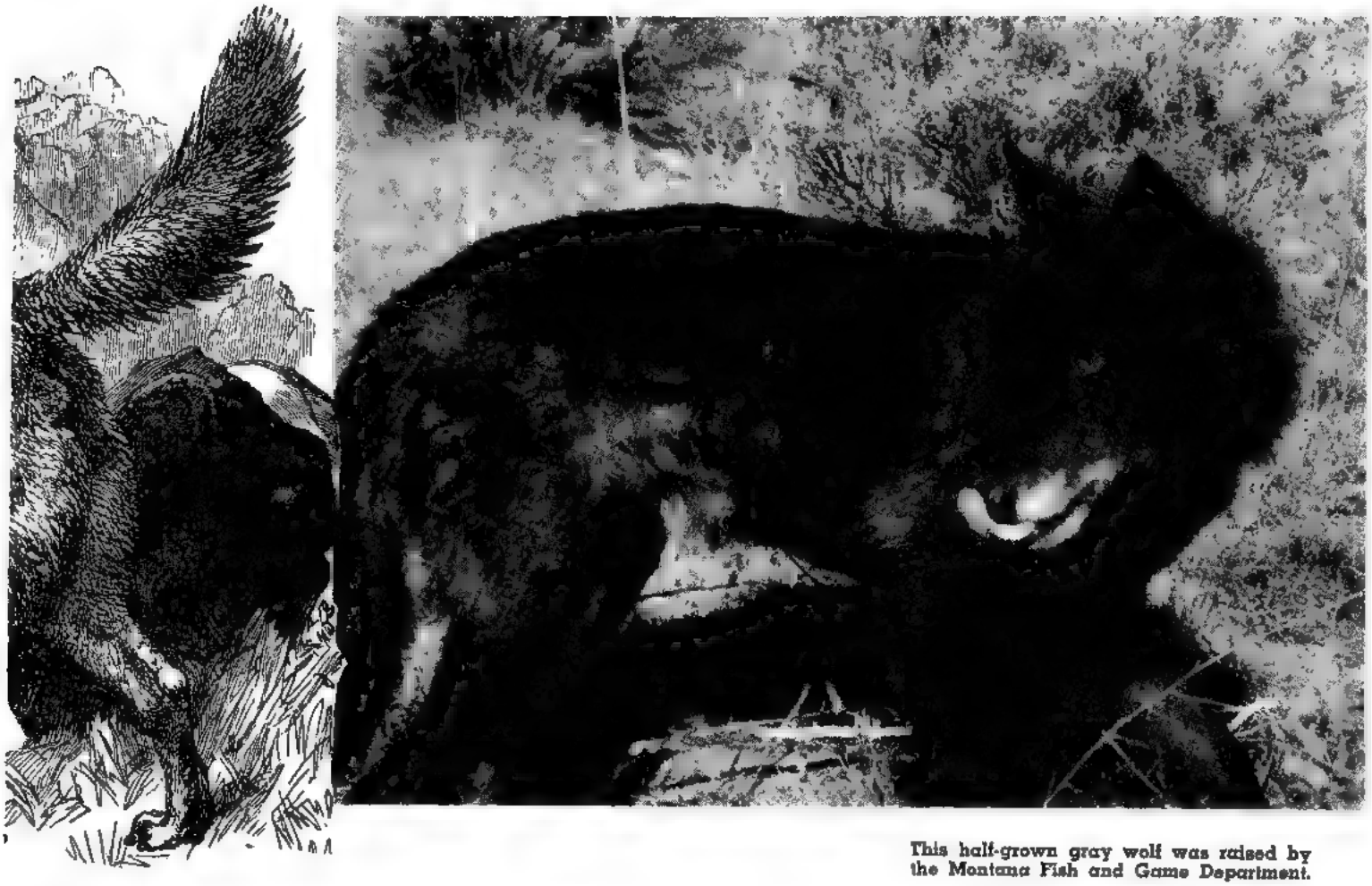
The northern herds, so vast that the

(Continued on page 52)

A wolfer's roost wasn't fancy, but to those grizzled old trappers it must have looked pretty good after a hard day.

From the files of the Montana Historical Society, Helena

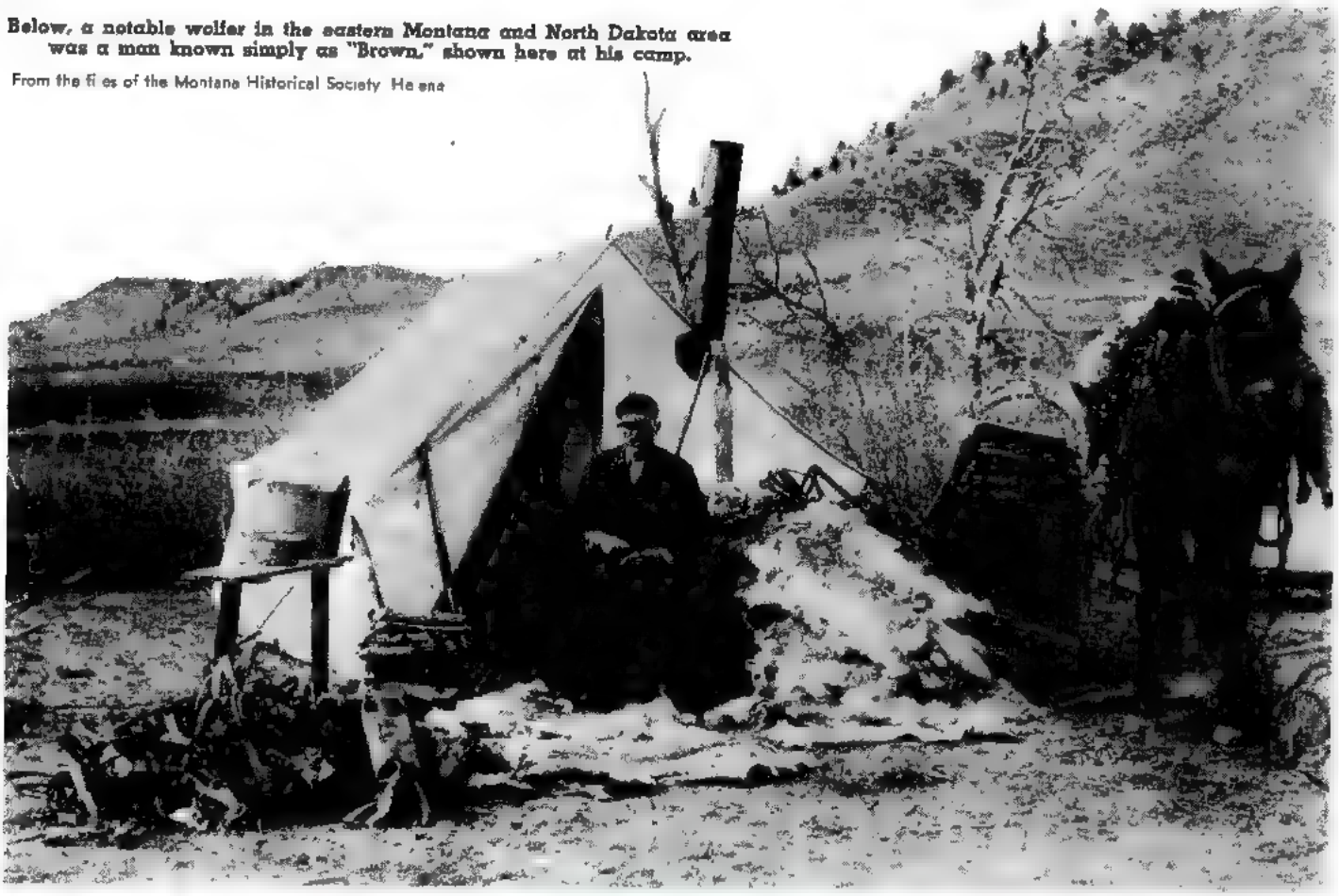
ELECTRONICALLY REPRODUCED



This half-grown gray wolf was raised by the Montana Fish and Game Department.

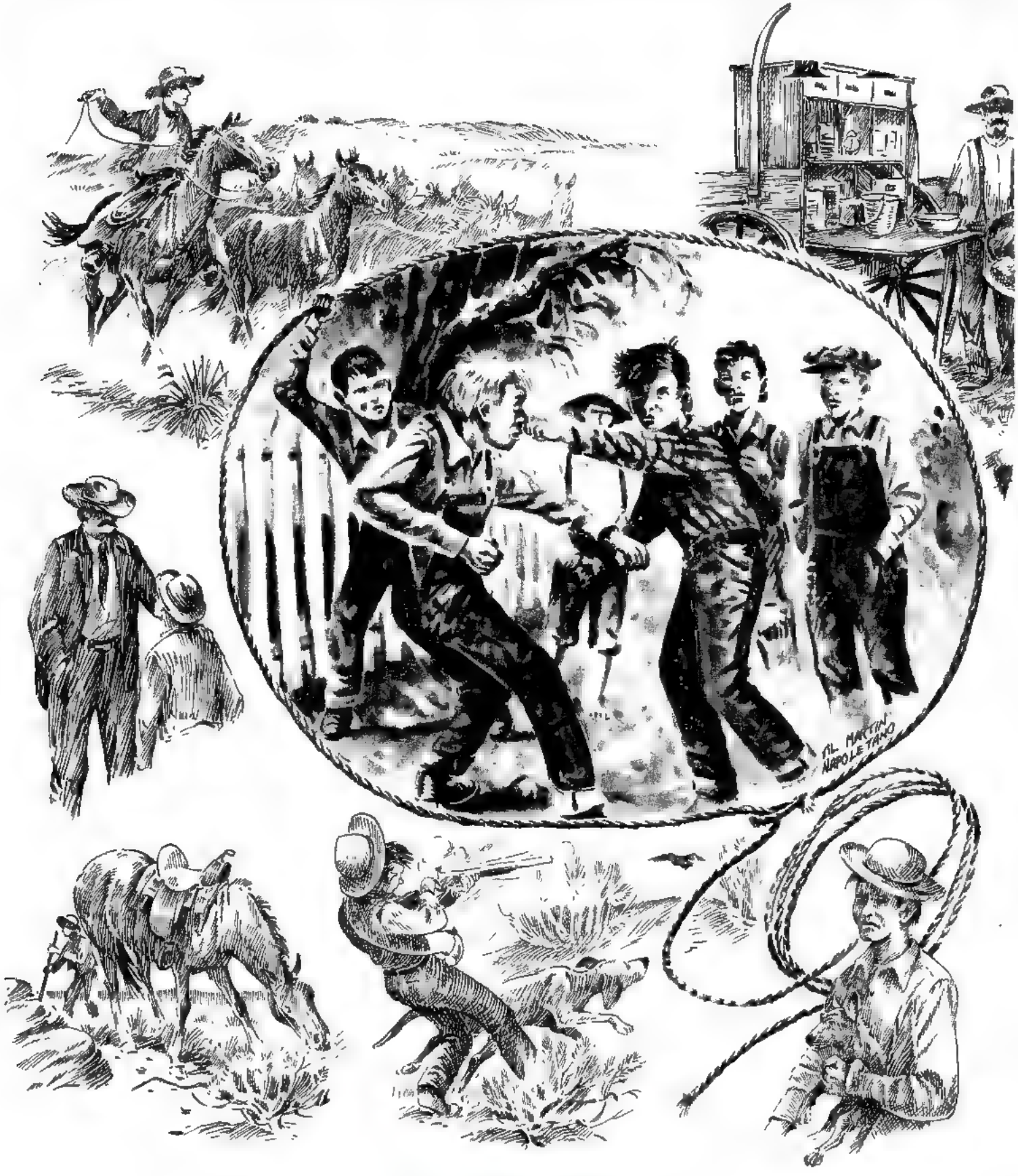
Below, a notable wolfer in the eastern Montana and North Dakota area was a man known simply as "Brown," shown here at his camp.

From the files of the Montana Historical Society, Helena



ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

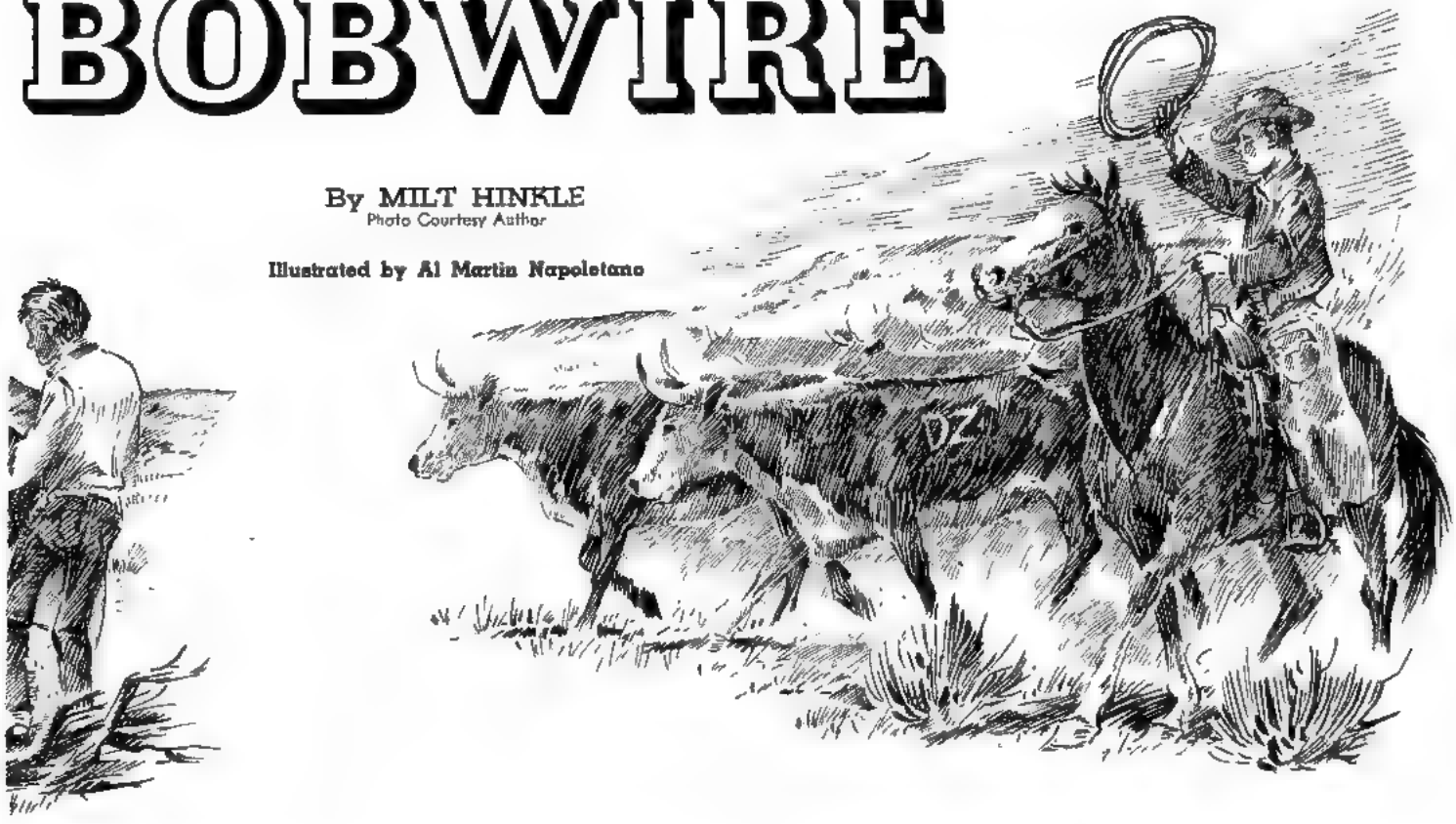
BUCKAROO AND



BOBWIRE

By MILT HINKLE
Photo Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano



Every boy should have an "Uncle Dan"—real or adopted. Milt Hinkle had one and maybe just in time!

THERE is a satisfaction, a kind of pride, in being a part of the country's past—even if sometimes it does make me feel like an old buffalo bull, the last of his herd.

As a youngster growing up in Fort Smith, Arkansas where my dad settled Mother and me after finishing a fencing job for the XIT Ranch in Texas, I was the target for a lot of tongue-clucking and scandalized comment from the real proper folks in that town. "That Hinkle boy" was branded a wild one and a lot of rash predictions were made about my future as an adult (which some people figured would be pretty brief). This worried my poor mother, who was doing her best to make me a good boy. Though I was a wild enough kid, I never got into any serious trouble—looking back, I wonder why! I was into plenty of mischief, however, including continual fist fights that kept me cut up and bloodied.

Fort Smith in the early 1890s wasn't exactly a place for raising little Lord Fauntleroys. Located just across the river from the Indian Territory, the town was a kind of amusement center for outlaws when they felt like raising a little plain and fancy hell. They swaggered at will through the gambling houses, saloons and a red light district that ran full blast all the time.

Like any small-town boy, I was hungry for excitement. I found entertainment in attending the public hangings that took place down by the old jail on the bank of the Arkansas River. At this time Isaac C. Parker was the United States District Judge in Fort Smith. He was known as "The Hanging Judge" and with good reason, for by his orders eighty-eight men died on the gallows. (Some records say thirty-three but more say eighty-eight.) I remember him—he was white-haired and white-bearded, with a stern set face that made him look seventy-five. (He was only in his fifties at the time.)

I guess I was too young to feel any special emotion about hangings. There was a carnival atmosphere that I liked and—without realizing the tragedy involved—I was fascinated by the poor devils who had come to such a bad end. When my mother found out where I'd been, she'd get terribly upset. In answer to my excuses that it must be all right if so many other people went to watch, too, she'd say, "Don't you talk like that! The hanging of a criminal may be necessary but it is an awful thing, and it's not to be witnessed by decent folks and don't you ever forget it, son."

One day a group of friends and I decided to play a "hanging game." We borrowed a halter rope from the livery stable and tossed one end of the rope up over an iron hook mounted on the wall. A boy named Banjo Fry elected himself "Judge Parker." I took what show folks call the second lead and was the "hangee." I climbed up on a rickety crate and the "hangman" put the noose around my neck, tying the other end of the rope to the hasp of a door at the rear of the stable.

"Have you got any last words?" asked Judge Parker sternly.

Before I could answer, the crate under my feet collapsed and I was walking on air. Seeing me hanging there and starting to turn purple, the other kids panicked, scattered, and left me to shift for myself. I couldn't make a sound but my heels were beating a tattoo on the stable wall and the noise aroused old Mooney Gavin, who was sleeping off a skinful just inside the stable. He cut me down just in the nick of time.

LICENSED FOR
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION

I never had the slightest desire to attend any more hangings and I understood my mother thoroughly when she said they were terrible punishment for badmen, and nothing to be stared at.

As I said, Fort Smith was a pretty easy place for a boy to start out wrong in. I didn't spend all my time hunting mischief in town, though. It was only a short walk from our house to the country where there was plenty of wild game. I developed a fondness for the kind of hunting that put meat on the table, plus a few dollars in my pocket from the sale of hides.

Mother bought me a rabbit hound and I named him Lightning because he was really fast. Then I traded for a long, single-barrel, muzzle-loading shotgun, with powder horn and caps, and since I had both dog and gun I went hunting every day. I took a good beating from that gun. I named it "Old Betsy," after Dan'l Boone's, and she kicked me until I was black and blue before I learned the art of loading—just so much powder and just so much shot, but learn I did and then Lightning and I roamed the hills, thickets and river bottoms, taking our full share of game.

BUT with all this I still was restless and dissatisfied. My mother worried about it. She thought that I needed a father's firm hand so she sent me to live with my dad, who was then in Garden City, Kansas.

Unfortunately, that move didn't improve my situation. I missed my mother very much and my father was so busy with his own affairs that he didn't have time to pay attention to me. My stepmother did not like me, nor did I like her. I had lots of fights with the local boys and as I gained in strength I started winning until finally I was battling older and heavier kids just for the sheer love of smashing them with my fists. Once in a while I would get the worst of a fight but it wasn't long until I had a host of friends and we had some fine times together.

The day came when I felt that my dad didn't want me with him any longer so I returned to Fort Smith and my mother. Then a new interest came into my life in the person of Dan Bull, a rancher from Abilene, Texas, who had brought a carload of horses to Fort Smith to sell. I hung around those horses, wanting to be with them more than anything I could think of. I was really thrilled one day when Dan Bull took special notice of me and said, "Boy, you like horses so much, how about going back to the ranch with me when I leave here?"

The idea of going to a big ranch really hit me hard, just like one of those horses had kicked me in the stomach. I couldn't say a word. Bull seemed to understand, for he grinned real friendly and continued, "I noticed your mother lets you run at all hours, and there at the ranch I'll send you to school and between times you can learn to be a cowboy."

I was so excited that I just stood there, moving my mouth, still unable to utter a sound. Finally my voice broke loose. "Ya-a-a-hoo!" I hollered. "I'll go ask my mother." Bull said he'd wait and I cut out of there like I had my britches full of irritated hornets. My mother had known Dan Bull for several years and she agreed that it might be a good idea for me to go with "Uncle Dan" for a while.

Dan Bull had a sizable spread and ran about 3,000 cattle. He leased most of his grazing land and worked only four cowboys. He had only one chuckwagon, one windmill wagon and tank wagon. He had a small remuda of saddle horses—about seventy head—and had given me three ponies to use for going to school because the school was twenty miles away across the plains.

I would ride one horse to school and leave it in the school section pasture. When it came time to go home, I would change to the horse I had left in the pasture the day before and ride him home, leaving the one I'd arrived on. Then the next morning I would start from the ranch on the third horse and leave him in the school pasture, riding back the horse that had brought me the previous morning. This way, I always had a fresh mount.

Come sleet, snow, rain, or shine, I attended school every weekday with my yellow "Fish Brand" slicker tied to my saddle, and two or three cold biscuits and maybe some sow belly or beef for my lunch.

It took me three hours to ride to school but the return trip only took about two-

Young Milt Hinkle at 12 years of age.

and-a-half hours. The reason was simple: we fed the horses on blue Mexican corn and hay. Heading home they were running for that feed. They got no feed at all while in the school section—only grass. I never held them in. I used to ride headlong through the prairie dog towns and badger holes. I guess God was hanging onto those reins, knowing I was just a fool kid. I often saw rattlesnakes as big as my leg and sometimes I'd stop and dig for arrows or whatever I could find.

The school was a small one-room affair with fireplace and home-made desks and chairs. Tom Dowd taught all grades, first to sixth. Only two girls and eleven boys attended, getting there as best they could. I went to school for two seasons and I made it to the fourth grade. I got so I could read and write pretty well—though I never did get a real knack for dotting my "i's" and crossing my "t's" and getting my "d's" to stand up good and proper.

Looking back, I know that Uncle Dan gave me a lot more than companionship and the kind of tough, challenging tasks that a kid of my restless, energetic nature needed. Nights, on the trail or at the ranch, he'd tell me about the country, its history, and how the places got their names. He told me about the Spaniards coming to the Southwest hundreds of years before, bringing cattle to slaughter for food on the long marches. He explained how heat, lack of water, sickness, and the arrows and war spears of outraged Indians caused the Spanish to pull out, leaving their stock to roam in the buffalo grass. By the time the Americans had come into the area in the early 1800s, said Uncle Dan, there were millions and millions of these cattle living on the plains and in the mesquite thickets. The newcomers started rounding up wild cattle and building huge ranches. Then, as owners, they needed help in taking care of their vast herds and hired other men for the job—that's how the "cowboy" came into being.

Until I'd listened to Dan Bull, I'd never thought of human life as an endless pattern, one design being finished only to be followed by another, and another, under the patient fingers of the Weaver. It was a kind of solemn thing to think about.

I'd been drawing regular wages for about a year—fifteen dollars a month—and I surely had tried to earn it. But suddenly I decided I wanted to see my mother. Uncle Dan understood. He never tried to argue me out of it, he just paid me off and said he'd ride into town with me.

"Come back any time you want to, Milt," he said as we stood in the little station. I shook his hand and told him I would. It was like leaving a relative. In fact, I thought as much of Dan Bull as I ever did of any man.

I RODE the train to Kansas City. Mother was operating a boarding house at 417 Aldine Courts and she could hardly believe her eyes when she saw me. I sure was glad to see her again, too.

I managed to stay with her long enough to get in another term in school. I was only twelve years old but could pass for sixteen because I was so big and husky. But in the city I got to feeling closed-in and restless again. Grasslands that stretched to the horizon had spoiled me forever for the business of settling down. Not until the weight of years and a hideful of busted-up bones finally dragged me from my saddle would I trade it for a rocking chair.

I said goodbye to my mother once again and headed for Bovina, Texas, and the XIT Ranch. The town had a little frame hotel, a livery stable, one general store, a cafe and a depot. The one main street was a half-a-foot thick in dust that turned to a thick glue when it rained.

I was lucky enough to land a job as a horse wrangler. Since it was a man's job and I had rustled it up myself, with no favors asked because of my youth, I figured I was a full-fledged cowboy at last. Those days on the XIT were probably the happiest of my life. I followed the chuckwagon and slept out under the stars. In my two years as a wrangler there, I never knew the feel of a soft bed. A few quilts (we called them "soogans") and wool blankets, wrapped in heavy, waterproof canvas, were enough for me. Many's the time I woke up with rain falling in my face before I had a chance to pull the tarpaulin over my head.

The cowboys nicknamed me "Wrang." But I had other chores besides looking after the remuda. Sometimes I'd help the riders cut animals out of herds—I liked that kind of work. And it was mostly up to me to rustle twenty to thirty sacks of cow chips—the wood of the plains—for the cook fire every day. I washed a lot of dishes, too, and was always ready to stand night guard for any of the boys who happened to feel bad.

It was a healthy life. The combination of hard work and good food agreed with me. I made it a point to be willing and pleasant. I liked my job and the men liked me and went to a lot of trouble to teach me roping and riding and the million tricks of range work. It was amazing the way they could tell a person just how to ride an outlaw horse, and how to balance and handle cattle and horses.

I remember one day I found a wolf den, crawled inside, and discovered three little cubs making funny noises at me, trying to sound ferocious. I stole one and took it back to camp. The foreman nearly had a fit when I showed off my prize. "Wrang, you ain't got the sense of a new-dropped calf!" he scolded me. "If that she-wolf had showed up, she'd have ripped you to ribbons!" Nobody thought I could raise the little wolf but he grew into a wonderful pet and was as tame and lovable as any dog.

Another time I caught a baby antelope. I raised him on grass roots boiled in thick, canned milk. He was a pretty little rascal and stayed with me several months. I also made pets of several wild mustang colts I captured. They were vicious little devils but so cute my heart went out to them. I would watch until I saw the boss stallion of a wild bunch standing near a mare that was not keeping up with the grazing herd. I'd know then that a baby had been born.

Riding as fast as I could, I'd get the colt as soon as it climbed to its feet and it would follow my horse, thinking it was following its mother. When I'd get near the chuckwagon, I'd drop a loop around its neck and that was that. I raised the colts on canned milk, too.

But all of my pets took off for the wild when they were big enough. My wolf went to mate one spring and forgot me, as did my baby antelope when he found out how fast he could run. I never blamed any of them for going back, but I was young and felt mighty lonely after they'd gone.

IN those days a six-gun and a rifle were as much a part of a cowboy's rig as his boots and saddle. And since I was doing a man's work, and nobody knew my real age (I never made a point of announcing it), I had a Colt .45 and a .44-40 saddle rifle, for which I was regularly issued my share of ammunition.

Like any youngster of the time, I wanted to become a crack shot. I burnt up many a shell for the outfit I worked for. Anything that got in my sights was in danger. There were big, fast jackrabbits that could run like lightning but had a habit of stopping and sitting up. Prairie chickens, sage hens, Mexican quail and antelope ran in herds up to the hundreds. I enjoyed shooting the heads from the prairie dogs sitting up in their holes.

I did not like prairie dogs, badgers, or rattlesnakes—the dogs because they dug up the grass roots and made holes that caused our horses to fall. Badgers dug the most dangerous holes of all. Many a good horse and rider have been put out of business because of these treacherous holes. And I was downright scared of rattlesnakes.

The cunning coyotes made a good target and so did lobo wolves. The ranchers expected us to reduce the coyote population as the coyotes killed a large part of the calf drop. The big lobos killed the big cattle.

My "artillery" teacher was a real old-time cowboy and ex-Ranger named Clark Cane. He taught me how to sight in fast on an object and squeeze the trigger and how to lead a moving target. It was a proud day for me when I got to take my .44-40 saddle rifle and hunt mustangs. The trick was not to kill but to crease the neck just deep enough for the bullet to touch the spinal column, thus stunning the critter. Before he came to, there'd be ropes on him to hold him. Once in a while the crease would be too deep and the bullet would break the mustang's neck.

I guess this sounds pretty brutal. But there's no getting around it. The early West was only a partly-civilized place. Most of us said things and did things that shock people today. I don't think this means we were basically any worse than folks today or had any less feeling.

(Continued on page 60)

LICENSED TO U... RG
ELECTRON... REPRODUC... PROHIBITED

TEX RITTER

—voice of "High Noon"

By TEXAS JIM COOPER
Photos Courtesy Author

"TEX RITTER was discovered and exploited by an imaginative independent producer-director, Edward Finney," wrote George N. Fenin and William K. Everson in *The Western: From Silents To Cinerama.* "An authentic Westerner . . . Ritter specialized in traditional folksongs. . . . His films were vigorous,

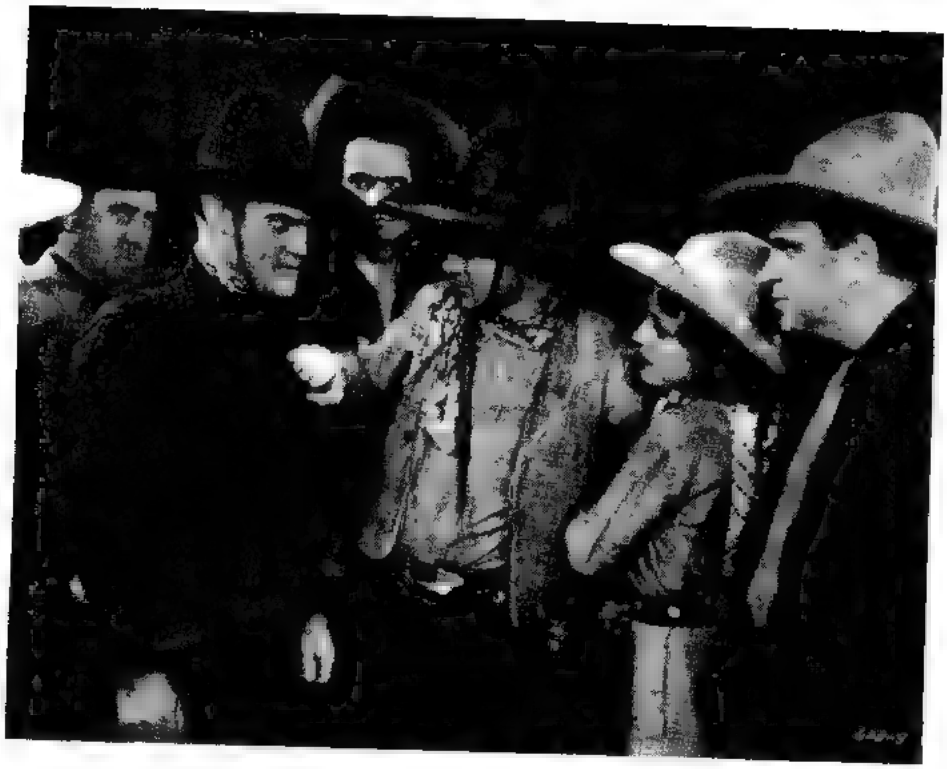
Above, Tex on his famous screen horse White Flash back in 1948. The horse died in [illegible] at 25 years of age. At right, [illegible] Tex was caught by the [illegible] well illustrated in this scene from "Vengence of the West," a 1941 Columbia western.

often staged on a surprisingly large scale. . . ."

Tex Ritter is indeed a true Westerner. He was born in East Texas on family acreage first settled in 1830 by his great-grandfather Frank Ritter. Frank Ritter, in fact, named Murvaul, the trainstop in Panola County where Tex was born. An outstanding debater in high school with top grades in a variety of subjects ranging from physical geography and physiology to Spanish, Tex entered the University of Texas as a law and government student. But J. Frank Dobie, famed writer of Southwestern lore, John A. Lomax, prolific collector of authentic folk ballads, and Oscar J. Fox, cowboy composer who directed the UT Men's Glee Club of which Ritter became president, played principal roles in Tex's eventual decision to become a professional performer. This led to his being selected in 1929 to sing original cowboy ballads on a thirty-minute program over Houston's KPRC Radio—his actual debut in show business.

A year later Tex was in New York, staking out his claim as the first major Western performer to influence Eastern entertainment. He lectured to academic audiences on the life and music of the

Above, Ritter restores order in the 1938 western saga, "Frontier Town." At right, Tex as he appeared in a 1936 Grand National Films still.



Above, always ready to help out a lady, Tex protects Eleanor Stewart in his 1936 *Grand National Films release, "Headin' for the Rio Grande." Below, a little rough and tumble action as Tex subdues villain, L. Stanford Jolley, in a scene from the 1944 western, "The Whispering Skull."*

American cowboy, played in leading Broadway productions such as "Green Grow The Lilacs" (forerunner of the hit musical "Oklahoma!") in which he sang such venerable cowboy ballads as "The Old Chisholm Trail," "Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie," "Goodbye Old Paint," and "Every Day In The Saddle." He influenced the trend in the East for Western-style network radio series—"Lone Star Rangers," "Tex Ritter's Campfire," and "Cowboy Tom's Roundup."

In 1936 he became the logical selection of Grand National Films when the company was searching for a star for a series of musical Westerns. He was an immediate success when his first film, "Song Of The Gringo," was released, and he starred in sixty other Westerns through 1945. Ritter's hard-riding, two-fisted, fast-shooting screen adventures enjoyed immense popularity and for seven years he was voted one of Hollywood's top-ten money-making Western actors.

Throughout his screen career, insofar as the limits of Hollywood liberalism allowed regarding authenticity, Tex Ritter strove for realism. Al Jennings of Oklahoma played the judge in "Song Of The Gringo," and taught Tex the fast draw. "I was with him about a month, learning my gun work, when I first went to Hollywood," Ritter recalled not long ago. Ritter's musical numbers remained basically original Western classics and his attire reflected a gen-

erally believable, if not actually authentic, look, particularly in his early screen years. Even at the last, when his costumes were more modernistic, he avoided rhinestoned, flowery creations.

TEX'S lack of pretentiousness was partially responsible for his being selected to sing the famous title song in the 1952 Western, "High Noon." Elmo Williams, editor of the Gary Cooper film, explained why he chose Tex to do the Oscar-winning theme. "Tex Ritter has the kind of earthy Western voice that I thought was perfectly suited to the 'High Noon' film." Ritter's rendition triggered the trend toward single screen themes as opposed to drawn-out soundtrack scores.

Later, Tex was called on to do the themes for "The Marshal's Daughter," "Wichita," "Down Liberty Road," and "Trooper Hook," and in television sagas such as "Rin Tin Tin," "Dick Powell's Zane Grey Theater," "Shotgun Slade," "The Rebel," and "Ford Star Time Academy Award Show." He also narrated documentaries, cartoons, and other productions extending into the mid-1960s—"The American Cowboy," "The First Badman," and "What's This Country Coming To?"

A top recording artist, Ritter has been referred to as the Voice of the West. In the authentic Western vein, his album of "Blood On The Saddle" had no equal. It remained on Capitol Record's bestseller list for a decade after its release in 1960. The album contained such tunes as "Streets Of Laredo," "Sam Bass," "Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie," "Little Joe The Wrangler," "When The Work's All Done This Fall," "Face On The Barroom Floor," "Boll Weevil," and "Rye Whiskey." The title song dates back to 1945 when this modern composition was first a Ritter record hit. Nine years following the release of the album, "Blood On The Saddle," Tex Ritter recorded another blue ribbon album of cowboy ballads under the title of "Chuck Wagon Days." It contained such cowboy standards as "Git Along Little Dogies," "A-Ridin' Old Paint," "Every Day In The Saddle," "The Old Chisholm Trail," "Red River Valley," "Home On The Range," "A Border Affair," and "The Cowboy's Prayer." In 1962 Tex Ritter was named to the Aksarben Western Hall of Fame at Omaha. Although primarily associated with cowboy songs Ritter has long been a champion of commercial Country Music. He has served as two-term president and subsequent executive vice-president of the Country Music Association. Elected to the Country Music Hall of Fame in 1964, Ritter was honored in 1969 by the governor of Texas as a distinguished native son in the field of entertainment.

A regular star of WSM Radio's "Grand-Ole Opry," Tex now makes his home in Nashville, Tennessee with his wife, former actress Dorothy Fay, and their sons, Tom and John. When he is not traveling around the world Tex can most frequently be found studying the latest book on the West, looking in on his music publishing and mining company interests, or just adding to his folksong collection which has become one of the largest such libraries.

In 1969 Tex Ritter celebrated his fortieth year in show business. Some of his fans associate him with Hollywood, others with radio, others with the recording industry or television; he has been equally successful in all.

Wearing heavy makeup and sporting a full beard, Tex portrayed a marshal for a 1959 segment of television's "Shotgun Slade."

Tex has always liked to keep up-to-date with literature on the west.

Wild Old Days!

BULL FIGHTING WITHOUT WEAPONS

By John S. Eross

FROM 1900 to 1903 inclusive, Sir Wheetman D. Pearson, a general contractor, was engaged by the Mexican Government to build the port of Coatzacoalcos on the Atlantic side, and Salina Cruz on the Pacific side of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and to build a double-track railroad between these ports, a distance of 147 miles, including bridges, shops, water and fuel stations, laborers quarters, general offices and crew terminals. The idea was to have all this work done before the Panama Canal was completed; steamers would unload at the Atlantic port, cross over by railroad and reload at the Pacific port—thus avoiding the trip around the horn of South America.

This contract necessitated employing thousands of men (most of whom were imported from Europe) such as locomotive enginemen, bridge engineers and builders, office help, doctors and nurses. This force was augmented by native Indian and Mexican laborers.

The town of Rincon Antonio, about midway on the isthmus, was selected as the site for general offices, shops, and crew terminal. The town was on high ground and adjacent to water and a fuel supply.

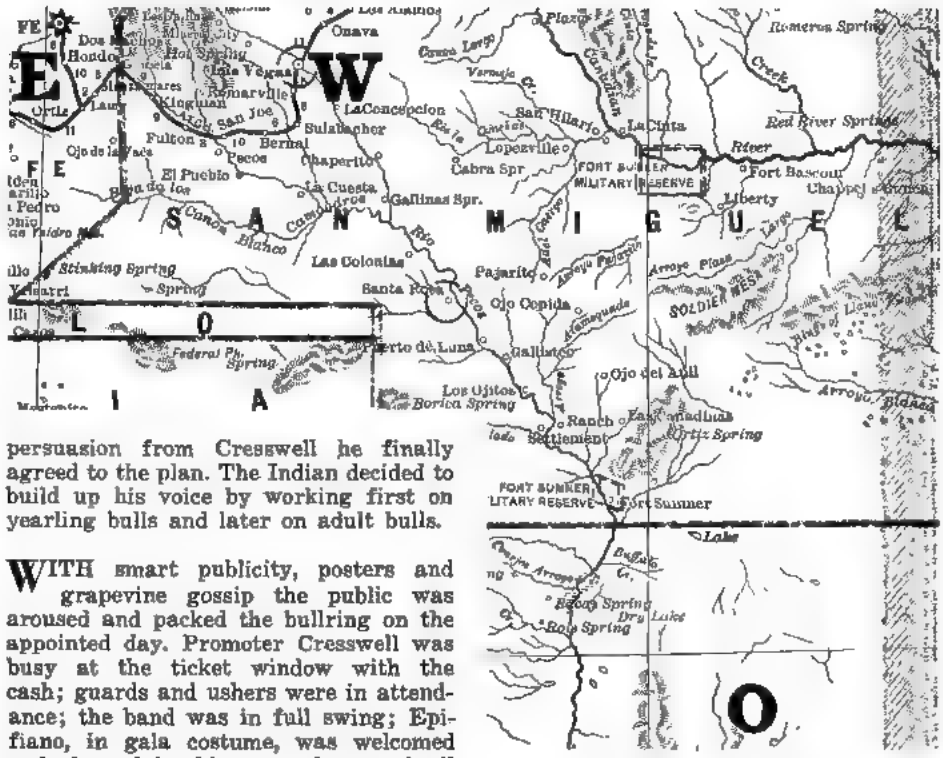
In 1902 I was secretary to the general superintendent, and part of my job was checking the payrolls and assisting on pay-day once a month. We used the superintendent's private car as the pay-car and covered the division in one day.

A native Indian section laborer named Epifiano Gumecindo on the Rincon Antonio section was gifted with a powerful voice, boasting that he could drown out the sound of a locomotive or a fifty-piece brass band, and declaring that when he bellowed down a canyon the wild animals would panic and leave the area.

In time this reached the ear of T. W. Cresswell, a wily circus promoter who had an urge to capitalize on the Indian's strong voice. He contacted Epifiano and explained that with some publicity they both could make plenty money. He asked Epifiano if he had ever fought a bull.

"No," replied Epifiano.

Cresswell then explained his plan. They would rent the bullring with the matador using no weapon except his voice to dispatch the bull. Such an innovation would attract a large attendance and they would split the profits. At first Epifiano hesitated as he had never fought a bull and was afraid, but with persuasion from Cresswell he finally agreed to the plan. The Indian decided to build up his voice by working first on yearling bulls and later on adult bulls.



WITH smart publicity, posters and grapevine gossip the public was aroused and packed the bullring on the appointed day. Promoter Cresswell was busy at the ticket window with the cash; guards and ushers were in attendance; the band was in full swing; Epifiano, in gala costume, was welcomed and cheered by his compadres, and all was well.

Four hefty bulls were in the pen. When the announcer opened the show the gatekeeper was sitting on the chute fence, prodding the bulls to enrage them. Suddenly an angry bull tore down the gate and ran out into the arena making straight for Epifiano who was waving the red blanket. Epifiano bellowed at the top of his voice, but the next moment sailed through the air about twenty feet and landed in the fourth row of spectators, badly gored and unconscious.

Pandemonium broke loose. The rest of the bulls ran out into the arena, heading for the next exit gate and injuring many of the spectators. About thirty people were cut and stabbed in an ensuing free-for-all fight. The ring was set afire and was a complete loss. (It was never rebuilt.)

Epifiano and the other injured were rushed to the railroad hospital where doctors and nurses treated them. Cresswell missed the excitement, as he had left with a guard and the cash before the show opened. However, a week later he visited Epifiano and gave him his share of the profits. He also asked the Indian to explain what went wrong in the arena.

Epifiano replied in a weak voice: "That stupid gatekeeper turned loose a *deaf* bull that could not hear me yell!"

A TRIP TO TOWN

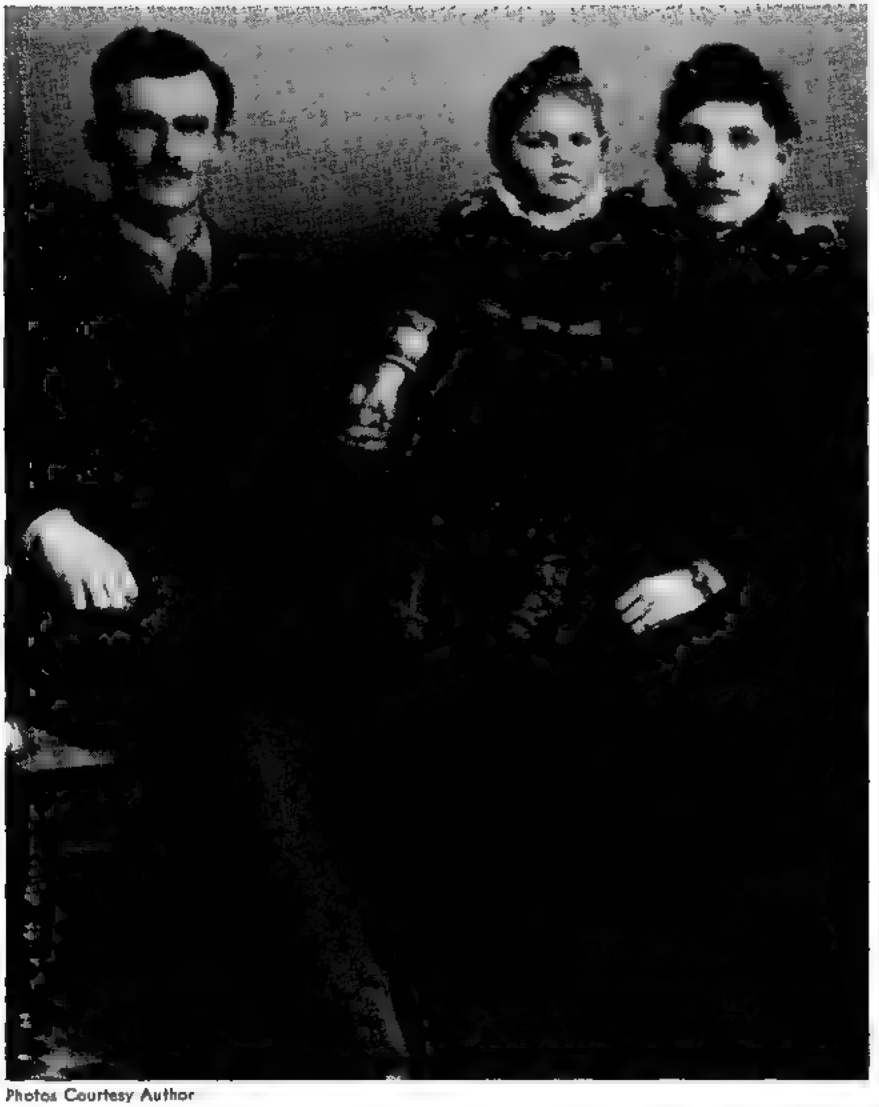
By May Howell Dodson

WE HAD no neighbors closer than forty miles in 1895. We lived on the A— Cattle Ranch twenty miles northeast of the present village of Santa Rosa, New Mexico, located on Quervito Creek.

While living on the ranch our supplies were hauled from Las Vegas. Las Vegas is 6,500 feet elevation at the foot of the Rocky Mountain range. There was a very steep climb to reach the mesa on which Las Vegas was located, so supplies were freighted by wagon and team once every six months.

One autumn my dad was quite busy and Mother decided she would drive to town and bring back the supplies. We had a hack, which was a rig larger than a buckboard but lighter than the wagon. Mother had raised more chickens than we could use and she had the happy idea that she would take fryers to town and trade them for things she wanted for the house. So my dad made crates and filled the hack with tentative cash for Mother. He harnessed his prize team of horses, a pair of fine, gentle, matched bays, and we were off.

The trip always took two days, so just at dusk we camped at the top of the hill. We had a pleasant place among the juniper trees. After unhitching the



Photos Courtesy Author

team, Mother decided to let her chickens out before feeding and watering them. Taking the crates from the back, she opened the "door" and they had a grand time chasing bugs. Unfortunately, when it began to get dark the chickens did not return to the crates for their feed. Instead they flew up into the trees and were content to go back to nature to roost.

My brother was about two years old. Mother made him a pallet on the ground and he was soon asleep. Then Mother and I began trying to recover her precious flock. Luckily for us, the trees were small and the chickens did not fly up very high. Mother would grab one by the legs and give it to me to carry to the crates. After so long, every fowl was accounted for, and Mother and I, dead tired, lay down on the quilts and had a good night's rest.

Without further mishap we reached town in the middle of the next afternoon and Mother disposed of her chickens for a fair price. We spent the night with a friend, Mrs. Edwin Prentice, who lived on Tilden Avenue in the south part of Las Vegas. The next day we went shopping—wheat for the chickens, oats for the horses, flour, sugar and other staples for the family. And with her extra cash Mother bought a dozen glass tumblers, some cooking utensils, dress goods and other things.

While we were trading we came across Riley Caldwell, a young teenager who had occasionally spent the summer at our ranch. Mrs. Caldwell had been having unhappy experiences with "Banty" (as we called him). He would not stay in school and was always getting into scrapes. Mrs. Caldwell asked Mother if she would take Banty to the ranch—maybe my dad could make him work. Mother consented.

SOON we were packed. In place of chicken crates we had six months of supplies. As soon as we started, Banty wanted to drive, so Mother gave him the lines. All was fine until we came to the Canyon del Aqua hill. The road down this hill was a narrow dugway with room only for one rig. That usually was no problem as we never met another rig.

When we stopped at the brink of the hill we all got out to walk. Mother remonstrated with Banty and insisted we tie the wheels so they would not turn going down the steep grade. But, kid-like, the boy "knew better" and before Mother could stop him, he had started down the steep incline. The first fifty yards went successfully; the horses held back and prevented the load from going fast. Then they came to the caprock, which was a stratum of solid rock running along near the top of the mountain range. Here the rock took a sudden drop. The horses did their best but the heavy load pushed horses and rig over the cliff. As the rig tumbled off, Banty jumped to safety. There we stood, watching the rig turning over and over.

Mother's scream was for her horses, but fortunately the tongue broke loose from the hack at the first turnover. We

Above, Bennett Howell with his wife, Minerva, and their daughter, May, taken on February 31, 1880. Below, Mrs. Howell in 1900. The horse is the same one that nearly dragged her years earlier. Only the gentleness of the horse caused him to stop and let her get her foot out of the stirrup.

Pecos River crossing at Anton Chico, N.M.

thought we were watching those grand old horses "being killed," but the horses were alert. As the hack turned they jumped back, then forward. Half way down the cliff the rig lodged against a pine tree. I held Brother while Mother climbed down to her team. The dear old fellows put their noses against Mother and I imagined I could hear them crying along with her. They were terribly bruised and skinned but apparently no bones were broken. Banty took Duke and Mother climbed back to the road with Prince.

We walked down the canyon until we came to a ranch owned by a man named Dominguez. He fed the horses, bathed their bruised legs and put them in the stable. He offered Mother a bed in the house but she preferred to sleep near Duke and Prince. Banty brought our camp-bed and we made a pallet on the floor of the feed room. Soon he and my little brother were sound asleep. But not Mother! When she heard a noise above our bed she aroused Banty and told him to light the lantern. There, clinging to the rafter, hung a rattlesnake. Mother threw a tarp over Brother Morton's head and sprang out of bed. From there on, my memory is blank. I recall Mother dragging my brother and me away in the tarp, and outside we put on our clothes.

When morning came, Mr. Dominguez lent Mother a wagon and we went back up the road until we could reach the hack. Wheat, oats flour, and other supplies were strung all the way up the cliff. Mother and Banty took sacks and gathered up as much as possible and loaded it into Mr. Dominguez' wagon. Believe it or not, the dishes were not broken!

Mr. Dominguez wanted Mother to take two of his horses and leave Duke and Prince with him until they were healed, but Mother would not leave her horses. They were harnessed to the wagon and Mother drove, walking them home limping. Of course, my dad was shocked over the condition of his horses but was glad no harm had come to us and that we had escaped the rattlesnake.

He made a new tongue for the wagon and, taking another team, went back to the scene of the accident. There he mended the hack. The white canvas top was broken off. He piled the pieces into the hack and brought the rig home. The only cross word he said to Mother was, "You should never have let that kid touch the reins."

The kindness of Mr. Dominguez could not be repaid. It was all a neighborly deed and he wanted nothing but thanks. When I was eight years old my father was killed in an accident and we left the ranch and lived in Las Vegas thereafter.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP HUNT

By Charles Bailey Justice

PERHAPS the biggest thrill of my life was the year I spent among the Indians of Baja California, Mexico in 1898. Baja is like a thousand-mile-long spiny tail dangling from the southwest corner of the United States, one continuous high mountain range with mighty little level land along its shores, particularly on the east side where I entered this inhospitable, desert country at age nineteen with two other youths.

It is a hot, dry country and was at that time almost uninhabited except by wanderers seeking gold in the placers of the occasional washes reaching out from the San Pedro Martir Range. Known waterholes were many miles apart, and the water in the one we used at Palitas placer was so heavily mineralized that to get it down our throats we took to mixing it with the native *canya* plant for squaw tea. Strangely, that water agreed with me, yet it drove one of my companions home and he passed away within a year thereafter. However, I recall his sallow complexion, indicating possible liver or kidney trouble.

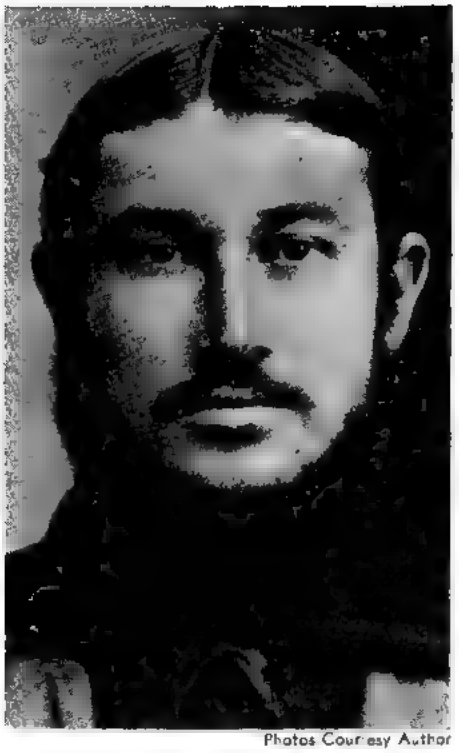
It was about the hottest part of the summer when we ran out of provisions and had to hunt and scramble for food. My remaining companion, Jack Lee, a half-breed, borrowed a burro from one of the Indians, shouldered our .38-55 Winchester and started at daybreak one morning for the next known waterhole fifteen miles to the south, hoping to get a Rocky Moutain sheep at this remote oasis. He was an impatient man, and in trying to force the burro over a difficult rocky spot he threw a rock which lamed the burro in one leg. Jack returned to camp meatless, and burroless too. Except for a little rice, dried turtle meat and fish we practically fasted for a fortnight, when Jack asked if I would like to go and try to recover the burro. Adding that I might also get a sheep sounded rather hollow, considering all the circumstances. And I guess the rest of the Indians around the camp felt the same way when the tenderfoot Carlos shouldered the same rifle and lit out.

The wild-animal trails running south were cut by cross washes and obliterated, so that I had to pick them up again on the far side. It was late in the afternoon when I stood on a plateau at the north edge of a deep gorge and looked directly south over this ravine. What a beautiful picture! For, in the very bottom of the gorge, on the south side, stood my burro under a dead tree, munching the bit of grass and shrubbery available and close by the long-sought, precious waterhole. I literally flew down the trail, hobbled the burro and prepared at once for the onslaught of the morrow, when maybe a thirsty sheep would come for water. The waterhole was exposed, quite out from the sheer cliffs of the adjoining mountainside, so I built a sort of hideout barricade on the northeast side, from flat rocks behind which I hoped to see unseen anything approaching the water.

IT WAS a hot night and I remember lying practically naked on my packsaddle gunnysack bed, laid over a clear spot of earth which turned out to be a bed of ants. They filled my ears, my hair and were all over me before I awoke to brush them off and to move my bed over to another spot. However, daylight found me behind my contrived hideaway.

It was the longest sunrise I ever experienced, with that fiery, blazing sun working harder every moment on my back. After what seemed hours of waiting and scanning the mountainside, I happened to glance west up the wash. There was a movement of slender legs on a huge rock just beyond some dead bushes. To get a better view I raised up and knocked a rock off the top of my barricade. In a flash four mountain sheep rushed to the cliffs and fairly flew up that moutainside. Bang, bang, bang, bang went my Winchester at those bouncing, jumping targets, all to no avail, until I thought my gun was empty. My

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Photos Courtesy Author

Charles Bailey Justice, age 19, taken at Los Angeles, Calif. in December, 1898, upon return from a year of outdoor living in Baja California, Mexico.

heart was pounding; I was dying for the meat almost within my grasp, which I had lost.

When I stopped firing, those sheep stopped running. They stood stock still on a promontory several hundred feet above me, watching from the safety of their lofty sanctuary. Discovering I still had one live cartridge in my rifle, I took careful aim at the largest, took a sight allowing for the elevation, and fired. All four sheep disappeared in an instant. There I stood in deepest despair, gun empty, ammunition gone, my wonderful chance thrown away; I shall never forget the actual anguish I endured. Where had I failed? Should I have waited for a standstill shot in the first place? Well, it was too late then; all I had gained was experience.

With one despairing last look up the mountainside, I saw, passing over a still higher ridge, only three sheep. Where was the fourth one? Hope rises eternal in the human breast! Literally tearing up that cliff of loose shale, I stumbled several times in my haste to know the truth. Breathless and exhausted, on top of that pinnacle I found the prize which made me toss my cap in the air and yell to the empty world in exultation for many minutes, until I settled down to the work at hand. Only then, when I needed it most, I discovered that my hunting knife was gone; it had slipped out of the clasp and sheath when I stumbled. Back and forth up and down that moutainside I searched but never found that most essential tool of the moment. Someway, I shall never know how, I cut that animal into four pieces with a little old blackhandled pocketknife and worked each piece down that awful cliff. All except the liver, which in my ravenous hunger I gobbled down raw.

The burro had apparently recovered from his lameness. I saddled him, tied the sheep down tight on the pack, and walked him across the floor of the gorge to the foot of the trail leading up to the plateau on the north side. There he balked and utterly refused to make the ascent. I tried everything I could think of—tempting him with grass, actually lifting his hindquarters around, then shoving his head and forequarters likewise, even building a fire under his belly (he just stepped aside). Again I made four trips, carrying the sheep up the steep trail to the plateau. By that time Mister Burro had gotten over his grouch and consented to carry the empty packsaddle up the trail.

When I again loaded him down with the sheep, thank goodness he was sufficiently limbered up that he started for camp in good spirits. After we had gone a mile or two, I leaped up on his back and he carried me, as well, the more than a dozen remaining miles over the plateau. And that burro unerringly followed the correct trail leading to the top of the grade, down which it led tortuously to our camp in Las Palitas Canyon. There he balked again, and when I started to shove him around and downward, he simply shrank up his belly and let the whole load, packsaddle, sheep and all, fall to the ground in a heap between his four feet. It must have been well after midnight when I stumbled down the trail in the darkness, roused the camp and told my partner that the burro was at the top of the hill "with a sheep under his belly."

The shouts of derision and disbelief still echoed in my ears when I fell to the ground, dead to the world in exhausted slumber. But when I came to, several hours later, the scanty dead brush of our canyon was pretty well covered with little strips of red meat, drying out in the hot desert sun. That jerky became worth its weight in gold to our starving stomachs. We had almost no other food, and there was no other fresh meat in the whole camp. I was able to trade a small hunk to a Yaqui Indian, Jose Aguilar, for a pot of beans which he had brought by packburro all the way from Las Flores, eighty miles below on the Sea of Cortez. The uneaten cooked beans soured in the intense desert heat and they grew a field of yellow hairy mold on top, half an inch long. You think we threw away those beans? No, sir! We heated them over and ate them. The slender, stripling stenographer—myself—who had left Los Angeles many months before had been transformed into a rugged, wiry, resourceful specimen, convinced that I could stand most anything.

Later events proved I needed every bit of the vigor I had acquired. But no subsequent adversity was ever able to shake in the slightest degree my confidence and belief that my year of adventure in Mexico of Baja California has been the *best* year of my life. That's quite a statement to make for a man who is aged ninety-two!

PURE-DEE PERFECTION

By C. W. Wimberley

TO hear him tell it, you knew right off that little Charles was the best all-around cowboy ever to hit these hills of Texas. One time he drove a swarm of bees from Llano to Fredericksburg—horseback. Done it in less than three days and when they tried to celebrate the event, Charles would have none of it because he figured he had lost one bee crossing Big Sandy Creek and let two more get away from him while topping Bell Mountain. Sure enough, when the swarm had been tallied out and the final count was in, three bees were missing.

Charles rode an old whey-bellied bay mare, a docile animal which could get you into a pack of trouble if you were as sorry a judge of horseflesh as me. Figuring her for a plow pony, faulted only by being a shade light for the job, I was looking for collar marks on her neck when Charles looked down his nose at me like he was watching a worm he was about to step on, and let me know right quick that his mount was the most unusual Quarterhorse in the book. She was a quarter Morgan, a quarter Thoroughbred, a quarter Spanish, a quarter Tennessee walking horse, quarter Steel Dust, quarter mustang and, for a fact, she had more good quarters than most country stores handled in silver for a week.

When Patton captured the renowned dancing stallions and Spanish Riding Academy during the war, Charles let me know that the Allies had never really been in any danger of completely losing the strain of this famous breed of horse for his mare was a full quarter Lipizzaner, too!

There was nothing much remarkable about old Blue, either, except that he belonged to Charles and just happened to be the best hog dog in seventeen counties. Charles had trained him himself. That was the year Charles worked for old man Clayt. Mr. Clayt had 40,000 acres stocked with white-faced cattle and a range hog under every persimmon tree. After they had got through working the cattle in the fall Mr. Clayt called in all the hands and the cooks to tell them to get all the dogs on the place and be ready at sun-up, for they were going to start working the range hogs next morning. At the crack of dawn, they were waiting to head out when Charles rode over to where the boss sat in his saddle.

"Clayt," says Charles, taking command, "make the rest of the hands hold all them dogs so's they won't get in old Blue's way an' you keep them hands out of my way. Blue and me will show you all how them range hogs ought to be worked."

Mr. Clayt always was an astute businessman, so he always found plenty of time to listen to what Charles had to say. With Charles in the lead they set out and hadn't got more than a quarter of a mile from the house before old Blue rallied six sows with pigs at

(Continued on page 65)

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

MORE DOBIE

When an Old Bookaroo writes other than a book review, that is news! The Friends of the Texas A & M University Library have just released as their Keep-Sake Number One *My Dobie Collection* by Jeff Dykes. It describes the J. Frank Dobie Collection recently given to the Library by Jeff and his daughter. The collection includes 762 items and the Keep Sake describes 249 items that were not listed in the two Dobie bibliographies issued in 1968. In addition, there is spritely discussion on Dobie rarities and many of the scarce and rare items are pictured in the seven pages of photos that supplement the text. Dudley Dobie, Frank's cousin and long-time Texas book dealer, wrote the informative foreword. The Keep-Sake is distributed free to the members of the Friends (dues $10) or can be purchased directly from the Friends (University Library, Texas A & M University, College Station, Texas 77843) or your book dealer for $7.50. A limited edition of 300 numbered and signed copies in hard covers is available at $25.

SO LIKE US!

The land arc rimming the Gulf of Mexico from Florida to Yucatan has a climate and other features similar to North Queensland, Australia, the locale for *A Thousand Miles Away* (Australian National University Press, $6.75) by G. C. Bolton (second impression). This history of North Queensland to 1920 is for sale in the U. S. by the International Scholarly Press Book Services, Inc., P. O. Box 4347, Portland, Oregon 97208. The area first was settled by Europeans; later Chinese came in to mine, and Pacific Island laborers were brought in to produce sugar cane. The economy was based on mining, cattle and sugar cane. Gold was the first ore mined, to be followed by tin, silver, lead, copper and other base metals. Cattle raising has continued to be important since the early period of settlement. Devon, Shorthorn and Hereford first were introduced, with the latter proving to be the most suitable beef animals, while pioneer dairies were stocked with the first two breeds. Brahmans were crossed with the English beef breeds to produce a hardier animal capable of surviving tick and other insects, hot weather and seasonal dry periods. Cattle rustling, or duffing, as Australians call the practice, became a nuisance and vigilance committees, similar to those in the United States, were organized to control cattle thieves. Cattle drives, slaughterhouses, and tanneries followed as surplus animals became available for market. This well written and very interesting book should appeal to readers caring to compare pioneer mining, cattle raising and farming in Australia with similar development in the United States.

GHOST TOWNS

Ghost towns have long been a favorite playground for history buffs and treasure hunters. A new ghost town book, *Lonesome Walls* (Exposition Press, $7.50) by Tom Barkdull will also appeal to those interested in clever writing. In lively style the author holds his reader's interest with details about the rise and fall of seventeen abandoned western towns. One of the most fetching reveals the story of noisy, sinful Goldfield, Nevada. The text is generously illustrated with photographs of dead and dying towns.

More Ghost Towns of Texas ($2.50) by Jim Wheat, Garland, Texas provides additional information for those interested in digging up the past of departed towns. The 200 ghost towns listed are only a part of the many which were abandoned for various reasons. Incoming railroads dried up business that supported many of them. Drought and floods destroyed a few. Oil or mining booms created many that disappeared when oil and minerals were exhausted. Sawmill villages lasted only until the timber was cut and people moved on. The author gives the location and provides brief descriptions of these towns and tells why they gave up the ghost.

GREAT SOCIAL HISTORY

Sixty Years on the Brazos (Argonaut Press for University Microfilms, $20.00) is the life and letters of Dr. John Washington Lockhart as compiled and edited by Mrs. Jonnie Lockhart Wallis in association with Laurance L. Hill. This is a facsimile reprint of the first edition that appeared in a strictly limited edition of 200 copies in 1930. It was soon OP and eagerly sought by Texana Collectors including this reviewer. In 1952, J. Frank Dobie had this to say about it: "In notebook style, but as rare in essence as it is among dealers in out-of-print books."

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 3)

boys in the family. The only names I know are Frank Whitaker, Kennard, and Tess. Frank Carroll, Jr. did go into the Navy in 1943.—Anita Louise (Easley) Bellew, 1660 'C' Street, N. E., Salem, Oregon 97301

Versaw

My great-great-grandfather was born about 1827 in Canada. His name was Peter Versaw. His wife Cecilia was born about 1831 or 1832. They had eight children—Levi, born 1855; Frank, born 1861; Sovern [Severn], born 1863; Henry, born 1865; Celena, born 1859; Felix, born 1859; Josephine, born 1867; and Virginia, born 1869. Virginia was my great-grandmother. I know that these people lived in Sodus Township, Berrien County, Michigan at the time of the 1870 and 1880 censuses. I would like to contact anyone named Versaw or anyone related to these people.—Don Glossinger, 310 Karwick Road, Michigan City, Indiana 46360

Bailey

Information concerning Will Bailey, son of Lucinda Bailey of Carl Junction, Missouri, would be deeply appreciated. Will Bailey was last seen in Denver and Colorado Springs, Colorado in June 1898. Descendants of Ida B. Emmons of Divide, Colorado and later of Colorado City; Mr. John Lee, a neighbor of Mrs. Emmons; or Cap. Davis, a friend of Will's who lived in Eldora, Colorado, may have some knowledge of Will. All letters will be gratefully acknowledged. —Harry Bailey, 1219 North Oak, Eureka Kansas 67045

Strickland

I have a lot of curiosity about a colorful, controversial relative named Wilson Strickland. I've been told that he was a captain in the cavalry in the days of David Crockett and Sam Houston. He was born in 1807 and grew to be a tall man who never amounted to much. He died intestate; then his land near Houston was latched onto by some squatting neighbors. Can anyone verify this or tell me where I can obtain additional information?—Millie Council, 10537 Arrington, #2, Downey, California 90241

Stephens

I am trying to locate descendants of the nieces and nephews of James and Faun Stephens who lived in Chicago just after the Civil War and died there in the '90s. They were childless and my grandmother was their foster daughter. James, who worked as a bookkeeper for a meat packer, had lost an arm—probably in the war. Faun, it was said, had a grandfather from Virginia who had married a gypsy girl. A brother of James, who operated a cooperage there in Chicago, had several children. In an autograph album dated 1876 I found the names of Amelia H., Jane Ann, and Jennie A. Stephens. These may have been the wife and daughters. There were some boys,

(Continued on page 72)

BOOKS ABOUT THE WEST!

Whatever your special interest—Indians, Outlaws, Soldiering, Lawmen, Survival on the Frontier, Relic Collecting, etc. these are books you can read and refer to over and over again!

Ideal for gifts!

WP-1—TEXAS UNDER ARMS: 1836-1846, by Gerald S. Pierce. (268 pages, hardback) The author has provided in a single volume the first complete and thorough study of all the important military establishments of the Republic of Texas. Through a series of more than 200 separate articles, he gives the history, function, location and occupancy for each of more than 30 principal military towns, 53 public and private forts, and 130 military camps and posts. Maps. Regular price—$10.00. **Only $8.50**

WP-2—THE BEST OF TRUE WEST, edited by Joe A. Small. (317 pages, hardback) In this sampler of the West, you will find a wide variety of stories about our heritage—a colorful, exciting panorama by such gifted writers as J. Frank Dobie, Fred Gipson, Homer Croy, Curtis Bishop and Walter Prescott Webb—selected to excite, inform, and always, to entertain. Pen and Ink sketches. **Only $6.95**

WP-3—TEXAS FOLK MEDICINE, compiled and edited by John Q. Anderson. (91 pages, hardback) A collection of 1,333 folk cures, remedies, and preventatives gathered from more than half the counties in Texas, delightfully reflecting the wide variety of old-time Texas folk cures. Wood cuts. **Only $5.00**

WP-4—AMONG THE COMANCHES & APACHES, by Edwin Eastman. (304 pages, hardback) An autobiography, facsimile reprint (limited to 1,000 copies) of scarce 1879 edition. Indian captivity of husband and wife. Wood cuts. Regular price $5.00. **Only $2.95**

WP-5—PIONEERS OF THE BLACK HILLS OR GORDON'S STOCKADE PARTY OF 1874, by David Aken. (151 pages, hardback) A thrilling narrative of adventure, hardships, laughable episodes and startling experiences as graphically told by David Aken, one of the party. This book was reprinted from the original paper bound copy, which was undated but did carry a Union printing label. Aken speaks of his publishing the book "at this late date" when the events occurred in the 1870s. Adam's SIX GUNS & SADDLE LEATHER and THE RAMPAGING HERD, as well as J. N. Heard's BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO AMERICANA, 4th, 1967 do not list it. It is probably listed in bibliography of the Dakotas or a mining bibliography. In any event the original was a scarce item. Illustrated by Osee Morgan. Regular Price $5.00. **Only $2.95**

WP-6—THE HOUSTON STORY, by Ed Bartholomew. (240 pages, softbound) A chronicle of the City of Houston and the Texas frontier from the Battle of San Jacinto to the War Between the States, 1836-1865. (Second printing Sept. 1951) **Only $2.50**

WP-7—A TEXAS RANGER, by N. A. Jennngs. (321 pages, hardback) A facsimile reprint of the scarce 1899 edition. Adams—"Contains much material on Texas gunmen, such as John Wesley Hardin and King Fisher, and on the Taylor-Sutton feud and other border troubles." Regular price $5.00. **Only $2.95**

WP-8—OFFICIAL GUIDE TO POPULAR ANTIQUES & CURIOS, edited by Hal L. Cohen. (392 pages, softbound) Fruit jars, watches, dolls, furniture, toys, silver, campaign tokens, posters and many more—more than 30,000 items listed. Over 1,000 photos and illustrations. Gives average buying price and retail price. Know what to ask and what to pay for your antiques. Save the price of this book many times over. **Only $5.00**

WP-9—WESTERN HARD-CASES OR GUNFIGHTERS NAMED SMITH, by Ed Bartholomew. (191 pages, hardback) A roundup of factual accounts, historical happenings concerned with law and order in our early West, this book deals with a hundred "Western Hard-Cases," some notorious, some hardly known. Regular Price $3.50. **Only $2.95**

WP-10—COWPOKES, NESTERS, & SO FORTH, by Judge Orland L. Sims. (297 pages, photos, hardback) The charm of this book is found in the character of Sims himself. Now in his 80s the Judge is as outspoken as ever and his wit just as biting. His book is not only an accurate historical account of the region, but an autobiography as unique as West Texas itself. "It covers might nigh everything." The author is telling of folk he knows, knew or heard about with an intimate insight into their courage, cussedness, stupidity, acuteness, extravagant wildness, their sins, their virtues, and their commendable worthwhileness. And it is told in a way that will inform, amuse, entertain, offend, or maybe please you to the point of recommending the book to others. Regular price $8.50. **Only $7.25**

WP-11—THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL, by W. H. Ryus. (159 pages, hardback) A true account of incidents that happened along the Old Santa Fe Trail in the Sixties. (Reprint) **Only $2.95**

WP-12—LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF BEN THOMPSON, by William M. Walton. (232 pages, hardback) Includes a detailed and authentic statement of his birth, history and adventures, by one who has known him as a child. Ramon F. Adams in his bibliography, SIXGUNS & SADDLE LEATHER said: ". . . it is exceedingly rare and excessively high in price when one is fortunate enough to locate a copy. It was written by a close friend of the subject, who is naturally sympathetic, but his is the only book devoted entirely to this famous Texas gunman." (Reprint) **Only $2.95**

WP-13—NEW MEXICO AND COLORADO IN 1881, by C. M. Chase. (233 pages, hardback) Reprint of twenty-eight letters written by the editor of the VERMONT UNION, Lyndon, Vermont. The original book is quite scarce. Chase gives his views on the West as he passes through the "wicked" towns in Kansas, attends his first roundup in New Mexico, explores the mining areas, meets up with some Indians, observes the morals of Raton, etc. Good territorial history with plenty of adventure. (Reprint) **Only $2.95**

WP-14—WYATT EARP, THE UNTOLD STORY, by Ed Bartholomew. (328 pages, softbound) Tombstone Epitaph: "This is non-fiction, copiously documented, uncolored and unvarnished, a veritable treasure chest of forgotten and buried facts. A 'must' for student and collector . . . for this is how it actually was." **Only $2.95**

WP-15—WYATT EARP, THE MAN & THE MYTH, by Ed Bartholomew. (335 pages, softbound) Copyright 1964, limited to 1,000 copies. This book is the result of the author's screening of almost 900 sources including books, old newspapers, court records and archives material—everything he could lay hands on about Wyatt Earp. This book should help any reader make up his mind as to the true character of one of the West's most famous figures. **Only $2.95**

WESTERN BOOK COMPANY
Box 3338
Austin, Texas 78764

Enclosed is $_____ for the following books. (Order on a separate sheet of paper if you do not wish to damage this magazine.)

WP-1 ☐ WP-6 ☐ WP-11 ☐
WP-2 ☐ WP-7 ☐ WP-12 ☐
WP-3 ☐ WP-8 ☐ WP-13 ☐
WP-4 ☐ WP-9 ☐ WP-14 ☐
WP-5 ☐ WP-10 ☐ WP-15 ☐

Yes ☐ This is a gift.
No ☐
Gift card to read from
_____

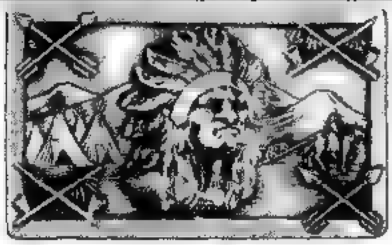
PLEASE SHIP POSTPAID TO–

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____



THE PROUD AMERICAN INDIAN CHIEF

Captured in a lifelike, sculptured, dimensional buckle . . . cast against a background of an authentic teepee village—with a squaw and horse pulling a travois—and the rugged Western mountains in the distance. Size 3⅛" x 1⅞"—Fits standard Western belt.

Solid brass buckle with antique bronze finish—*available only by mail.*

ORDER NOW!

TO: THE INDIAN CHIEF'S BUCKLE
P.O. Box 7204
Fort Worth, Texas 76111

Please send _____ Indian Chief Belt Buckles @ $4.95 each, Postpaid. My check or money order for $_____ is enclosed. No C.O.D.'s please.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Zip_____

Wild and Woolly West Books

30# RAILS, on Narrow Gauge Trains, Mark Twain's JUMPING FROG, Service's YUKON POEMS, Uncle Jim's BOOK OF PANCAKES, and Matthew's NAVAJO WEAVERS & NAVAJO SILVERSMITHS, only $1.00 each. Cushing's ADVENTURES IN ZUNI, and Englert's OLIVER PERRY WIGGINS, on pioneer life, only $2.00 each postpaid. All quaintly and profusely illustrated. Send stamp for FREE illustrated catalog of Western Books.
FILTER PRESS Post Office Box 5 T
Palmer Lake, Colorado 80133

"BOUNTY HUNTER II"
For Prospecting or Treasure Hunting
Detects all metals & minerals, Ultra Sensitive
$89.95
2-YEAR GUARANTEE
Other Models Available
Fully Transistorized
Solid State Circuit
Free Literature & Decal
WILKINSON-WP
Box 1385, Gray, Pa. 15544

MAKE BIG MONEY

raising Chinchillas, Cavies, Rabbits for us. Catalog 25¢.
KENNEY BROTHERS
New Freedom, Pa. 17349

Send for your free copy of
"Western Americana"
Latest catalog of much-wanted out-of-print books at reasonable prices. Also: send your lists of books wanted. Free search service!
INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS
Box 1-TW Pacific Palisades, Cal. 90272

Black Jack Ketchum

(Continued from page 11)

After a few minutes one of them rode over to our camp and we learned that our suspicions were correct. They were Mexican smugglers headed for the mining camp of Bisbee. Satisfying themselves that we were not officers they asked to eat supper with us. We learned that they were carrying a varied assortment of contraband, including mescal, whiskey, and opium.

Later in the evening, with most of us more or less intoxicated, we decided to highjack them for at least a portion of the whiskey. In the fight that followed I was shot and the Mexicans took their leave. Albertson and Warderman were making arrangments to take me back to the Tex Ranch, checking the flow of blood and assisting me onto my horse. We arrived back at the ranch the following morning.

James Hunsaker, who with his parents owned the cattle ranch to the north on White River and near Old Camp Rucker, rode by and visited until after dinner. Tom Capehart, highly respected Diamond A cowpuncher, came by and spent the night. Then the following day, November 11, Henry Marshall of the Erie Cattle Company rode up about 9 a. m. An hour later the ranch was surrounded by a posse of officers from Bowie Station, sixteen in all.

THEY made camp until the next day and then informed us that they were taking us in for the Steins Pass train robbery, which up until then none of us had heard about. After confiscating all of the firearms and ammunition at the ranch, the posse would walk one of us at a time down the canyon to hold a court of inquiry. They would yell and fire their six-shooters at our heads, vilifying and insulting us. They struck Tom Capehart in the face and over the head with a gun and jabbed him in the stomach with a cocked .45 Colt.

There was never any doubt but that for one member of the posse, Ciprana Baca, we would have lost our lives then and there. "If any of these men are murdered I will kill the officer who fired the shot," he declared.

Being unable to walk I had not been taken out for questioning. The bullet at Silver Creek had been through the right leg. But I didn't escape the grilling and was particularly questioned about my leg wound. Sometime in the afternoon we were advised that we were under arrest but we weren't told for what reason. We were loaded into a wagon pulled by a team of mules and were started for what they said was San Simon Station, about sixty miles away. We traveled all night and arrived at our destination around 8 a.m.

Those of us arrested included all who were at the ranch with the exception of John Vintage, who was arrested some nine weeks later. That night we were taken by train to Tucson and the next morning we had our hearing before the U. S. Commissioner. We were formally charged with train robbery in the Territory of New Mexico.

We waived extradition and that night were started on our way to Silver City in Grant County. Upon our arrival there on November 17 we were greeted by a large crowd. Of course I could never blame them for their curiosity at the cowboy strangers they accepted as train robbers.

"He was shot in the train holdup," one was heard to say. And another declared, "they will probably hang him too. Too bad and he is only a kid."

This last remark made me think of a conversation I had had with a man by the name of Tom O' Keefe in Arizona some months before. There were lots of maverick cattle and the country was wild and rough. Anyone rounding up mavericks had to be a good mountain man and handy with a rope. That was me and I made a habit of branding them alternately, one for the man I was working for and one for myself.

O'Keefe was a small rancher on White River and I had happened to meet him one day while riding. I didn't tell him who I was but I recognized him by the huge brand on his horse. We talked of several things and finally he asked me if I knew Walter Hoffman (meaning me) and he continued, "He plans to make his living 'by Jasus' at end of a rope and I'm a-thinkin' that the bugger will die that way too."

Now I was beginning to wonder if O'Keefe's words that sunny day in Cochise County might not be prophetic.

Silver City, situated in the extreme midwest of New Mexico, was at one time in the heart of the silver mining operations. The Territorial grand jury convened around the 10th of January and Leonard Albertson, F. L. Capehart, John Marshall and myself were speedily indicted, charged with attempted train robbery.

We had not been allowed to communicate or to secure counsel and it appeared that we would need some, since the sheriff had brought in a bevy of carpenters to look over the scaffold which had been dismantled some years before. I had not at any time thought that any of us would be executed, simply because I could not conjure such a picture.

From the day of our arrival at the Silver City jail there had been two extra guards on duty day and night. They carried sawed-off shotguns. The night guard, an old Irish gentleman by the name of Rose, showed a degree of friendliness and I asked him if there was a good lawyer in the city. He agreed to send one to see me.

The following afternoon a man came to my door and introduced himself as James Fielder. I was soon convinced that I could place my fate in his hands. I addressed a communication to my five friends, whom I had not seen since our arrival. Fielder visited each of them and we engaged him as our joint counsel.

Judge Frank Parker was on the bench when our case came to trial and the U. S. prosecuting attorney, W. B. Childress, battled for our conviction. There were forty-two witnesses in all who came from Arizona to testify in our behalf. Not to be outdone the prosecution pro-

duced fifty-two witnesses—all the posse members, train crew and many that we had never seen before. There were so many fantastic statements made that the thought occured to me, "By Jacks, maybe I was in that hold-up, and it has simply slipped my memory."

The jury of nine Americans and three Mexicans returned a verdict of "Not Guilty." Never before or since have I witnessed such utter dejection in that courtroom by the posse who had made this gigantic capture of train robbers. They had counted on the $5,000 reward for each of us. The grief was not only confined to them but to one Date Graham, a newly appointed town marshal from Bisbee, who had volunteered himself as an expert perjurer. After a lapse of so many years since that time it hardly seems possible that these individuals have escaped the wrath or bullets of some honest man. There are thousands of men who can testify from sad experience that there are those who would not hesitate to swear away your life or liberty for a few dollars or renown.

However guilty of other things I may have been, I knew that I and my friends were not guilty of this charge of train robbery. Yet our elation at being declared not guilty was short lived and we were again locked up. A bond of $10,000 was set for each of us under a charge of interfering with U. S. postal laws and in holding up a train, a charge that we had just been proven innocent of.

The prosecutor had the case transferred to Las Cruces where we were held for months in a huge adobe dungeon with but one door and no windows. Among all the known vermin and filth were the bedbugs, lice and mosquitoes—never for a moment were we permitted to forget our terrible misery in sweet quiet rest. We could not wash our hands and face unless we used our cup of drinking water for this purpose. The only ray of light came through the steel-barred door. The heat was intense yet the pieces of filthy blanket lying on the floor were damp to the touch.

The thought occurred to me that since the human vultures had failed to decapitate us, they had then adopted this method of extermination. But soon I would think, "No, it cannot be their intent to kill us for twice each day the guards shove our daily rations through the bars."

For breakfast we would have *frijoles* and *tortillas* and sometimes later in the day we would have *tortillas* and *frijoles*. The sheriff who was also the manager of this torture chamber, was none other than the notorious Pat Garrett. It had been said that "The nature of some mankind is similar to that of the wolf. The difference is that man conceals his true nature behind studied smiles and semi-civilized veneer."

AT last the date of our second trial was set, and regardless of the outcome we were more than glad for we could not much longer endure Pat Garrett's jail. Then whatever hope we might have had for a speedy acquittal was dispelled when we took one look at the jury of long-

BADMAN #1—50¢ BADMAN #2—50¢

(Order on a separate sheet of paper if you do not wish to damage this magazine)

BADMAN ☐ BADMAN #1 ☐ BADMAN #2

ORDER NOW!

P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764

Please find enclosed $_____ for the issues marked above @ 50¢ each.

Name _____

Address _____

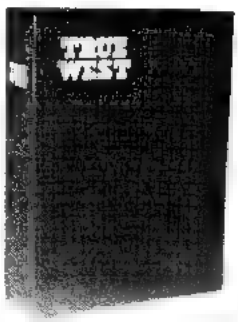
City _____

State _____ Zip _____

$$$$

FIND TREASURE
GOLD • SILVER • RELICS • METALS
WITH POWERFUL
METROTECH Locators
Low Cost • High Performance
Money-back Guarantee
WRITE FOR DETAILS TO DEPT. 1A
UNDERGROUND EXPLORATIONS • Box 793 • Menlo Park, California 94025

TRUE WEST MULTIPLE BINDER



Only $3.50 each

Postpaid

- TRUE WEST is stamped in gold on the cover and the backbone. There are beautiful, four-color photographs on inside front and inside back cover.
- Convenient, easy to handle, it holds 10-12 issues. (Many back issues available.) No punching or mutilation of your copies necessary. You'll like it on your bookshelf!
- Now you may obtain a sturdy binder with fine simulated leather cover for your copies of TRUE WEST at just $3.50 each, postpaid.

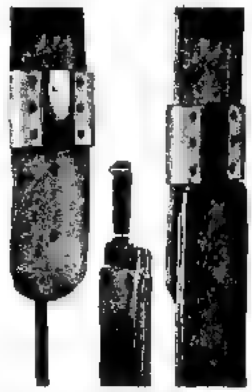
TRUE WEST
P.O. BOX 3338, AUSTIN, TEXAS 78764

I am enclosing $_____ Send binders at $3.50 each to the following:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Blevins Stirrup Buckles

NEW, IMPROVED

$5.25

per pair

Sleeves same as older style, the tongue has no hinge or strap. Easy to change stirrup lengths quickly and easy to install—won't slip or stick. Made of stainless steel and heat-treated aluminum. Sleeves covered with leather prevent rubbing horse or saddle. Available in 2½" and 3" widths. Order either new, improved or the old style buckle. Satisfaction guaranteed.

AT YOUR DEALERS OR

BLEVINS MFG. CO.

WHEATLAND, WYOMING 82201

Quality Steel

Seasoned Hardwood 1½ Ft. Long

STEEL TOMAHAWK

Forged in the Flames of History, this handcrafted axe is guaranteed to please any outdoorsman who needs a rugged trail axe to use as a camp tool or unique decorator item. PLAIN—$5.98, DECORATED—$6.98. Cash, check or M.O. Send for FREE brochure.

HIGH RIVER MFG. COMPANY Dept. L
P.O. Box 28861 Dallas, Texas 75228

100 STYLES FOR

WIDE FEET!

EE to EEEEEE Only
Sizes 5 to 13

Men only. Casual, dress, work shoes that really fit. Top quality, popular prices. Money-back guarantee.

Not sold in stores

Write Today for FREE CATALOG

HITCHCOCK SHOES, INC., Hingham 138-B, Mass. 02043

HEARING AIDS

Huge savings on tiny, all-in-the-ear, behind the ear, eyeglass and body models. New space age models are so tiny and well concealed your closest friends may never even notice. FREE HOME TRIAL. No down payment. Low as $10 monthly. Money back guarantee. Order direct and save. Write today for free catalog and confidential booklet.

PRESTIGE, Dept. D 38 Box 10947, Houston, Tex. 77018.

JUST OFF THE PRESS—A new book by Peter Odens: THE INDIANS AND I. 80 pages and 31 photographs of stories of the old and new West, including the last Indian War of 1923, the great Quechan uprising of 1781, human interest stories of the Piutes, Navajos, Zunis, Hopis. Send $2.00 to P.O. Box 222, El Centro, Ca. 92243. California residents add 5% sales tax.

haired, seamy greasy faces.

Most of the efforts of our attorney, Fielder, were overruled and it seemed that nothing could be done in our behalf. Jim Fielder had exhausted more than half of his challenges when he turned and whispered to me, "What is the use? Pat Garrett controls every Mexican in Dona Ana County."

Not one of the jurors could speak or understand the English language, and most could neither read nor write. All testimony went through an interpreter and the answer to most questions asked of them was, "Me no savvy."

All of our former witnesses who attended the first trial at Silver City were there to give their testimony in our behalf, including Scott White, sheriff of Tombstone, Arizona.

It was apparent before the proceedings began that it would be folly to delay the outcome, whatever it might be. The entire trial seemed to be on the principle of "heads I win, tails you lose." A throw of the dice would have been safer.

Never have I heard a more impassioned plea than our attorney made on our behalf, although most of the jurymen were looking out the window. But to the final plea of the eloquent prosecutor, Childress, they were all eagerness, nodding their heads and nudging one another.

At last Judge Frank Parker read his final instructions. The verdict was that Henry Marshall, Tom Capehart and John Vintage were not guilty. Leonard Albertson, William Warderman and I were found guilty as charged and we were given a sentence of ten years in the Santa Fe, New Mexico prison, together with a fine of $10,000.00 each.

Ten years! It seemed impossible to grasp the significance. I tried to think back in my life to recall occurrence of ten years in the past. I had run away from home eleven years before at the age of fourteen.

We were marched back to our dungeon and soon Marshall, Capehart and Vintage had gathered up their small possessions and we bade them a fond and long adieu. We were glad to see them go for their sake. Their seventeen months of imprisonment had impaired their health. All had been strong and healthy, used to living in the open with plenty of good food. I never communicated with or heard from them again.

Attorney Fielder said that he would never cease trying to gain our release and for us to try to make the best of a bad situation. We were whisked away to the penitentiary, convicted of a crime we didn't do.

I had made up my mind to observe all prison rules since I knew that my attorney, as well as Arizona friends, were extending every effort on my behalf. I was buried deep in some book or adopting a policy of deep silence.

Shortly after the assassination of President McKinley in early September, 1901, Theodore Roosevelt became president and among the sweeping changes he made was the entire cleaning up of the prison administration. Dungeons and dark holes were relegated to the past. Whippings, stringing up by the thumbs and standing for hours at a time with hands chained to a ring above the head, were done away with.

We had been at Santa Fe for about two years when William Walters, better known as Bronco Bill, was ambushed by officers in Arizona. His right arm had been shot off and he was captured and brought to prison. Shortly after his capture he made a statement that he, Ed Cullen (who was killed at Steins Pass train holdup), Bill Carver, Dave Atkins, and Sam and Tom Ketchum were responsible for the train holdup.

Not long after Bronco Bill's arrest, Sam Ketchum was captured. Mortally wounded he died the following day after being brought to prison. Within a few days this Black Jack (Tom) Ketchum held up a mail train in northern New Mexico and shot a mail clerk. Although shot in the arm by the conductor, he managed to get away to his horse before he fell, weakened by loss of blood. His arm was amputated and he was brought to prison until the date could be set for his trial.

At the trial he exonerated Warderman, Albertson and myself of any implication in the Steins Pass robbery. He named the men who had participated with himself. His statement was made to a number of officials, including W. B. Childress, who was also his prosecutor. Yet nothing was done and except for an article published in the different papers as to the statement by Black Jack, and by Bronco Bill earlier, I never heard anything about it again.

Black Jack was a very fine looking specimen of a man. He was around six-feet two-inches in height and large in proportion, with coal black hair and a rather dark complexion. The times I had seen him in Arizona he seemed quite reserved and not given to braggadocio. He was a man of strong determination and seemed utterly devoid of fear. He always carried a .45 Colt buckled around his waist and I never saw him without his Winchester in his hand or lying across his lap.

The second time I ever met him was at the old UP Ranch in Arizona when he and his brother Sam rode up around noon and had dinner with us. Sometime later he asked if I would cut his hair, which then reached almost to his shoulders. The day was very warm and we repaired to the shady side of the house, and I proceeded to my task. He was seated upon a chair with no back and with his rifle across his knees. After finishing the haircutting he asked me to shave the back of his neck and when I did so he told me that there was an opportunity to "make nine thousand dollars." I told him I didn't have any use for that kind of money.

Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum was executed at Clayton, New Mexico on April 26, 1901. For this I had the word of A. W. Ayers, a Santa Fe Railroad engineer who was also a photographer. For this last reason Ayers was invited to the execution.

Ayers told me that there were sixty-eight guests at the hanging. I obtained pictures from him, taken both before and after the execution. One shows Black Jack walking to the scaffold and of the sheriff

TO UNZ
REPRODUCTION

adjusting the noose; also just before the drop, and then afterward with two or three deputies standing beside the body as it lay on the ground. They looked exultingly into the eyes of the camera with their wide sombreros pushed to the back of their heads.

The nine-foot drop had completely severed the head from the body. Although hanging was legal the manner in which it was done was far from being any credit to the Territory of New Mexico, or to any of the officials who participated.

Before going to his death Ketchum dictated the following letter to the President of the United States:

Clayton, New Mexico
April 26, 1901

To His Excellency
The President of the United States
Washington, D. C.
Sir:

Being now at the town of Clayton, New Mexico awaiting my execution which is set for this day and realizing the importance to the liberty of other men and duty which I conceive to be incumbent upon myself, standing in the presence of death where no human aid can reach me, I desire to communicate with you by this letter some facts which I deem to be of interest to the people through their president and perhaps be the means of liberating innocent men. There are three men in the Santa Fe Prison serving sentences for the robbery of the United States mail at Steins Pass, New Mexico in 1897. They are Leonard Albertson, Walter Hoffman and Bill Waterman. They are as innocent of the crime as an unborn baby. The names of the men who did commit the crime are Dave Adkins, Ed Cullen, Will Carver, Sam Ketchum, Bronco Bill and myself.

I have given to my attorney in Clayton means by which articles taken in said robbery may be found, where we hid them. And also the names of the witnesses who live in that vicinity, both immediately before and after the robbery. The fact that these men are suffering impels me to make this confession to prove their innocence.

While you cannot help me and while I realize that all efforts to secure me a commutation of my sentence have signally failed, I wish to do this much in the interests of these innocent men, who as far as I know never committed a crime in their lives. I make this statement fully realizing that my end is fast approaching and that I must very soon meet my maker.

Very Respectfully Your Servant
T. E. Ketchum

On April 29, 1901 the Associated Press published the following report:

Washington—The Department of Justice has received an application for the pardon of Leonard Albertson, Walter Hoffman and Bill Waterman, now in the penitentiary in Santa Fe, New Mexico. The men were concerned in the robbery of the United States mail at Steins Pass, New Mexico in 1897, a crime in which Black Jack Ketchum, executed last Friday at Clayton, New Mexico was implicated. A number of affidavits that the three men in question are innocent of the crime accompany the application.

A letter was also received today written by Black Jack just before his execution, exonerating them and implicating Dave Atkins, Ed Cullen, William Carver, Sam Ketchum, Bronco Bill and himself. The papers have been referred back to the district attorney at New Mexico for examination and report.

I never heard anything regarding the examination made by District Attorney W. B. Childress and I am reasonably sure that he made none.

IT must have been in the summer of 1902 that my quarters at the prison carpenter shop were suddenly disrupted. I was requested by the *acting* superintendant not to enter the prison yard again. This order came about unexpectedly and in a somewhat startling manner. R. E. Garrett, acting superintendent, was seated in the main office at his desk near the front entrance. I had been occupied that morning just across the hall and about 9 a. m. I had gone through the main gate leading to the yard and shops and returned to the gate in not more than fifteen minutes.

"Unlock it, damn you, or I'll kill you!" I heard a voice say just as I started to step into the superintendant's office. I retreated as three prisoners had a hold on him. All had huge knives and one, a lifer, had his at Garrett's throat. My presence had startled them and as they momentarily took their attention from him, he darted out of the entrance past me. Just as quickly the lifer darted out and grabbed him and again demanded that he unlock the armory.

Then I heard more voices and commands and I saw more prisoners coming down a stairway with Mrs. Martin, Mrs. James and Mrs. Burson.

None of the guards in the front tower seemed aware of this commotion and I ran over waving wildly to attract their attention, pointing to the men trying to drag Mr. Garrett back inside. Instantly they covered this group with their rifles and Garrett shouted to me to tell them not to shoot.

I yelled Garrett's command up to the Mexican guards but only one of them could understand English. In the excitement I couldn't utter a single Spanish syllable, although ordinarily I could speak the language very well.

I rushed over to a saddled horse in front of the tower and headed for Santa Fe, a little over a mile away. I had to pass two of the guard towers and although my horse was running his best I took the safer method of lying down as much as possible to prevent them from shooting me off the horse. However they seemed unaware of me. The horse was a fine little animal and covered the distance in a very short time, although about winded. I drew him to a halt in front of a large hardware store, shouting as loudly as possible, "There is a break at the prison! Arm yourselves and hurry!

MEN! WOMEN!...help those who can't help themselves!

Train At Home In Spare Time to be a VETERINARY ASSISTANT

Love is a cold nose and a wagging tail. Yes, you can add a puppy's gratitude and affection to the other rewards awaiting you as a Veterinary Assistant.

Chances are, you'll spend the rest of your life working—so, shouldn't your *work* lead to a career you enjoy? If you love animals, there's one career that promises this kind of satisfaction and, it's easily within your reach!

VETERINARY ASSISTANT

Work with a Doctor of Veterinary Medicine or in an animal hospital. You may help care for and treat large or small animals. You may further qualify for a specialized job, such as clinical technician or assisting in surgery, anesthetics or X ray.

LABORATORY TECHNICIAN

Unlimited opportunities await the trained Veterinary Assistant in pharmaceutical laboratories, medical schools and government research facilities. Here, you may specialize in care, breeding, study or training of research animals.

ZOOKEEPER

There is a growing demand for trained men and women to care for animals found in public and private zoos. If you are fascinated by wild animals, and enjoy the added spice of some danger, this can be an exciting career opportunity

PET SHOP OR KENNEL OWNER

The rapid expansion of this field of business offers unusual opportunities for trained men and women to own or manage a pet shop or kennel. Your training qualifies you to give scientific care to pets you board or sell; and offer your customers the knowledgeable advice they will look to you to provide.

Make your move!

Mail the coupon below. We'll send you a Free "Career Kit"—as well as special forms that may help you get government assistance in financing your new career training, whether you are a Veteran or not.

Accredited Member, National Home Study Council

Mail This Coupon Now!

North American School of Animal Sciences, Dept. 21094
4500 Campus Dr., University Plaza, Newport Beach, Ca. 92663

Rush me my "Career Kit." I am interested in:

☐ Veterinary Assistant ☐ Lab Technician
☐ Pet Shop or Kennel Owner ☐ Zookeeper

☐ Mr. ☐ Miss ☐ Mrs. _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

"THE WESTERN POLO"

MANY OTHER STYLES

Made To Order Only

This tall, handsome boot offers the maximum in leg protection. Available in a wide variety of imported French and U.S. leathers. Your choice of top, heel and toe styles. Prices depend on leathers you choose. Made to order only. Write for FREE CATALOG and ordering instructions.

WESTERN HATS, PANTS, SHIRTS, SOCKS, ETC.

JOE HALL, Box 17971T, El Paso, Texas 79917

RUPTURE RELIEF!

GUARANTEED!

TRY THIS TRUSS FOR 30 DAYS FREE!

OR YOUR MONEY BACK IN FULL!

Lasting, comfortable relief for your reducible inguinal rupture. Prove it. Give WEB a trial. If not completely satisfied return it within 30 days for full refund of purchase price. Write for free booklet.

WEB TRUSS CO. Dept. TW-4 Hagerstown, Md.

$9.95

Husky Remington model knife, broad blood groove. Thick 7 inch blade. Extra heavy. Sturdy leather sheath. Guaranteed.

COMPTON'S

"The Working Man's Friend"

P. O. Box 147 New Iberia, La. 70560

2 for 1 WAREHOUSE CLEARANCE SALE

© 1969 Viking

TWO FOR $1.98 $3.98 VALUE 10 Year Guarantee

TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

Razor sharp lifetime steel blade opens easily and automatically locks in place. PUSH-BUTTON release. Tough, razor steel blade honed and polished to mirror-like finish. Balanced for target throwing. Blade GUARANTEED 10 YEARS. If blade breaks we replace free. 30-day MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. A favorite with sportsmen. Priced for quick sale of 200,000 knives. Makes excellent gift for any man or boy. Two for $1.98 plus 50c shipping. Send cash, ck. or M.O. to VIKING KNIVES, Dept. K-8, Box 10880, Houston, Tex. 77018.

FREE Western Wear CATALOGUE

"Western Hat Center of the World"

Boots—Coats—Riding Accessories

LUSKEY'S WESTERN STORE

DEPT. T 101 NORTH HOUSTON ST.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS 76102

The prisoners are killing Garrett and the women!"

The Mexican village sprang instantly into action as men began milling from every direction it seemed. Many rushed into the hardware store where they were supplied with guns and ammunition. I noticed a nice looking team of bays hitched to a large spring wagon. I quickly dismounted and jumped into the seat, grabbed the reins, and shouted to those rushing out of the store to jump aboard. I don't believe that it was more than fifteen minutes before I returned with the armed men. Soon the stretch of road was filled with buggies, wagons, men horseback and afoot.

The prisoners had not yet succeeded in getting arms and when they saw the mad rush of people they suddenly surrendered and were glad to return within the walls.

I went at once into the main office to see if the womenfolk and Garrett were injured. All were fine except that the ladies were pretty badly frightened. I was then told that Governor Otero wanted to see me at once. He expressed his gratitude for what I had done and promised to do all he could toward my release.

As I said before, I was not permitted to again enter the prison yard, as a safety precaution. But there was no need of this as I retained the good will of nearly all of the prisoners, even those involved in the break. I was soon installed in the front office as assistant bookkeeper where I remained for about five more months.

Then one morning in early 1903 I was handed an official looking envelope from Washington D. C. It contained a pardon, signed by President Theodore Roosevelt.

Of course we were all more than glad to be free again, with the restoration of all our civil rights. But I am still undetermined as to why the pardon.—W. C. Hovey, March, 1934

After being freed, Hovey went to work in the railroad shop at Raton, New Mexico and was later a fireman for the Santa Fe Railroad on the Florence-Cripple Creek run. Sometime later he went to Panama as a steam shovel operator for the government when the Panama Canal was being built. He also went to Alaska as a steam shovel operator for the building of an Alaskan railroad.

Eventually he married and ran a garage and car rental service in Seattle, Washington. In his declining years in Portland, Oregon he was determined to compile the story of his life, which he had entitled "This Way But Once." It was never completed.

Gray Wolves and Buffaloes

(Continued from page 32)

Blackfeet Indians had difficulty in understanding such numbers and very neatly explained the situation by imagining a hole in the earth somewhere north from which the animals poured in an unending stream, were now diminishing.

White men, said the Blackfeet, had discovered the source hole and closed it with big rocks, trapping the buffalo inside.

At this time access to the upper Missouri River basin, today's Dakotas, central and eastern Montana, and Canada immediately adjacent north of the 49th parallel, was by means of riverboat. Each summer a dozen or so boats made the round trip between St. Louis, Missouri, and Fort Benton in Montana. Some sternwheelers, some side-wheelers, they fought the current, the drifting sandbars and the treacherous channel of the wild Missouri, fueled by cottonwood logs cut by lonely woodhawks. These men lived along the river and during the winter when ice closed the channel took sometimes to wolfing.

The increasing hostility of the Indians resulted in death for many white wolfers. Sometimes they left a kind of memorial. Along the North Dakota-Montana border wolfers piled thousands of unskinned wolves at a point on the riverbank to be skinned later and the pelts sent by riverboat to St. Louis. The white men lost their scalps and lives and the wolves remained to create a stench, then a great pile of skeletons—and eventually the name of a prominent city along the Missouri River in northeast Montana—Wolf Point.

THE WOLFERS' killing weapon was strychnine, a white, crystalline substance. They first located a buffalo, killed it, partially skinned it and then baited the carcass with three of four bottles of strychnine, each containing about 1/8 ounce. The hunter made numerous slashes in the meat and into each kneaded with his hands the lethal crystals.

About a mile away another buffalo was prepared in the same way. If possible, several more baits were thus set out, although toward the end of the era the increasing scarcity of the animals made this impossible. In mild weather the wolfers visited the baits every few days. During such weather it became

"Old Snowdrift," last of the great wolves. Hunted down in the early 1920s in central Montana, his stuffed body is on display in the courthouse at Stanford, Montana.

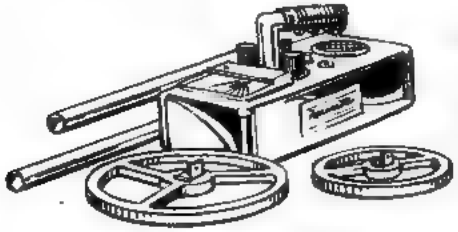
Come with Relco . . . to Uncover Treasures Lost for Centuries . . . With a RELCO METAL-MINERAL DETECTOR

All Relco detectors will detect buried gold, silver, coins, ancient firearms, treasures, valuable minerals, etc. They are extremely sensitive and accurate.

Relco detectors are manufactured under carefully controlled conditions using the latest space-age equipment and technology. Our staff of over 100 highly skilled engineers, technicians and other personnel are trained to see that our customers receive the finest equipment and services available. In most cases you will receive same-day service when you order from Relco. You can charge your Relco detector to any approved credit card. Financing is also available.

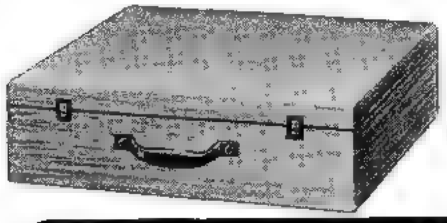
ALL MODELS HAVE THESE SUPERIOR PROFESSIONAL FEATURES

- ★ Fully transistorized for maximum performance.
- ★ Powered by low-cost batteries available wherever batteries are sold.
- ★ Works through earth, water, mud, rocks, vegetation, etc. Excellent near salt water.
- ★ Lightweight, easy to carry.
- ★ Extremely easy to operate.
- ★ Handsome styling for pride of ownership.



DISASSEMBLES FOR EASY TRANSPORTATION OR STORAGE

Sectional exploring stem and exploring head detaches in a jiffy for convenience of transportation or storage.



PROTECTIVE CARRYING CASE FOR YOUR DETECTOR

Sturdy carrying cases custom designed for each model are optional.

FREE Write for free catalog and unusual souvenir coin

RELCO, Dept. D-237
P. O. Box 10839
Houston, Texas 77018

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

USES POWERFUL EXPLORING HEADS . . .

$19.95 TO $198.50

HISTORICAL COLOR POSTERS

Enjoy full color replicas of old posters printed on heavy parchment. Not one, but eight hand colored prints, each 11" x 14" in the popular style of Currier and Ives. Unusual fine quality and extremely authentic. May be easily framed to enhance your home or office, or just hung directly. Only $3.98 postage paid to ROBERT LAWRENCE & SON, 11715 Avon Way, Dept. 18TW, Los Angeles, Ca. 90066. If not completely satisfied return in 30 days for prompt refund. Please no C.O.D.'s.

FREE 1972

140 PAGE CATALOG

OF DETECTORS—BOOKS—MAPS

GENERAL ELECTRONIC DETECTION CO.

16238 Lakewood Blvd.

Bellflower, California 90706

INDIAN CRAFT SUPPLIES

96 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOG

Indian craft kits, bulk supplies, war bonnets, beadwork, etc. Send 25c for catalog.

GREY OWL

Indian Craft Company
150-02 Beaver Rd., Dept. TW-72
Jamaica 33, N.Y.

Bottle Collectors

Identify and price over 2500 new and old bottles in all, 18 categories. Get the All-In-One BEST SELLER by John T. Young, "BOTTLE COLLECTOR'S HANDBOOK AND PRICING GUIDE." No COD's.

INFO BOOKS, P.O. BOX 5091 $3.95
San Angelo, Texas 76901

SEND FOR THIS FREE!

Make money. Know how to break and train horses and ponies. Send name and zip-code for this free booklet with special offer of a course in Animal Breeding. If you are interested in Gaiting and Riding the saddle horse check ( ) On it today!

Write to BERRY School of HORSEMANSHIP
1554, Pleasant Hill, Ohio 45359

WHAT A TREMENDOUS HELP!

Our newsstand sales are our life's blood and you just can't sell a magazine when nobody sees it! So if you will join the "Pull 'em Out" brigade, Podner—you'll have us smiling like a pussycat lapping warm milk!

imperative to remove the pelts of the poisoned animals, otherwise the skin would loosen and spoil. If speedy skinning was not possible, carcasses were piled up as compactly as possible to protect them from the onslaught of magpies.

A wolf pelt sold to a trading company in Fort Benton brought the wolfer about $3. It was money hard earned, especially after the Sioux and Blackfeet and other tribes became hostile. Even when a wolfer managed to ingratiate himself with a band in the vicinity of his trapping range, the relationship generally came to an end when Indian dogs, ranging over the prairie, died from the strychnine. The Indians valued their dogs; some tribes used them for food and all prairie tribes used them as beasts of burden.

A wolfer, it might be noted, fried his breakfast batter cakes in wolf fat. It is alleged a much finer flavor resulted—not that flavor impressed a wolfer too much. Generally he was a solitary man, working alone, although at least one settlement designed exclusively for wolfers came into being. This was located at the confluence of the Musselshell and Missouri Rivers in central Montana, a point today inundated by backwater from the Fort Peck dam across the Missouri.

The settlement, established by the Montana Hide and Fur Company based in Helena, Montana Territory, consisted of eight buildings fronting the river. Its population ran to about fifty, mostly wolfers but also a few woodhawks and other rivermen. The company went broke after a year and the wolfers' city vanished. Some distance away another Muscleshell City developed but this had nothing to do with the wolfers.

Fort Pease in the lower Yellowstone River valley of eastern Montana was for a time used as headquarters by a number of wolfers who preferred companionship to going it alone. In December 1875 Orin Mason, Jeff Thompson, and Bill Castro set out to inspect their baits. Attacked by a band of one hundred Sioux, they managed to entrench themselves in a coulee and eventually beat off the Indians, although Mason was killed.

Some months earlier a certain Fred Harlan, a loner, went out to bait. He was killed by the Sioux. And shortly after the attack on the Mason party, five wolfers moved out in a cold snap to collect pelts. They were jumped by the Sioux. In the ensuing battle the white men, armed with repeating rifles, managed to survive, although one man named Sweeney was killed and the rest wounded. The Indians lost thirteen warriors, proof of the deadly accuracy of the wolfers' rifles.

Thus in the space of a few months at one relatively isolated point several wolfers were killed, which illustrates the hazardous nature of the business. There is no record of a wolfer's having been killed by the wolves themselves. In spite of their size and viciousness the great, gray animals were shy.

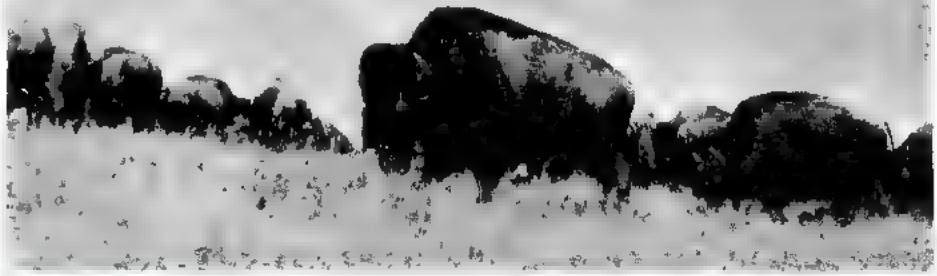
Not that they would always hesitate to attack—some sixty years before, Sergeant Nathaniel Pryor of the Lewis and Clark Expedition and a couple of men, detached from the main group, were in camp when one night a wolf charged in, slashed at the sleeping Pryor's hand and turned on the throat of a companion, Windsor. Pryor, thoroughly awake now, pulled up his rifle and killed the animal. And on another occasion the Regis Loisel Expedition west from St. Louis, in camp for the night, had been attacked by a big wolf. One of Loisel's companions was the object of the assault. He seized the wolf by the jaw and dragged it over to the nearest rifle. Then, finding he could not fire with one hand, he grabbed an axe and beat the animal to death.

ALTHOUGH the big boom in wolf pelts occurred at the time of the destruction of the buffalo, wolf fur had been an article of trade prior to this. Most notable of these early wolfers was Hugh Monroe of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company. The Blackfeet called him Ma-Kwi-i-po-wak-sin, which roughly translates into "Rising Wolf." There is today a Rising Wolf Mountain in Glacier National Park, Montana, a memorial to him.

Monroe took a Blackfoot wife and was adopted into the tribe. He developed a wolf trap which consisted of an oblong, pyramidal log pen eight feet by sixteen feet by eight feet high, with an eighteen-inch hole in one side. The wolves would leap through the hole to secure bait inside, but the narrow confines of their prison prevented their gathering themselves for a return leap to freedom. They were then forced to await their end. In one night Monroe retrieved eighty-three wolves and coyotes from several traps.

This trap was really just a more efficient variation of a wolf trap widely used by the Indians of the northern great plains. Heavy stakes at an angle of about forty-five degrees a few inches apart were driven into the ground in a circle about the carcass of one or two dead buffaloes. At one point dirt was packed against the stakes from the out-

Wolves kept a watchful eye on the buffalo herds, always ready to do in a straggler.



side. The wolves climbed the incline, leaped in to secure the bait, but were unable to leap out again.

Sometimes the wolves contracted rabies. There is no evidence that any wolfer died from the bite of a rabid wolf. The Blackfeet, when such a victim subsequently went mad, bound him hand and foot, rolled him up in the green hide of a freshly killed buffalo, and then built a fire around him. He was left until the hide began to dry and burn. He was then released—cured. Or so it was said. The explanation went that the great heat caused the patient to sweat, so much water coming out of his body that none was left in it, and with the water the "disease" left also. George Bird Grinnell, who spent much time among the Blackfeet before the turn of the century, commented, "All the old people tell me that they have seen individuals cured in this manner of a mad wolf's bite."

Around 1884 many of the wolves vanished with the destruction of their food supply, but a few continued into the present century. They became the scourge of cattle ranchers and the sport of roping wolves on the prairie developed. A pair of the last of the great animals was destroyed during the early 1920s in central Montana, not far from the point at which the wolfers had briefly established Muscleshell City decades before.

The male was known as Old Snowdrift, since he was lighter in color than the standard gray breed. He teamed with a female, also a "white" wolf, known appropriately as Lady Snowdrift. The two killed thousands of dollars worth of livestock. When Lady Snowdrift was trapped, she dragged the heavy trap and the twenty-pound rock to which it was attached to her den where a government hunter, Don Stevens, found her and shot her. The same hunter early the next year killed Old Snowdrift, whose stuffed body stands today in a case in the courthouse of Judith Basin County, Montana, at the town of Stanford.

These were probably the last two of the notable one-time Guardians of the Herd.

Mysterious Lillian

(Continued from page 15)

tween the Yukon and interior British Columbia and the outside world. Thus operators were on the lookout at all the twenty-mile Cabins. From station to station they checked her walking time, and it amazed these hardy men who often had to make fast hikes when line breaks occurred. Even over the roughest going, the wiry Russian girl maintained an average from twenty to thirty miles a day.

Cabins 1 through 7 reported her safe arrival. By making good time she reached Cabin 8 on September 12. Cabin 8 was different in that two men, Jim Christie and Charlie Janze, were stationed as linesmen and telegraphers, and occupied two cabins.

When Lillian arrived, her clothes were again in shreds, her leather shoes very worn. Her face was swollen from continuous bites of mosquitoes, bulldog, black and "no-seeum" flies, and she was badly burned by sun and wind. Yet it was the manner in which she dropped her nearly empty packsack and slumped into a chair which conveyed to the men how exhausted she was.

Yet, even when she was rested and fed, they failed to talk her out of continuing. She turned to them with that same exalted light in her eyes, and this time won over two experienced outdoorsmen where she had failed with Constable Wyman and Sergeant Service the previous year. Both men, however, were insistent that she wait until they made her a new and suitable outfit for the conquest of the Summit and the journey onward to the nearest Yukon settlement of Atlin. To this she agreed.

In the next three days while she rested in Christie's cabin, which he had turned over to her, and while she consumed enormous meals, the two linesmen achieved a miracle of outfitting. They remodeled a pair of Janze's line-riding breeches, of toughest cloth. Janze was the smaller of the men. He donated two shirts (his best), a new handerchief to replace the headress she always wore, and a felt hat to keep off the rain. Fortunately, Janze's feet were small. He gave her a pair of his stout linesmen boots. These, with two pairs of socks, she found she could comfortably wear. Then, just before Lillian left, Christie gave her a black and white dog and a pack filled with food.

That dog! What happened in the days following is a fittingly weird accompaniment to the saga of Lillian Alling.

THOUGH Lillian had already walked far, had suffered fatigue and pain and prison, she was in high spirits after three days of rest at Cabin 8. And she was deeply moved by the gift of the dog, exclaiming, "My first companion! He will always remain with me." How strangely did she keep these final words!

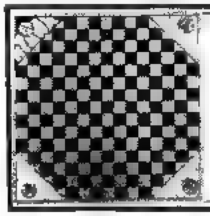
Christie accompanied her as far as Cabin 9. Though this was no longer used as a sending station, there remained accommodation. As the weather held fine, Christie suggested her taking one more day of rest before tackling the endurance test of going over the Summit leading to Atlin, Dawson and points beyond. Then bidding her goodbye he returned to his remote outpost and prayed for the best.

After Lillian crossed the Summit all that is definitely established is her arrival at the mining town of Atlin, Yukon Territory, altitude 2,200 feet. There at least she was long remembered! The inhabitants stared wide-eyed, for Lillian carried atop her knapsack the hide of her black and white dog, lightly stuffed with grass. What caused the animal's death during her walk from the Summit to Atlin, she told no one. The only reference we have to this astonishing banner of loyalty are her own words to Christie when thanking him for the gift—"My first companion! He will always remain with me."

The first evidence of this is the astonished hotel keeper's recollection in Atlin of her laconic reply to his indiscreet question. "He was my only friend. He will always remain with me." And that lightly stuffed hide of black and white dog is the thing by which she was remembered for years afterward by people who had seen the weird and silent woman.

She arrived in Dawson in November 1928 and worked briefly as a waitress. She lived alone, confiding in no one, avoiding companionship after the day's work was done. She had little time for people, being occupied in her spare hours that bitter winter in repairing a cheap secondhand skiff.

With the break-up of the ice she loaded



WORLD FOUR-HAND CHECKERS

World Four-Hand Checkers is an exciting new game enjoyed by the entire family. It can be played by either two or four players. Four different sets of checkers in contrasting colors of blue, yellow, black and red are included. It is challenging and educational for young and old. Everyone enjoys this game. Giant size 21 by 21 inches, complete with instructions, $4.95 postpaid. CHECKERS, 1021 Sherbrook Drive, Birmingham, Ala. 35209.

TRUE WEST-FRONTIER TIMES
Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764

I enclose: $5.00 for 1 year (12 issues)
(6 issues each, of both magazines)

Special! $9.00 for 2 years (24 issues)
(12 issues each, of both magazines)

(Check one)
☐ NEW
☐ RENEWAL

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

_____ This is a Gift Subscription. Please send one of your special gift announcement cards with my compliments.

Sent by_____
(If you don't want to cut this magazine, order on a sheet of paper.)

LICENSED TO JNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BURIAL INSURANCE

Leave your loved ones a cash estate . . . not a pile of bills . . . Up to $2,000 policy to age 80 . . . $1,000 policy to age 85 . . . No salesman will call on you . . . Money Back Guarantee . . . For FREE details write Crown Life of Illinois, 203 N. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60601 Dept. 136.

NOW! 16" DEERSKIN SCOUT BOOT

Comfort, durability, protection, and good looks. Genuine heavyweight deerskin. Hand-molded thick rawhide sole, foam-padded leather-lined insole. Drawstring under fringed flap. Buffalo-brown suede. Order yours today!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
Ladies' — 4-10 N & M ... $17.95
Men's — 6-13 N & M ... $19.95

ORDER USUAL SHOE SIZE. LARGEST MAIL-ORDER MOCCASIN SPECIALISTS SERVING YOU DIRECT. ADD $1.00 HANDLING CHG. $2.00 DEPOSIT ON C.O.D.'s.

OUTDOOR WORLD
Div. of Western Brands TW-4
ESTES PARK, COLO. 80517
PHONE 303 586-3281

HEAVY DUTY WELDER

Does work of $85.00 welder yet costs only 1895 POST PAID

Fits ordinary 110V outlet
3 welding heats

Weld, braze, solder or cut most anything made of metal. No experience needed. Follow simple instructions. Uses standard 1/8" rods to weld iron, steel, brass, bronze, aluminum, other metals. 3 welding heats ... not just one as with other low priced models. New HEAVY DUTY circuit gives higher heat ... 4 times the heat needed to melt toughest iron. More welding power than ever before. Comes complete with welder's mask, $2.00 pack of rods, flux, carbons, automatic arc striker, etc. NOTHING ELSE TO BUY. Approved for homes, garages, shops, factories. 10 day MONEY BACK trial. Guaranteed against burnouts. Send $2.00 and pay $18.95 plus small C.O.D. when delivered ... or send $18.95 cash, ck., M.O. for postpaid shipment.

WEL-DEX MFG. CO., Dept. W-TW, Box 18775, Houston, Texas 77018

FINDING LOST TREASURE

... an exciting hobby for the great outdoors that really pays off!

The Model 7-T and 711-T Metal Detectors are world famous in design and performance

Free Literature

Detectron
DIVISION OF TINKER & RASOR
DEPT. TW-4, P.O. BOX 243 SAN GABRIEL, CA 91778

EXTRA INCOME! MAKE $1 PER SALE

SELL ENGRAVED METAL SOCIAL SECURITY PLATES

Millions of new prospects added every year! No investment needed

SEND FOR FREE SALES KIT TODAY!

ENGRAVAPLATES, DEPT. 7406A
P.O. BOX 10460 • JACKSONVILLE FLA. 32207

Courtesy Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.

The 9th cabin, where Lillian stayed before going over the summit from B.C. to the Yukon. It is located some 200 miles from the first cabin at Hazelton, B.C.

this flimsy defiance to the great Yukon River with provisions, blanket roll and atop the pile the stuffed hide of the black and white dog. Dawsonites watched the frail craft leave with its wisp of an owner steering in the stern, her eyes fixed straight ahead. So bizarre a sight could not fail to be remembered when her boat passed through Tanana, or upon its arrival at Nome.

This long voyage in as crazy a water vehicle as ever floated upon Arctic waters was, for all that, probably to Lillian less physically demanding than the long walk had been.

Leaving the boat upon the beach, she filled her knapsack with provisions, put across its top her thin blanket roll, and as banner over all, the lightly grass-stuffed hide of the black and white dog. Then into the Arctic vastness she disappeared. Months went by before an Eskimo reported meeting a strange woman beyond Teller. Somehow, somewhere, she had fashiond a small two-wheel cart. This she was slowly tugging along, the form of a black and white dog still atop the load. The superstitious native was terrifed by the sight.

Did Lillian, by Eskimo or other boat, cross the Bering Strait at long last to reach her destination? And why, of all places, was it Siberia? Or does somewhere on this side of that bleak water, lie what is left of a mysterious young Russian girl bent on a very mysterious mission?

She left us a saga unique in northern annals. Her walk over the Yukon Telegraph's rugged trail was a feat of such magnificent folly that only someone who held life very cheap—or very dear—could have accomplished it.

A Night of Suspense In Indian Country

(Continued from page 29)

eyes and each man nerved to the situation. I tucked the corner of the blanket under me as I sat up in bed and again told him to let go. He would not, but claimed the blankets were his. At this juncture, I drew from my side a Colt revolver with my thumb on the hammer.

"I cocked it as I pointed it at him with a sharp speech, which, when interpreted, would not look well in print. Without a word simultaneously my comrades did likewise—only the young man brought out two, one in each hand. Thus our whole armory was brought to bear at one time, twenty-four shots. Friend To-ab let go of the blankets without further chat.

"It was lucky I had lived in the northern part of the territory for twenty-five years and had become well acquainted with the Ute language. I had also been in the south about five years and had picked up quite a smattering of the Piheed tongue and by the use of both I kept up a discussion till 3 o'clock in the morning. During the three or four hours of talk I tacked ship many times. Several times I looked for our bark to go down; language and gestures were such, our case looked hopeless.

"When I thought the sign was right I asked them if they wanted to smoke the pipe of peace. They replied they did but we must find the tobacco. This, I found, was only a plan to find out whether we had tobacco in camp as they knew that two of us did not use the weed. Friend Bentley said, 'Let them have my pipe and tobacco if there is peace in it.'

"Both were handed out, the pipe loaded, and the eight of them smoked. We poor devils were not up to smoking. So I said an insult. The reply was, 'This is our pipe and tobacco now; if you want to smoke get you some.' We were in their country and they were well acquainted with every trail; humble pie was our only safeguard. We decided at last to make the best of the situation.

"A happy thought came to my mind. I had learned before leaving St. George that the Government Indian Agent with his assistant, Captain F. M. Bishop, and three others, would be in St. George with three wagonloads of goods to be distributed to the Indians. I immediately asked them if they had heard this news; I soon found they were ignorant of the whole affair. My old friend said to me when he saw that no matter what I said, there was no converting them, 'Adams, give them reason as long as you can and

then we will shoot our way through as long as we have a shot left.' This was also the spirit of the young man.

"The story I had told them of the agent and supplies was now doing its work; a change came over their blood-thirsty souls. Their leading spokesman began to ask questions about when the wagons would be in St. George and further if it was my plan to tell the agents of this night's happenings. I told them that if they would molest us no further I would not make a report to the agency, but if they did not at once put their guns and bows and arrows at our feet, I would report them and that if anything stopped us getting back at a certain time, runners would be sent out, the facts would be known, and they would lose more than our three outfits were worth.

"This argument brought their weapons laid upon the bed at our feet for we were all standing up ready for action.

" 'Now,' said the Indians, 'we can go to our wickiup'. But the tide had turned. We said, 'You can't. You must stay here under our guard until we are ready to start on in the morning.'

"By six o'clock we had eaten our breakfast, filled our canteens with water, saddled our horses, shared our horses' blankets with the eight naked Indians, and had given them their weapons and started them back into the hills while we started for home. We were a full seventy miles from the nearest white man and in the Indians' country, where we could have been cut off with the greatest ease, as we found out afterward.

"The road we found is the road over which thousands of tons of 50 to 75 per cent copper ore were hauled to Modena. We never reported against the Indians and thus proved to them that we did not use, as they call it, the forked tongue. Besides, had we reported after making it a peace term, our lives from that time on would have been in danger; as it was, we have had peace."

As a result of the happenings in this story, and the fact that the white men did not report against these Indians, To-ab actually became an untrusted friend of my grandfather and Mr. Bentley and worked for them as a runner and mail carrier from the copper mine to St. George for a number of years. I met To-ab only once and then when I was just a small boy of six or seven. It was in 1919 or 1920. I was so damn scared of him my father could not get me to shake hands, and I can see him yet, grinning a toothless grin and reaching out his hand to me.

The Lucky Town the World Forgot

(Continued from page 25)

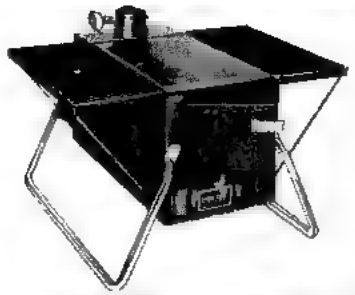
establishing a sanatarium with mineral baths, and preparing new studies on geography. But all the while he chuckled at the iron spikes he had to place one inch apart on his wooden door to protect his home against Indian raids.

Life was not easy for these pioneers, prepared as they were with little more than a burning desire to be free. And there are those who say that Sisterdale was a failure, for soon dissension rose among the colonists. Many did not know how to do the work necessary to keep them going. There were those, too, who did not want to work, who wanted instead to sit under a tree and debate the problems of the times. Little by little, the settlers began drifting away, some southward thirteen miles to Boerne to settle that town in 1849, and others to greener fields.

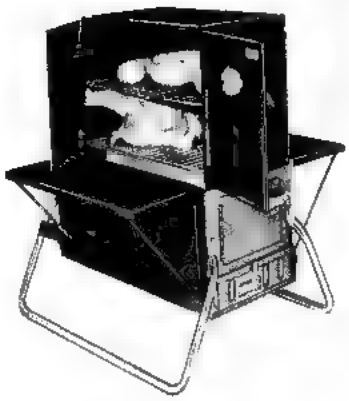
But there were also some who stayed and today the population of Sisterdale may be only a few more or less than it was when first settled. A failure? Who can tell? They came to found a New Germany. In this they failed, but they brought to Texas some of Germany's best minds, and the courage shown by those first residents of Sisterdale, who came so far to live in freedom, is still found in their descendants who live in the valley of the Guadalupe.

Cool clear rushing water and quiet green pools are descriptive of the beautiful Guadalupe River near Sisterdale.

BEST COOKER! BEST WARMER!



the RAEMCO 7in1



★Charcoal Broil ★ Smoke Cook ★ Roast Bake ★ Barbeque (Rotisserie) ★ Fry ★Space Heat! The 7in1 fires up in minutes...heats for hours unattended The most versatile stove for campers, use it indoors, outdoors; on trips or at home! Burns wood, charcoal for the most delicious meals; warmest heater ever!

Send for FREE illustrated booklet, uses, prices.

RAEMCO, SOMERVILLE, 16 N.J. 08876
Please send FREE information on RAEMCO 7in1
MY NAME_____
STREET_____
CITY_____ ZIP_____ STATE_____

BADMEN-RANGE WARS BURIED TREASURE

TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

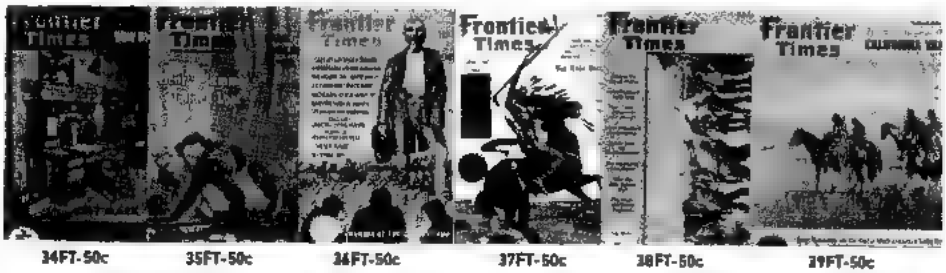
TRUE WEST AND FRONTIER TIMES NEVER GET OUT OF DATE! Filled with the timeless sagas of the West, the back issues are fascinating to read, and to keep. Begin the interesting hobby of collecting them, and watch their value grow as they become more and more scarce. As soon as we sell out of a back issue, collectors immediately begin asking $5, $10 or more for a copy—and getting it!

Issues on this page are available now, but won't be for long. Take advantage of this offer—pick a few back issues to try. Each issue has the same high quality, factual Old West material you expect and get from current issues. Send check or money order to—

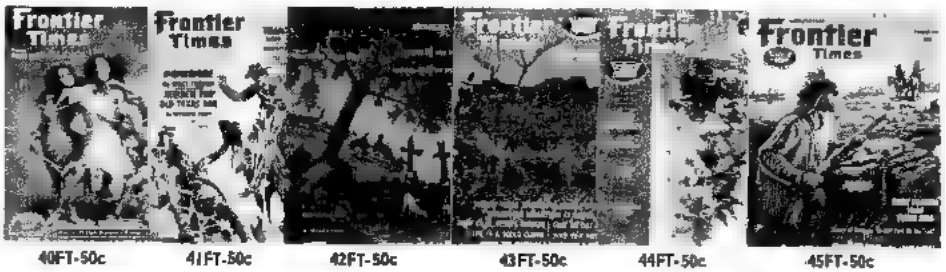
WESTERN PUBLICATIONS
P.O. Box 3338-BI **Austin, Texas 78764**

NOTICE: Western Publications will give a 10% discount on all back issue orders totaling $30.00 or more. This includes back issues on the following page also.

22FT-$1.00 27FT-$1.00 30FT-$1.00 31FT-$1.00 32FT-$1.00 33FT-$1.00



34FT-50c 35FT-50c 36FT-50c 37FT-50c 38FT-50c 39FT-50c



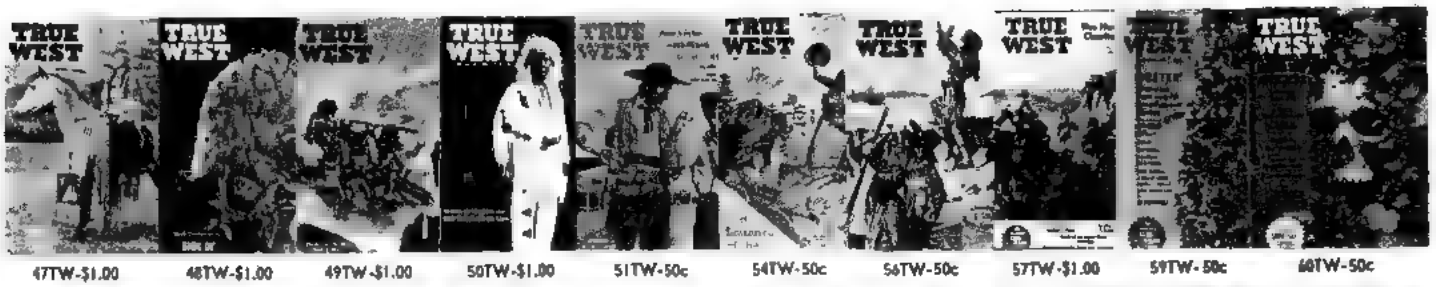
40FT-50c 41FT-50c 42FT-50c 43FT-50c 44FT-50c 45FT-50c

46FT-50c 47FT-50c 48FT-50c 49FT-50c 50FT-50c 51FT-50c 52FT-50c 53FT-50c 54FT-50c 55FT-50c

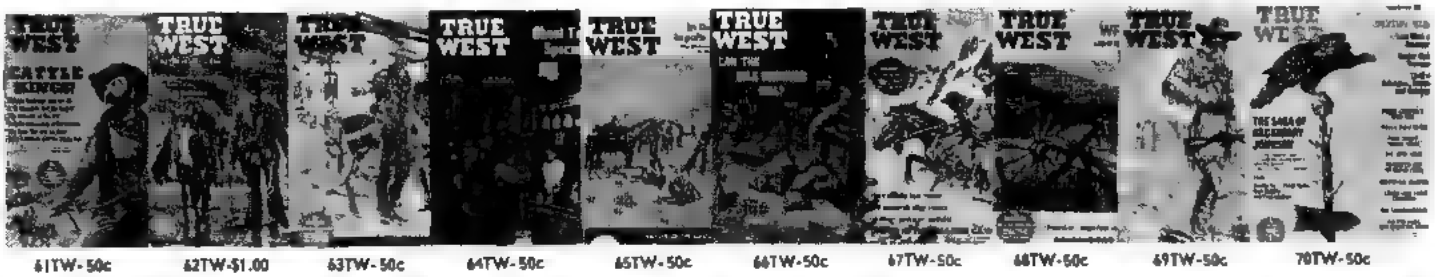
56FT-50c 57FT-50c 58FT-50c 59FT-50c 60FT-50c 61FT-50c 62FT-50c 63FT-50c 64FT-50c 65FT-50c

66FT-50c 67FT-50c 68FT-50c 69FT-50c 70FT-50c 71FT-50c 72FT-50c 73FT-50c 74FT-50c 75FT-50c

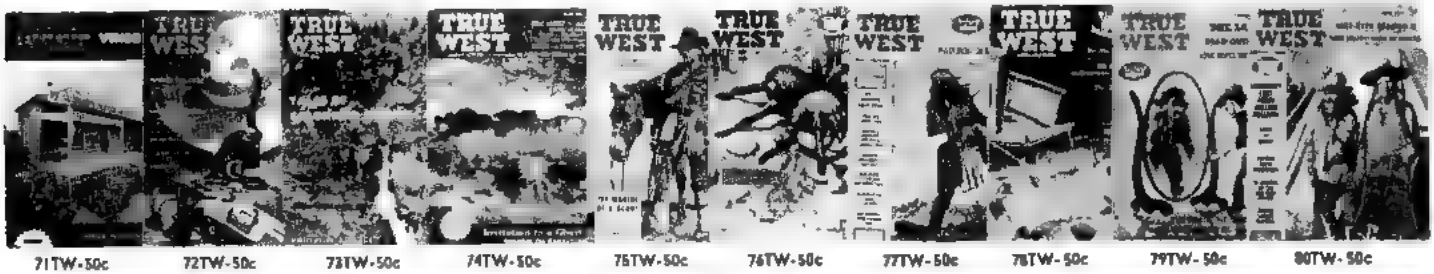
GHOST TOWNS - GOLD RUSH
FRONTIER LIFE - INDIAN FIGHTS



47TW-$1.00 48TW-$1.00 49TW-$1.00 50TW-$1.00 51TW-50c 54TW-50c 56TW-50c 57TW-$1.00 59TW-50c 60TW-50c



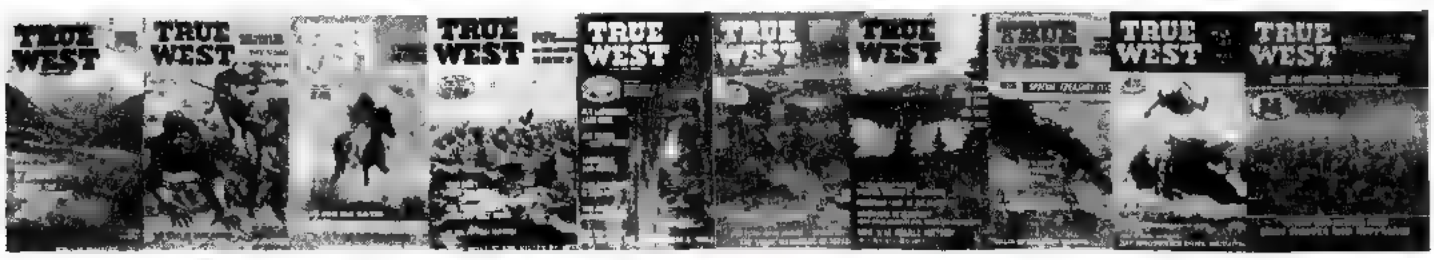
61TW-50c 62TW-$1.00 63TW-50c 64TW-50c 65TW-50c 66TW-50c 67TW-50c 68TW-50c 69TW-50c 70TW-50c



71TW-50c 72TW-50c 73TW-50c 74TW-50c 75TW-50c 76TW-50c 77TW-50c 78TW-50c 79TW-50c 80TW-50c

81TW-50c 82TW-$1.00 83TW-50c 84TW-50c 85TW-50c 86TW-50c 87TW-50c 88TW-50c 89TW-50c 90TW-50c

91TW-50c 92TW-50c 93TW-50c 94TW-50c 95TW-50c 96TW-50c 97TW-50c 98TW-50c 99TW-50c 100TW-50c



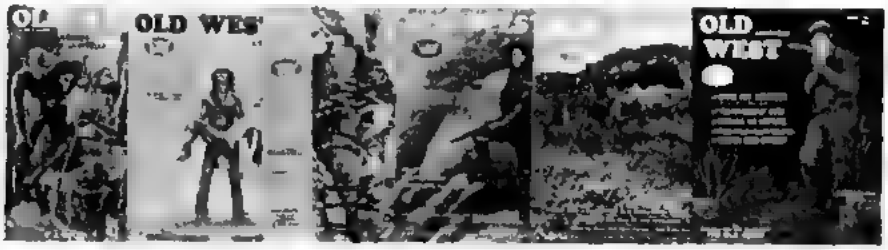
101TW-50c 102TW-50c 103TW-50c 104TW-50c 105TW-50c 106TW-50c 107TW-50c 108TW-50c 109TW-50c 110TW-50c

GET 'EM NOW! BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE...

If you secured the first thirty issues of OLD WEST as they hit the newsstands, you now have a set of COMPLETE rare book reprints worth over $1,200.00 (book dealer value of the original editions). If you did not, then latch on to these collector issues while our limited stock is still available at the original newsstand price! (OLD WEST binders available at $3.50 each.) Order now!

OW1-50c OW2-50c OW3-50c OW4-50c OW5-50c OW6-50c

OW7-50c OW8-50c OW9-50c OW10-50c OW11-50c OW12-50c



OW13-50c OW14-50c OW15-50c OW16-50c OW17-50c OW18-50c

OW19-50c OW20-50c OW21-50c OW22-50c OW23-50c OW24-50c

OW25-50c OW26-50c OW27-50c OW28-50c OW29-50c OW30-50c

THEY SIMPLY WON'T LAST LONG . . . SO ORDER NOW!

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764

Buckaroo and Bobwire

(Continued from page 37)

It's just that the times were different and the styles in good and bad were different, too. Some of the fashions they've got in behavior these days shock *me*.

The early ranchers in this section of the Panhandle had established line camps in which riders stayed during the winter months and rode out to keep the herds from drifting south with the blue northers and blizzards. If cattle got through, they would be found as much as a hundred miles south the following spring. As long as a critter could turn its tail to a storm and keep moving, it could keep warm and live through the worst kind of weather, but if they stopped they would be at the mercy of the wolves and coyotes.

A young fellow named George West was my special friend. One day when the warm, spring wind had begun rattling the cottonwood trees by the chuckwagon, George lifted his head and sniffed at the air.

"That's a real travelin' breeze," he said. "Steppin' light and movin' lively. Come tomorrow mornin', that breeze will be in New Mexico—and I sure wish I was driftin' with it."

"Me, too," I said. "What's to stop us?"

There wasn't anything. So we drew our time, saddled up, loaded our soogans and clothes and hit leather for Silver City. We crossed the line into New Mexico but we didn't get any farther than Portales. It seemed like a nice, little town and we loafed around there for a few days, flirting with the dancehall girls and enjoying ourselves. I was fifteen but looked and acted a lot older and was mature sexually. Whenever I came into any town I headed for the red lights and made the rounds.

AFTER having our fun for a while, we decided we liked Portales so much we'd look for work. Pretty soon we both landed jobs at the DZ Ranch. Mine was to break horses and ride the rough string. George was a cowboy and worked with the cow wagon.

Here the famous chuckwagon cook, "Buttermilk" Smith, was boss of the grub, and "Nigger Ad" was horse wrangler. Ad had a unique way of keeping horses in the remuda. He had a three-foot piece of sucker rod from an old windmill. When a horse cut out of the herd, Ad would throw his "slick stick" and hit the runaway horse on the rear end. That horse would go promptly back to the remuda and stay there.

The DZ was a big, tough, wild outfit. It had a bad name, for the rough men always headed for the DZ. I soon got into a number of fights. I was in good shape, young and not short-winded from drinking or using tobacco, so I managed to out-punch them all.

While working with the DZ, I joined 250 cowboys from ten cow outfits in the world's largest roundup. We handled more than 100,000 head of cattle, all thrown together in the four lake country near Roswell. That event was later known as the "Big Four Lake Roundup." It took us ten days to work the herd. We

would change herds each day, taking a different one. That way each outfit got to work all the cattle in turn so they could cut out their own brands.

I rode a good string and we all worked plenty hard, changing horses as many as seven times a day. Then, though bone-tired, we had to stand two hours night guard each night. Somehow, in that ten days of dust and noise, milling cows and sweating men, I got separated from my *compadre*, George West, and I never saw him again. I was sorry about it for a little while but in those days friendships sat about as light on me as responsibility.

During the roundup I'd struck up an acquaintance with another young fellow, George Chamblis. He was as tired of working as all other young buttons so we made up our minds to move west by way of El Paso. But before we did we thought we would drop south and go by and see Judge Roy Bean, who was the "Law West of the Pecos."

We made the trip to Langtry, as the judge called his little whistlestop, and the old man sure treated us nice. That might have been because we spent plenty of our money in his store. It was really a combination saloon, grocery and courthouse—a shack about sixteen-feet wide and twenty or twenty-five feet long cluttered with just about everything and anything a body could think of.

"Ain't got no place to bed you boys down in here," the judge told us, "but you're welcome to spread your rolls out back of the building. Stake your horses anywhere the critters can find some grass."

They didn't seem likely to find much on that dry, wind-scoured patch of ground but, having met and shaken the hand of the celebrated judge, we were in a mood to buy them some oats—which didn't make the Law West of the Pecos unhappy either.

It was the year 1895. The judge was then in his seventies, a hard-drinking, whiskery, pot-bellied old Kentuckian who held court with a six-shooter on the table beside him. I remember asking where he kept his law books.

"Don't need none!" he snorted. "Feller only wants them things when he's dealin' with fancy Eastern crime. Everything I got to know about plain Western-style thievin' and killin' and hell raisin' I got right up here." He tapped his head.

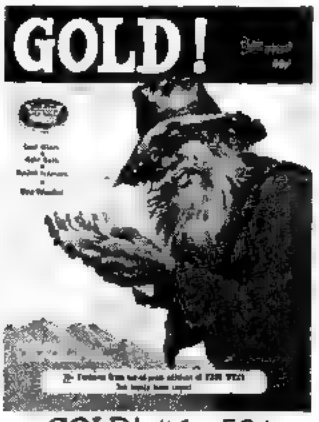
All told, the old man ruled the court, saloon, gambling tables and store with high-handed authority. He lost very few elections, but one was in 1896, the year after we saw him. A man named J. P. Torres demanded a recount and I heard that they discovered Roy Bean had twice as many votes as there were citizens in Langtry. The judge didn't bat an eye. He said whether the vote was 100% or 200%, it still proved everybody was for him. He was legally removed from office but not so's anybody could notice it. He stayed right behind his table, ruling on all crimes committed on his side of the railroad tracks. Nobody—much less Torres—ever had the sand to challenge him.

If a boy had a talent for learning from observation—and adding to it by experience—there wasn't any better place than the Southwest frontier to pick up the tricks of survival.

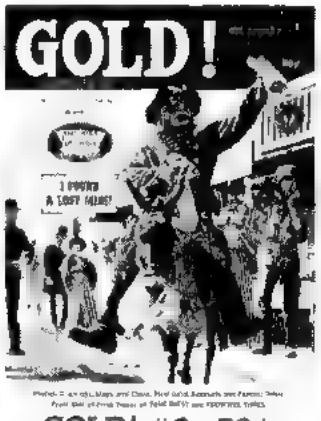
GOLD! BACK ISSUES!

"There is something in a treasure that fastens upon a man's mind. He will pray and blaspheme and still persevere, and will curse the day he heard of it, and will let his last hour come upon him unawares, still believing that he missed it only a foot. He will see it everytime he closes his eyes. He will never forget it until he is dead and even then he will pass it along to his survivors, that they may follow in his footsteps. There is no way of getting away from a treasure once it fastens itself upon your mind."

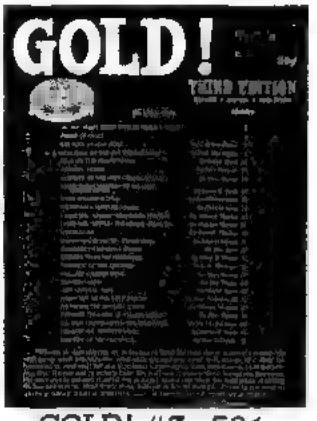
—Joseph Conrad



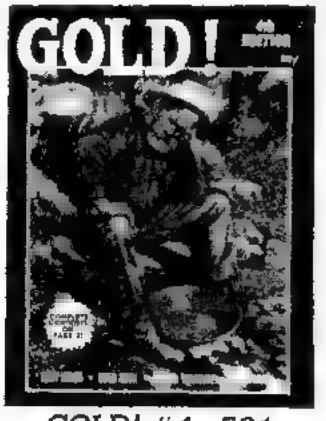
GOLD! #1—50¢



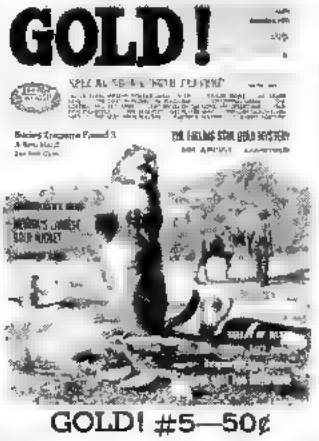
GOLD! #2—50¢



GOLD! #3—50¢



GOLD! #4—50¢



GOLD! #5—50¢

ORDER NOW!

(If you don't want to cut this magazine, order on a sheet of paper.)

GOLD!
P.O. Box 3338
Austin, Texas 78764

- ☐ GOLD! #1
- ☐ GOLD! #2
- ☐ GOLD! #3
- ☐ GOLD! #4
- ☐ GOLD! #5

Please find enclosed $_____ for the issues marked above @ 50¢ each.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

ZIP _____

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS
P.O. Box 3338 Austin, Texas 78764
TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES

I enclose:
☐ $5.00 for 6 issues of each magazine
☐ $9.00 for 12 issues of each magazine

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

El Naranjal

(Continued from page 22)

just off the Durango-Mazatlan road.

"I can remember two or three storms that washed away entire dumps at the San Antonio Mine, and others nearby, when they weren't lagged properly," Tedrow said.

In less than a man's lifetime, portals can cave in and obliterate the existence of a former mine. H. H. Taft, a mining engineer of El Paso, Texas, told readers of the *Mining Journal* on July 15, 1927 how mines can be obliterated. "Particularly in a wet region," Taft wrote, "the mouth of a tunnel caves in and in a few years is lost except for the memory of those living near. There are dump piles in the mountains whose origins are unknown and many places where there are supposed to be tunnels of considerable extent whose existence is now legendary."

The famous Alamos District of Sonora has been worked since the early 1600s, with a fabulous production history, mostly in silver. George Bloomer, an engineer who worked in this district, gave a classic example of how mines can become legends in *The Engineering and Mining Journal* of April 3, 1909. "In 1800," Bloomer wrote, "Alamos had 84 producers of record, but the location of only 15 of these *antiguas* is known today."

YET invariably slight clues are left to tantalize the searcher. Harvey Tedrow told of finding holes along steep-faced cliffs that looked as if they had once supported a scaffolding to widen some trail, but where the trail led to or came from was lost from the memory of any native. Al Pierce (no relation to Art), a former professor of metallurgy at the Colorado School of Mines, told me of seeing portions of an old trail carved into solid rock for a depth of six inches by the hoofs of burros and mules.

Listening to Schloesser tell me the "true facts" on how El Naranjal and the Gloria Pan could be found, I also heard how mines can become lost. "Some people cannot conceive how a mine can disappear without a vestige of its former existence," Schloesser said. "Well, let me tell you something. The *grandees* and early adventurers, even the *padres*, used slave labor which cost them essentially nothing. Sometimes a mine hung on a sheer cliff face without a trail to it. In those days hundreds of *peones* carted ore in *zurrones* over a series of "chicken ladders," upwards from one rocky knob to another, since their crude smelters might be miles from the mine.

"Listen! With the cheap labor, the mine owner might even have the slaves carry the slag off. After a mine closed down or was abandoned, the *Indios* might seal up the mine opening and remove all evidence of the workings. Out near the Piedras Verdes Mine there is an old slag pile, but no mine has ever been found around it."

Put together the effects of the elements, the many Indian uprisings, bandit raids and revolutions, and anyone has enough basis for the existence of buried treasure and lost mines. But even though a person wants to believe the almost unbelievable tales, after awhile it is easy to become discouraged. The Adams Diggings, the Blue Bucket, the Pegleg, the Gloria Pan, the Lost Dutchman, Tayopa, so many stories have been written about certain lost mines that the facts can't be picked out of the fiction. Certain tales were never anything but pure hogwash, but once a story has started it will be accepted by some.

Then a version will crop up to make a person wonder all over again. R. E. Chism, a mining engineer and occasional correspondent for *The Engineering and Mining Journal*, repeated a story that he heard in the early 1880s, when he lived west of Durango. Many years before, possibly about the halfway point of the century, a deserter from the Mexican army chanced upon an old mining camp during his flight through the mountains to the West Coast. After this fellow felt free to resume a normal life, he spent a couple of years retracing his steps, but he never found the place again. Nothing looked the same, as if someone had tampered with the landscape that lurked in his memory. He searched here, there, everywhere, but finally had to quit in disgust.

Later, in the late 1880s, a surveyor while running some lines through the mountains chanced upon what was thought to be the same camp discovered by the army deserter. The surveyor estimated that the ruins of the camp lay about seventy-five miles west of Durango and somewhat west of El Salto.

He found the ruins of a "large convent" and many houses. Over a hundred *arrastres* were grouped around several patios of immense size. Also he spotted numerous tunnels, all having large dumps, but the portals had caved. Samples of the dumps, brought back by the surveyor assayed an average of $75 to

Upper part of the Barranca de San Carlos.
Courtesy Denver Public Library
Western Collection

LIVE LONGER AND BETTER

In One Of The Healthiest, Sunniest Climates In All America—Deming, New Mexico!

Your Own Ranchette Just $349—Only $6 a Month!

(*See Below)

Do you know people who wake up to sunshine 355 days out of each year . . . people who don't know what it is to be oppressed by humid heat in the summer or by the cold clutch of winter damp? Do you know people who can say that in their State the rate of cancer and heart disease is half of what the Nation as a whole faces? Do you know people to whom a suntan is a year 'round commonplace? We know such people. They live in New Mexico.

There isn't a place on earth where the air is purer, where body health is more lavishly bestowed. No place where the words at the top of this page — live longer and better — fit more than they do in New Mexico.

And in all New Mexico itself it would be difficult to match the climate and beauty of the region surrounding Deming. As spectacular as the northern portion, but without the cold of winter. As dry and pure as Arizona, but not as hot in the summer. And, as actively vigorous and prosperous as the city you now live in, yet without the fever, without the tension.

To live anywhere in New Mexico is to live better. The superb climate, naturally air-conditioned in the summer and brilliantly sunny in the winter—the breathtaking beauty of a lavish Nature—the young vigor of a state that is causing a business and investment boom—these are the reasons that tens of thousands of Americans already have come here to live.

Consider then: Here in the center of this miraculous climate and beauty are towns which have grown amazingly in the last few years. Las Cruces, for example. In 1950 it had 12,000 people. By 1960, 37,000 . . . a rise of 300% in 10 years—and still growing. Like Tucson and Phoenix, this area has the same desert allure, where pure air, pure drinking water permits lovely towns to flourish. Statistics show the same 85% of possible sunshine, summer and winter, of Phoenix and Tucson.

Beginning 3½ miles from the flavorful city of Deming (population 8,500) are 24,000 acres of former ranches whose farthest boundary is 28 miles from town. Spectacularly set off by the breathtaking Florida Mountains, this land is so typical of the romance of the southwest that it has been photographed for the covers of many magazines. In this lovely basin every DEMING RANCHETTE fronts graded earth roads already dedicated to Luna County in widths of 50 and 80 feet. Every Ranchette has direct access to avenues leading to three major highways—U.S. Highways 80, 70 and brand new Interstate 10.

DEMING is blessed with water which is called "America's finest drinking water, 99.99% pure." There are homes already built on DEMING RANCHETTES and they all have electricity. When you are ready to build your new home, electricity will be made available to you. Schools, hospitals, churches, shops, movies, golf course, tennis courts—are all located in the growing city of Deming. Fertile soil is yours for the planting. Almost everything will grow here when watered — fruits, vegetables, flowers, trees.

Deming's friendliness captivates the fancy of people from every state in the Union. *To visit us is like going back to the warmth of one's own family.* Here are the practical benefits of living anywhere near Deming.

GOLF—The Rio Members Country Club Golf Course is right in Deming itself. It is a beautiful course with the Florida Mountains towering in the background. You play 12 months a year and green fees are very reasonable.

HUNTING AND FISHING—What are you after? Deer, antelope, wild turkey? Or maybe bear mountain lion? Well, you can get deer, quail and big jack-rabbits right in your own backyard, in the Floridas. For really big game, and great fishing, try the Gila National Forest 60 miles directly north. Almost 2,000,000 acres set aside for camping, hunting and fishing. Just 65 miles to the northeast is the Dam-Elephant Butte Reservoir, the second largest man-made lake in the United States where you can boat, fish, swim or go water skiing.

HORSEBACK RIDING—You'll find the Florida Mountains enthralling. Bring along a treasure pouch and join other rockhounds seeking amethyst, agate and opal.

INVESTMENT — More than 18,000 people have bought Ranchettes through the mail and on site.

The new U.S. Interstate 10 is now being built with interchanges right in the heart of Deming. Consider other developments such as the new Retirement Home and the new road being built from Palomas, Mexico (33 miles south of Deming) into the interior of Mexico and you will agree with us that Deming has a tremendous future.

And the price of your Ranchette? Just $349 for a full half-acre and low monthly payments of $6, including interest at the **annual percentage rate of 6%**. At this moment you may reserve as many half acre sites as you wish but please bear this in mind: DEMING RANCHETTES is not an enormous development and land such as this goes fast. At these prices, you may want your Ranchette to be larger — one, two — even five acres. Send for your free color kit now. After you have studied the material sent you and discussed it with your friends or relatives, you may reserve as many acres as you wish. And you take no risk. Your reservation does not obligate you. You have the unqualified right to change your mind within 45 days after we send your Purchaser's Agreement, Property Owner's Kit, Maps and Photographs — 15 days to go through the portfolio, check our references, talk it over with the family. If, during that time, you should change your mind your reservation will be cancelled with absolutely no obligation. Then you have an **ADDITIONAL 30 DAYS AFTER** you have made your first monthly payment to change your mind and request a full refund of every dollar you have paid in. If this makes sense mail the coupon today.

*The terms for each ½ acre are:

Cash Price	$349
Cash downpayment	6
Unpaid balance of cash price	$343

Unpaid balance is scheduled at 67 monthly payments of **$6** and 1 monthly payment of **$2.95** for each ½ acre, payments including interest at the **annual percentage rate** of **6%** resulting in a **finance charge** of **$61.95**, and a total of payments of **$404.95**, or a deferred payment price of **$410.95**. NOTE: If you order 2 half acres (1 acre), double all of the above figures except the period of repayment will remain the same. For 3 half-acres (1½ acres), triple the above figures, etc.

SELECT WESTERN LANDS INC. DEPT. DR-661-G
108 No. Platinum, Deming, New Mexico 88030

Gentlemen: I wish to reserve the following site.

☐ ½ acre ☐ 1½ acres
☐ 1 acre ☐ 2 acres

Please rush complete details, including my Purchaser's Agreement, Property Owner's Kit, Maps, Photographs and all data. It is strictly understood that I may change my mind for any reason within 45 days after I receive my portfolio.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

"A statement and offering statement has been filed with the Department of State of the State of New York. The filing does not constitute approval of the sale or lease or offer for sale or lease by the Department of State or any officer thereof or that the Department of State has in any way passed upon the merits of such offering. A copy of the offering statement is available, upon request, from the subdivider. AD 70LE 802C NYA #1040-4

TREASURE HUNTER GUIDE BOOKS

WHOLESALE & RETAIL MAIL ORDER

Old Time Bottle Publishing Co.

611 Lancaster Drive, N.E.

Salem, Oregon 97301 Dept. TW-71

O.T.B. Worlds largest distributor of bottle books.

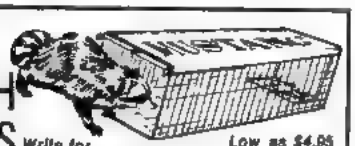
$$TREASURE$$

Find buried gold, silver, jewelry, and coins with revolutionary patented analytical metal detector. Will differentiate tin cans, pop top lids, nails, bottle caps, gum wrappers from treasure. Saves unnecessary digging. Also has push button and automatic tuning, negligible ground pickup, greatest detection range, etc. Free catalog.

GARDINER ELECTRONICS CO.

Dept. 7, 4729 No. 7th Avenue
Phoenix, Arizona 85013

LIVE-CATCH TRAPS



Write for FREE CATALOG

Low as $4.95

Traps without injury squirrels, chipmunks, rabbits, mink, fox, raccoons, stray animals, pets, etc. Sizes for every need. Also traps for fish, sparrows, pigeons, turtles, quail, etc. Save on our low factory prices. Send no money. Write for free catalog and trapping secrets. MUSTANG MFG. CO., Dept. N-11, Box 10880, Houston, Tex. 77018

SEE PAGE 5

Metal Detectors

NEW and USED

From $15

Sales—Rentals—Terms

LEE BAKER

16212 East 14th, San Leandro, Ca. 94578
(415) 278-8535

$100 per ton. So old were the workings that pine trees, averaging three to four feet in diameter, grew in the patios. Since several patios existed, it can be assumed that the ore contained silver and was being treated and extracted by the patio process. One important detail was missing in the article—there was no report of an orange grove. And no mention of a pile of rocks. But in all those intervening years huge pines could have squeezed out and replaced the oranges. A company was organized to follow up on the discovery made by the surveyor, but after failing to raise the necessary funds the project was abandoned.

There are always plenty of reasons for a mine becoming lost and for a lost mine not being found.

Pelton's Wondrous Wheel

(Continued from page 31)

the next bucket in line.

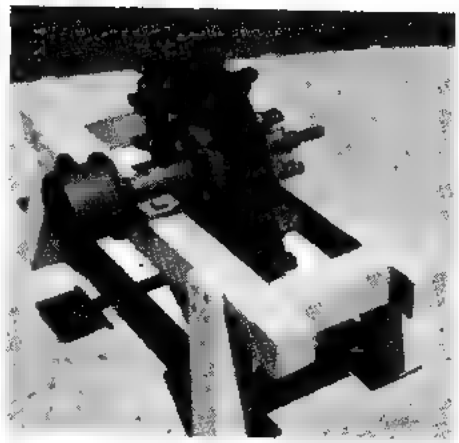
There are several versions of how Pelton discovered this principle. In one, he was watching a Knight impulse wheel. The key holding it on the shaft became loose, allowing the water jet to hit the edge of the bucket. The wheel immediately picked up speed. In a second version, Pelton watched a neighbor drive a cow from his yard with a water hose. Pelton noticed the water was split when it hit the cow's sharp nose, the two streams flying off at different angles. Whatever its origin, the idea was a success. Pelton received a patent on October 26, 1880.

PELTON took his wheel to the Allan Machine Shop, a foundry in Nevada City, California. Orders started coming in as fast as wheels could be cast. The demand finally forced Pelton to seek out a manufacturer in San Francisco. He met A. P. Brayton, a machine shop operator, who founded the Pelton Water Wheel Company in 1888.

Soon Pelton wheels became popular power sources throughout the world. Sizes ranged from four inches in diameter, for running dental equipment, washing machines, etc., to huge twenty-footers capable of running the generators for an America just beginning to light up its cities with electricity.

The Pelton wheel was extensively used in California's mining country to run stamp mills, hoists, generators and other types of machinery. Driven by a jet of water forced from a nozzle that had been originally designed for hydraulic mining, the Pelton wheel was especially adaptable to high heads (sources) of water. The Comstock Mine in Nevada used a head of 2,100 feet. The Chollarshaft at Virginia City, Nevada used a head of 1,680 feet, turning six wheels and generating a total of 450 kilowatts to operate a surface stamp mill. In modern times the Chandoline Plant in Switzerland uses a 5,740-foot head to drive three wheels of 50,000 horsepower each.

Pelton spent his last years as a consulting engineer. He died in Oakland, California in 1908. But while the California mines that Pelton supplied power for all closed down and the wheels scrapped or in museums, the largest wheel of all still stands, harnessed in iron to its concrete bed.

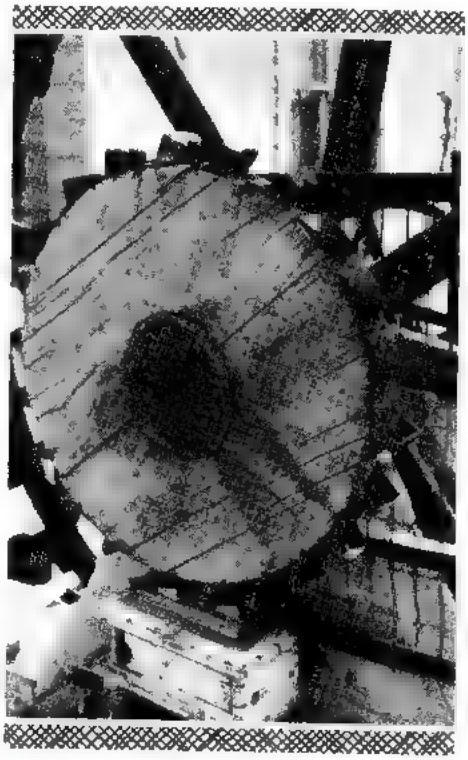


Big or small, the Pelton wheels did the job. This 12-inch wheel ran a sewing machine!

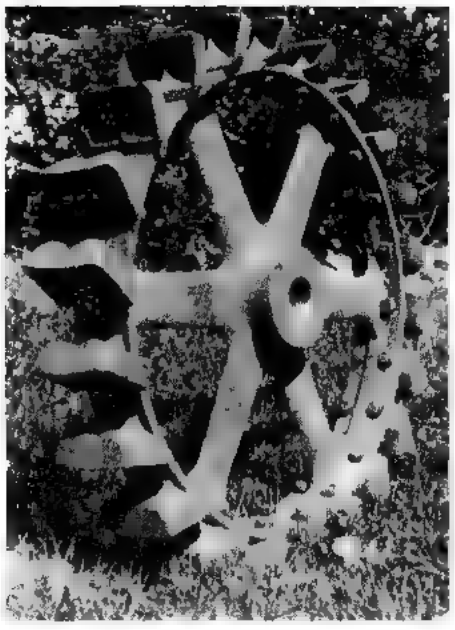
In 1894 the North Star Mining Company in Grass Valley, California, decided to build a plant to provide power for its Stockbridge shaft. After first considering electric power, the engineer in charge decided to use compressed air. The Pelton Company built an 18-foot, 6-inch wheel to drive the compressor. It delivered 1,412 cubic feet of free air at 90 PSI through 800 feet of 6 inch pipe to power hoists, pumps, drills and blacksmith forge.

Needing more power, in 1898 a giant 30-foot wheel was placed in service. This monster wheel was fed by 7,000 feet of 20-inch water pipe. It turned at 65 RPM and developed 1000 horsepower, driving a Rix Duplex compressor. The two largest compressor cylinders had a bore and stroke of 30 inches.

A wooden wheel with iron buckets that was used by Chinese miners on Hamburg Creek (Calif.).



LICENSED TO UNZ ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A 2-foot wheel that ran a hoist.

Though almost 90% efficient, one by one the Pelton wheels in the California mining district were taken out of service. The last of the wheels was closed down in the early 1950s. The giant North Star wheel was shut down and replaced by electric motors in 1933. Only once was an effort made to restart it. In the early 1950s a temporary power shortage threatened. The great wheel was again placed in operation but as water was sent coursing down the steel casings, pipe long unused sprang numerous leaks and the attempt was abondoned when the static pressure reached 335 pounds.

Still dominating Boston Ravine in Grass Valley, the mighty wheel never turned after that and the increased costs of water, coupled with the later closing of the mines, insured it never would again.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 45)

their sides and fifteen shoats in a liveoak thicket up ahead. Everybody pulled up when Charles held up his hand and sat there in their saddles, all watching him as he rode on up within fifty feet of the liveoak thicket before he touched his reins. His mare had not set good in her tracks till here came Blue out of that thicket carrying a pig in his mouth, r'ared up to put his front paws on Charles' leggings, and handed it to him, pretty as you please. By the time Charles had ear-marked and was ready to drop that pig to the ground, Blue had another one ready for him to take. It was something to see. Even a greenhorn would have noticed that Blue never fetched the same pig twice or brought in a shoat with old ear-marks. In a little while Blue ran up wagging his tail and barked twice to tell Charles that they were through with this bunch, then was off again to rally some more.

As I said before, Mr. Clayt had an eye for business. He put the rest of the crew to building fence and turned the range hogs over to Charles. In a month and a half, he had worked every hog on the place, then quit his job cold. Of course, I had to ask—"How come?"

"Well," says Charles, looking for all the world like a 105-pound model of Gary Cooper at his best, "Clayt's a hard man to say 'no' to. You can say it a hundred times and he'll just come at you again. I just finally got tired of him follerin' me around all day beggin' me to set a price on old Blue. So I tied my slicker behind the saddle, called old Blue and lit a shuck. Didn't even stop by the big house to pick up my last month's wages."

GOD HELP ELK CITY!

By M. F. Thompson

A LONG TIME AGO—1911—my wife and I, along with a large group of neighbors and friends, filled a large hall at Morris, Illinois to attend a banquet and hear a speech. The program was put on by the Farm Bureau and we were all devoted to the premise that the railroads had built the country and vice versa. I do not remember the speaker's name but I enjoyed his speech so much I have always remembered the gist of it:

"In the early days hardy adventurers left the more confining and comfortable of the fruits of civilization, to stake their fortune in the open West. Some may have heard of the railroad or train of cars pulled by a snorting thing that would burn anything you cared to throw in it; this heated the water to make steam and was called a steam engine. It promised to be the coming thing.

"To the early settler distance was no bother. He was more interested in finding a suitable claim and, remembering when the fastidious East was a wilderness, he built his hopes on the West. But after the claim is all settled then he finds the distance to 'nowhere' is so great that his claim has no value, so he hopes that a town will be built somewhere near.

"Off the trail Joe has found an unexplored patch of ground right there in the dry plains; 'course cowpokes and stock already knew of this pond of clear water. He stakes his claim near this waterhole. Then enterprising men came along and laid tracks for a railroad and to top it all off, that waterhole must be a good spot to sink a well, a telegraph station, some trading stores and an outpost. A town has risen and water was found to quench the engine's gullet. Our adventurous Joe is feeling happy.

"His stake became city property and soon the land was overrun with land seekers and promoters, and overnight Joe had sprung from a desert rat to a man of fortune. Even so, Joe has never seen a string of cars. Now comes the 'big day,' and long lines of steel rails and the bed are all completed. Riders have covered the wide and distant plains to let the news be known that on such and such day, the powerful steam engine, with a long string of cars—perhaps ten or fifteen—will steam into town. A gala day is set—come one, come all!

"Two long lines of flimsy steel rails

SECRETS ENTRUSTED TO A FEW

The Unpublished Facts of Life

THERE are some things that can not be generally told—*things you ought to know.* Great truths are dangerous to some—but factors for *personal power* and *accomplishment* in the hands of those who understand them. Behind the tales of the miracles and mysteries of the ancients, lie centuries of their secret probing into nature's laws—their amazing discoveries of *the hidden processes of man's mind,* and *the mastery of life's problems.* Once shrouded in mystery to avoid their destruction by mass fear and ignorance, these facts remain a useful heritage for the thousands of men and women who privately use them in their homes today.

THIS BOOK FREE

The Rosicrucians (not a religious organization), an age-old brotherhood of learning, have preserved this secret wisdom in their archives for centuries. *They now invite you to share the practical helpfulness of their teachings.* Write today for a free copy of the book, "The Mastery of Life." Within its pages may lie a new life of opportunity for you. Address: Scribe B.T.I.

The ROSICRUCIANS
(AMORC)
San Jose • California 95114, U.S.A.

SEND THIS COUPON

Scribe B.T.I.
The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)
San Jose, California 95114

Please send me the free book, *The Mastery of Life,* which explains how I may learn to use my faculties and powers of mind.

Name. . . . . .
Address. . . . . .
City. . . . . .

PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR ZIP CODE

stretched as far as the eye could see. Eager youngsters stood around, many of whom had never seen a house built of boards or looked through a shiny glass window. It sure was a great world. People were here from everywhere, but these hot biting prairie winds have not been kind to my fair lady's complexion. Being a woman, she has fought hard to preserve it, bonnet and all. Cruel, relentless winds refuse to be kind, and her skin is becoming coarse and wrinkled. But in spite of all this, where the cowpokes have whooped it up and great herds of buffaloes roamed in these great open spaces, woman has always held her own. Supply and demand had always been a great controller out on the plains, and two things have always been in short supply—women and water.

"'How do they keep it on those little rails?' is the question in everyone's mind. Then, far down the track, they hear a coarse, deep-throated whistle. Soon sharp eyes spy traces of faint smoke; this thing's no coal burner, it burns either wood or straw 'and it's bigger'n any buffalo.' Thrills of excitement mount, as this Wonder of the Ages comes plunging down the rails drawing an unheard of amount of cars—some ten or twenty assorted houses on wheels, and some with lots of windows on each side.

"As the monster nears the children, some are all set to run and meet it, others just as eager to run the other way. Mothers, as it is slowing to a stop, are beginning to wonder if the engineer can stop such a thing, and wishing they were safe at home. The horses begin acting up.

"Fortunately, they did get it stopped. It was the longest string of 'anything tied-together' as had ever crossed these parts. One of the railroad officials, seeing Old Joe standing there in puzzlement, open-mouthed, asked, 'Well, what do you think of it?'

"Joe, pleased to voice his opinion, replied, 'I think it's a fine thing for Elk City, so long as the dammed thing comes in end-wise, but God help Elk City if it ever comes in sideways!'"

Laying Track on the High Plains

(Continued from page 19)

the Smoky Hill stage line and stated that high water, not Indians, had delayed construction of the railroad. As he warmed to the task of composing his July 8 telegram to Governor Crawford, Sherman became more explicit about the "other causes":

"The stages have stopped for want of connection and because it is not profitable—I want both Railroad & Stage Companies to prosper but cannot excuse them from doing their share of service unless they make efforts equal to the occasion—All our Posts and intermediate stations to Denver are safe—Trains of wagons go with light escort & even single carriers run from Post to Post—Gen-Smith has offered the Stage Co. any amount of guard but they won't go."

This interpretation of events was to be considered confidential, the general warned. "Keep this to yourself, only help me to quiet down unnecessary alarm, which, as you can see, often does as much harm as real danger, and of course all parties having close contracts avail themselves of the alarm to avoid service and claim compensation and damage."

Two days later Sherman sent Crawford another telegram, from Fort Harker, and restated his position in even stronger language. "I assert that Indians have not delayed the progress of this [rail] road one hour. The Stage company deserves severe treatment for their efforts to avoid their contract, and they may be the means of breaking up the Smoky Hill line altogether," he wrote.

By the time the 18th Kansas was activated, Contractor Shoemaker had been given one company of infantry to guard his construction trains and another of colored cavalry, possibly from the Tenth Regiment, to use for additional protection. One thousand breech-loading rifles and 50,000 rounds of ammunition were issued to the railroad from the Fort Leavenworth arsenal. This number was in addition to 500 Spencer rifles which had been issued previously.

Then, for a time, the Indians left the railroad alone and July and the first half of August were fairly quiet. Custer roamed the western plains of Kansas and Nebraska with his Seventh Cavalry while Maj. Horace L. Moore and his 18th Kansas did similar duty. There were clashes, of course, but compared to earlier times the situation was calm.

DURING the lull a new menace struck the western outposts. Cholera, which had been a threat to other generations of pioneers, flamed anew in the heat of the Kansas summer. All along the route of the Smoky Hill trail and the railroad line west of Fort Riley the disease spread. Men, perfectly healthy in the morning, suffered frightful deaths by evening. Scores died in spite of the best medical assistance available. At Fort Harker, the Leavenworth *Bulletin* reported in the middle of August that "the fresh graves numbered *one hundred and twenty-eight*, and were the graves only of those who died *at the garrison*. Those who had belonged to private trains had been buried on the plains, and were not counted." At Ellsworth seventy-eight persons died.

It was the cholera epidemic which led to Custer's absenting himself from his command without authority. His wife, waiting for him at Fort Riley, apparently caused the boy-general more concern than his orders, and he made a mad dash from Fort Wallace to see her. His inopportune action was, apparently, the last of a series of events, including the shooting of deserting Seventh Cavalry troopers, which led to his court martial, conviction, and suspension from duty for a year.

While Custer lay at Fort Harker under arrest, a small detachment of the 18th Kansas engaged the Indians in the vicinity of Fort Hays. For a time mail stages ran double, while some stations were completely abandoned. Travel was finally limited to large supply and immigrant trains. By September 23 Governor Crawford felt he should report the results of an official inspection. "Indians along the Smoky Hill, west of Harker, are worse than ever," he wired Sherman. "While I was there last week, they fired into a construction train, on the Railroad, attacked and captured parts of three Government trains, attacked most of working parties along the road, killed one contractor and eight employees, and wounded many more beside committing various other depredations."

The following day Crawford told Sherman that the Indians had killed and wounded over thirty men during the past ten days. Again he offered to raise more volunteer troops, this time a regiment or more.

But the war was easing off. A United State peace commission was on its way West to treat with the Plains tribes. In Kansas they met at Medicine Lodge in October with 15,000 Cheyenne, Arapaho, Comanche, Kiowa and Apache Indians. Treaties were signed which did not bring lasting peace but did at least, produce an

"Hey, Wild Bill! Come tell ole Lew here how you used to be the meanest man in Dodge City."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TREASURE FOUND

$ $ $ $ $

$ $ $ $ $

CHARLES E. COKER, HUGO, OKLAHOMA

OVER 200 SILVER DOLLARS AND 150 $20.00, $10.00 and $5.00 GOLD COINS

FOUND WITH THE **REAL NO. 1** DETECTOR—D-TEX

"Designed and Built Especially for Treasure Finding"

USED BY MORE REAL PROFESSIONALS THAN ALL OTHER BRANDS COMBINED.

HAVE YOU FOUND ANY TREASURE RECENTLY—FOR RESULTS, TRY D-TEX

Available to Military Personnel at Your Special Service Dept — Worldwide

FORGET THE REST — GET THE BEST — GET D-TEX

(Is This Your Year To Strike It Rich?)

For Full Information and Free Illustrated Catalog Plus Free Treasure Finding Tips Write Today

P. O. Box 451-04 **D-TEX ELECTRONICS** Garland, Texas 75040

614 EASY ST. — PH. BR 2-2622

A GOOD INVESTMENT

NOW ON SALE

SPRING 1972 ISSUE

- BRONCHO BILLY'S LAST RIDE
- MAD DOG DILDA
- 30,000 YESTERDAYS IN PHOTOS
- AMBUSH IN WINGATE PASS
- WOULD A FUR-TRADING MAN KNOW GOLD?
- ALMENZO YERDON'S DEEP-FREEZE BANK

AND MORE!

OLD WEST Special! BOOK BONUS!

"FRONTIER LEGEND"

BY W. N. BATE

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

OLD WEST
P.O. Box 3338 Austin, Texas 78764

I enclose $2.00 for 1 yr. (4 issues) _____

Special $3.50 for 2 yrs. (8 issues) _____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ zip_____

(If you don't want to cut this magazine, order on a sheet of paper.)

understanding whereby the railroad could be built and the western part of Kansas could be eventually settled by farmers.

In 1868 the Indians again threatened but their actions were not as frightful as they had been the previous year when 130 non-Indians had been killed in Kansas. The railroad continued its westward push in spite of raids on surveying and construction parties and by August arrived at Sheridan (western Kansas). Here it delayed for more than a year as if gathering strength for the final dash to Denver in 1870.

Perhaps the troubles in 1868 were less hostile because the Indians saw the futility of the struggle and their actions had become more of a collective fist-shaking. The futility was laced with humor, however, as this story from the Junction City *Union* May 16, 1868 would testify:

"A few days after the recent attack by Indians on the construction train west of Coyote, our Railroad friends tell us that the Indians attempted to capture the locomotive alive. They took a large quantity of telegraph wire, and doubling it several times, stretched it across the track, an Indian or two holding each end. They didn't want to shoot the thing lest they might injure it, and hence this strategy. Of course the locomotive, under full head of steam, was captured in this way. . . . They can now enjoy their special train about the country, meeting peace commissioners, and sling on as much style as a one-horse lieutenant of militia."

Family Papers

(Continued from page 23)

prodded and yahooed Longhorn cattle north to Abilene and Dodge and Caldwell.

Homesteaders knew the joy of turning rich, black earth for the first time and the heartbreak of losing everything to prairie fire, drought, and grasshoppers; sweat-laden gandy-dancers pinged thousands of spikes into tracks that bound together a continent; soldiers witnessed the decline and fall of proud nations with names like Sioux, Cheyenne, and Comanche. The old days had their moments of tragedy, violence, and sadness, as well as times of joy, triumph, and gentleness.

These are the things that draw us to the West. Yet, we can know and experience them only through those people who *were there*. Most are long dead now but fortunately, words and deeds and feelings were kept and still live—on paper. What we know and can know has to be carefully pieced together from the written remains of those days that have been passed on to us, from those remnants of earlier times that have been cherished like the land itself should have been. So it is that each scrap of information, each piece of the incomplete puzzle, must be safeguarded and used to understand the western half of America.

EACH YEAR valuable documents, personal papers, and memories are lost through neglect or deliberate destruction. Joe Small's publications have tried for nearly two decades to preserve something of the western past, most often with success. Yet, readers still write in and complain that writers do not tell the "truth" about some particular episode. Indeed, the letters columns of these magazines are veritable mines of information from old-timers and others who have something to contribute to those who share an interest in The West That Was. The author who is careless is certain to find sharp reader reaction. Readers demand that stories be accurate; yet many of these same readers do not appear to realize that the past does not reveal itself. Most often errors are made not because authors want to be inaccurate, but because they do not have access to vital records. History is a fragile thing, dependent on interpretation from available evidence.

Certain kinds of records—newspapers and various public documents—exist in varying quantities. They are invaluable, of course, but historical accounts which have been the most lasting, which have had the most human interest, are those based on more personal sources—letters that revealed the fears and dreams of men and women in a forgotten time, or related the details of important events; diaries that recorded the struggles and accomplishments of emigrants, ranchers, miners, soldiers, lawmen, and storekeepers. Such papers reveal more than newspaper editorials and legal indictments can ever do, and they are essential to understanding the early days of this country.

Similar documents are abroad in the land, too often stashed away in forgotten boxes and trunks. And each passing year sees more and more of them lost. Each letter that crumbles in an attic, each diary that is discarded by the uninterested or destroyed by the fearful, assures that the total history of the West will not be written. And this is tragic.

Some years ago a Southern historian, interested in the career of a post-Civil War political figure in Alabama, learned to his delight that his subject's public and private papers were still in the possession of the man's elderly niece. She permitted him to study the papers, which told precisely those things he wished to know, but when he asked for permission to use the information in his article, permission was flatly refused. Pressed for a reason, the lady looked this way and that, as though some stranger might lurk in the hallway to hear the family secret, then leaned forward and whispered, "You know, there was some scandal about Uncle." After a long silence came the dreaded revelation, *"He married a Yankee!"* And for that reason, one man's story will never fully be told.

That historian's experience is not uncommon. When the family of a well-known Western gunfighter was approached about papers believed to be owned by the family, one writer learned that letters and photographs did indeed exist, including detailed accounts of the gunman's travels in the West. But the researcher was advised that descendants had been distressed by published accounts about their relative, and had decided to reveal nothing. That was that. What finally happened to these papers is

unknown, although one rumor has it that they were destroyed by the family.

A writer interested in a much maligned Texas family, and convinced that its members had been unjustly accused of many things, encountered a similar roadblock. He contacted a young man in the family, who enthusiastically stated that he was very interested and would talk to the relatives who held the valuable information. Those discussions, however, apparently dampened the young man's enthusiasm and resulted in a reply that the family was not interested in providing any information.

The desire to protect family reputation and privacy is understandable. This problem occurs most often with characters whose personalities and actions have been questioned by historians. For example, a relative of a Western gunman was distressed because of the way his story had been told over the years. The relative insisted that the gunman was quite different from the usual view of him, and that she had letters and papers which proved it. That may or may not have been true. The point is that access was refused to the one collection which might have corrected past errors. As a result, the distortions continue. Of course, any family should take into account the qualifications and reputation of those who inquire about its papers; and indeed the safest course is to turn such material over to an historical society or similar institution.

THE perils of documents in private hands take other forms as well. One well-known Western authority learned from a relative of his that a trunk on the latter's farm contained letters written by family members who had migrated to Texas in the 1830s, giving their impressions of a rich new land. The trunk was taken from its roost on the rafters of an old house on the farm—but instead of letters, diaries, and family mementoes, there was only a six-inch layer of tiny scraps of paper. Rats had destroyed an irreplaceable link with the past. Theft is another hazard. A private collector with a very important diary in his possession was burglarized, and the diary taken along with the money from a safe. Hundreds of documents in county courthouses have been pilfered or allowed to crumble into dust.

Many families are reluctant to part with original documents which have been passed down through generations, and sometimes misunderstand the distinction between historical value and monetary worth. They are not the same. Several years ago, after an article on a well-known Western character appeared in these magazines, the author received an offer about buying the papers of the character in question at a price that was totally out of reason. It is understandable that relatives should make that kind of mistake and, indeed, it is true that writers sometimes make a great deal of money from their work, particularly if they happened to locate documents which relate to important events or provide detailed accounts. It should be remembered, however, that articles or books rarely rest on a single set of papers; more often they will be just part of a study that incorporates many other collections. Frequently such material will be published in an historical journal that pays the author nothing at all.

Historical documents are meant to be used many times over by many different people and for that reason should be placed in an archival institution open to all. Unfortunately, most of these repositories depend on voluntary contributions of documents because they lack funds for purchasing. It is a wide-spread idea that historical societies have plenty of money to buy whatever they want, but the truth is that they usually operate on limited budgets.

The problem of value has another side. Many people suffer under the mistaken belief that only the papers of well-known figures—politicians, cattle barons, business tycoons, famous outlaws and lawmen, Indian fighters, and military men—are worth keeping, but the truth is that the letters of all the myriad types of men and women who were living on the frontier often provide insights that cannot be duplicated elsewhere. For example, the diary of a little-known buffalo hunter named Henry H. Raymond is the only known account we have of Dodge City (before Texas cattle made that place "Queen of Cowtowns") that was written on the spot.

Parting with family papers is not an easy decision and while most archives naturally prefer the originals, it is not absolutely necessary to give them up. Unlike the collector who seeks the documents for themselves alone, the historian and the archivist are interested in the *information* they contain. Photocopies or typescripts can be made to provide the information needed, and the family can retain the original documents while contributing substantially to history.

Many of the readers of these magazines, scattered from Maine to California, Georgia to Oregon, hold family keepsakes. Do not allow them to crumble into dust. Help to conserve America's past just as you would its natural resources. The past offers more than entertainment. It offers understanding that can help us know ourselves. Do not lose the keys. They cannot be replaced.

If you have documents, letters, diaries, journals, account books, or photographs, consider these suggestions. First, if money is the prime consideration, have the papers appraised by someone qualified to do so. Historians, archivists, or perhaps even bankers can help you in this regard. Then, contact some repository of records such as state historical societies, museums, university manuscript collections, or research centers. Be sure to identify the papers you have—subject, author, etc.—and date them. If you wish to keep the originals, arrange to have the documents copied and the originals returned to you. Some historical societies and universities will do this without charge. If you are not convinced that even that is the proper thing to do, at least place the records in a safety deposit box or other place safe from fire,

(Continued on page 72)

PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(35¢ per word, cash with order)
Send all ads or correspondence to
MILDRED HOLLEY
Classified Advertising Mgr.
P.O. Box 3338 Austin, Tex. 78764

Books & Magazines

ARIZONA TREASURE HUNTERS Ghost Town Guide. Large folded map 1881, small or early map. 1200 place name glossary; mines, camps, Indian reservations, etc. $1.50. Theron Fox, 1296H, Yosemite, San Jose, Calif 95126.

NEVADA TREASURE HUNTERS Ghost Town Guide Large Folded Map. 800 Place Name Glossary; Railroads Camps Camel Trail, etc. $1.50. Theron Fox, 296½ Yosemite, San Jose Calif. 95126.

"DEAD MEN DO TELL TALES" by Lake Erie Schaefer Facts about Frank Fish's mysterious death, still unexplained. Sequel to "BURIED TREASURE and LOST MINES" his Treasure Hunters Manual. Prepaid $3.00. L. E. Schaefer, 14728 Peyton Drive, Chino, Calif. 91710.

TOMBSTONE EPITAPH copy free for asking. Also western book list. Epitaph, Tombstone Ariz. 85638

WANTED: Volume 1 (Nos. 1 and 3) and Volume 2 (Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 6) of the old FRONTIER TIMES published in Bandera, Texas by Hunter. Please contact Mary Sanders, WESTERN PUBLICATIONS P. O Box 3338 Austin, Tex. 78764.

BOOK HUNTING OUR BUSINESS Service is our product No charge for search, Satisfaction guaranteed. Dee Book Search Box 3352, San Bernardino Calif 92404

BOTTLE IDENTIFICATION. Describes, names and pictures hundreds of old bottles. With price guide $2.75. Putnam West Box 578, Fontana Calif. 92335.

A GALLERY OF WESTERN BADMEN. Fascinating studies of Hickok, Masterson James, Earp, Billy the Kid, Bass, Holiday Ringo, Murietta and others Heavy paper Many pictures Send $ .00 to GALLERY, Western Book Co., P O Box 3338, Austin, Tex 78764

THE STUBBORN FISHERMAN by Elda May Roberts 195 pages, hardback, 1970. This book is unique in that it describes the history of a guide and his relationship with all with whom he came in contact, expressing his general philosophy of life. Regular price $6.95. Our special price $4.95 STUBBORN FISHERMAN, P.O. Box 3338, Austin Tex. 78764.

TREASURE HUNTERS GUIDE TO WASHINGTON No 2. just out, $2.50. Map of your state, 887 or 1900 $2.00 each. Send stamp for free NORTHWEST TREASURE NEWS and catalog. Box 5075, Spokane Wash. 99205

SELLING OLD TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES, Real West, others Reasonable. Will buy old magazines. Back Numbers, Box 214 Little Rock, Ark 72203

TOMBSTONE BOOKS. Boothill gunfights, hangings, legendary characters ghost towns, treasure. Stamp brings list. Red Marie's, Tombstone, Ariz. 85638.

"OKLAHOMA TREASURES LOST AND FOUND" by Rascoe. True archival clues. Postpaid special, $3.50 Frontier Books Fort Davis, Tex 79734.

SELLING TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES. Nation's largest stock. Send your list for prices. Stamped envelope appreciated. Miller, 2626-A Spring Lane, Austin, Tex. 78703

TREASURE STATE TREASURE TALES by Jean Michael Moore. Thirty Montana treasure stories have been carefully gleaned from Montana libraries and privately owned papers of Montana residents. These stolen lost and buried fortunes of the early days represent a cross section of both widely known and lesser known caches. Exciting reading by an author who knows Montana and the riches it holds. Paperback, 72 pages. $2.00 per copy. TREASURE TALES P O Box 3338 Austin Tex 78764

WHAT ARE YOUR BOTTLES WORTH? Some bring $2.000! "Bottle Collector's Handbook/Pricing Guide" identifies prices over 3,000 collectible bottles. $3.95 Infobooks 5001 TEB San Angelo, Tex. 76901.

SEND 8¢ STAMP FOR FREE copy of the OTB Newsletter, Old Time Bottle Publishing Co., 611 Lancaster Dr. NE Salem Ore. 97301

TRUE WEST FRONTIER TIMES Complete sets plus many extra early issues and twelve binders. Best offer. Send stamped envelope for list. Key, 5600 Windermere Little Rock, Ar 72209

AMERICA'S FAVORITE HORSES Coloring Book $1.00. John H. Chance 305 W. 5th St., Donalsonville, Ga. 31745

TREASURE AND BOTTLE HUNTERS, It's here at last! A newsletter that covers it all. Bi-monthly. $2.50 a year. Treasure Research, Box 294-J Ore City, Tex. 75683

"BIOGRAPHY OF NED BUNTLINE." $1.50 postpaid. Malcolm MacPherson 5774 East 18th St., Tucson, Ariz. 85711.

BEST BID takes 168 issues TRUE WEST FRONTIER TIMES OLD WEST. 79 TRUE WEST 1958-1971. 62 FRONTIER TIMES, 1958-1971. 27 OLD WEST, 1964-1971. Bob Young Box 604 Bangs, Tex. 76823.

WESTERN BOOKS. Out-of-print and new. Write for our free lists. Santa Paula Books. Box 384 Santa Paula Calif. 93060.

AMERICANA BOOKS. Clean, first class shape. Immediate delivery. "Comanche" Stirring saga ending from Ft. Riley to the Little Big Horn. Out of print Rare Collector's Item, $1.00. "Annals of Kansas 1886 to 1908," also "Battle Cry of Freedom," both for $25.00. Box 192, Manhattan, Kans. 66502.

SIOUX INDIAN DICTIONARY. Pronunciation-At-A-Glance. 4,560 words, two dialects. $3.50. WarCloud Products, P O. Box 153, Sisseton, So. Dak. 57262.

FREE BOOK SEARCH. We buy, sell and search for old and rare books Specializing in the Old West. Lien's Books and Book Search, 249 Walnut Lane Rosemount, Minn. 55068

Business & Employment Opportunities

MAKE BIG MONEY raising chinchillas, cavies, rabbits, for us. Catalog—25c Keeney Brothers Farms, New Freedom, Pa. 17349

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU!!! Government assisted passage. 1972 Government information and forms. Most complete information available. $1.00. Reports on employment, business, taxes, education teaching, housing, ranching, maps, etc. AUSTCO, Box 3623 WG, Long Beach, Calif. 90803

JOBBERS ROUTEMEN. Make good money selling Cameo jewelry. Catalogs, advertising, sales aids. Minimum investment, 25% discount. Fast moving line. Cameo Lady, Reeds Spring Mo. 65737.

Western Merchandise

PLACER GOLD, $2.00. Pocket gold, $2.00. Gold dust $1.00. Attractively displayed. Moneyback guarantee Lester Lee, Box 237 Mt. Shasta, Calif. 96067.

PEARL AND METAL SNAP FASTENERS for Western shirts. Many styles and colors. Free catalog. Campau Company, P. O. Box 5.8-G Rosemead, Calif 91770

ANTIQUE BARBED WIRE Identification Handbook 200 wires illustrated, named dated. Patent information. $1.00. My sketch list catalog 25c. Wire Sales, Box 6392 C Bakersfield, Calif. 93306.

ANTIQUE BARBED WIRE Send 25c for sketch list Oemco Barb-Wire Sales, Box 1025, Littleton, Colo. 80120.

PAN GOLD AT HOME. Packet of gold bearing gravel from rich stream in Alaska with instructions $2.00. Yukon Jack, Dept. W, Haven Fair Lawn, R D #3, Pottsville, Pa. 17901

GENUINE INDIAN HEAD PENNY Jewelry. Tie tacs, tie bars—$2.25. Earrings, pierced or clip—$3.50 Postpaid, All coins legible in good condition at least 60 years old, mounted in gold colored metal gift boxed. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send 8¢ stamp for price Picture brochure of other items. Please print Send check or money order to N. R Fritz, 40244 Helendale Dept. A, Tujunga, Calif. 91042

GIANT KEY, 10" long solid copper about 1 lb From old West. $5.00 postpaid. Hunter Co., R I, Box 168, Paso Robles, Calif. 93446.

MYSTERIOUS "APACHE TEARS" from the famous Superstition Mountains in Arizona plus Indian legend and scientific fact. Send $3.00. T. L. Glass Box 681, Glendale Ariz. 85301

Fishing & Hunting

LIVE CATCH animal, bird fish traps. Free catalog Mustang NC23, Box 10880, Houston Tex. 77018

FLY FISHERMAN! Have you ever tried an Old Faith ful Fly? You should try them. Two for $1.00. Custom Flies by Bonnie. 3060 15th St Boulder, Colo. 80302

FREE WHOLESALE CATALOG. Metal Detectors, Hunting, Camping, Archery, Fishing equipment Woodworkers Rare Hardwoods. Finnysports (TR), Toledo Ohio 43614

Firearms

MODERN MUZZLE LOADERS! Share the excitement of thousands who are shooting modern muzzle loaders. Rifles pistols and shotguns of new manufacture —and priced realistically. Tons of antique gun parts. Send $1.00 for catalog #117-T. A must for any firearms collector. Dixie Gun Works, Union City, Tenn 38261

Indian Relics

IROQUOIS MASKS, rattles, dolls; also Cree, Slave, Ojibwa, Eskimo crafts. Lists 25c. Irocrafts, Box 7, Ohsweken Reservation, Ontario, Canada

ARROWHEAD COLLECTORS—"Detecting Reworks and Modern Arrowheads" (Samples Included). New expanded pamphlet with sketches—all for $1.00. "Identification Guide for Columbia Plateau Projectile Points"—$2.25. Free brochure listing anthropological books and frames. THE TEPEE, Box 749 Richland, Wash. 99352.

APACHE ARROWPOINTS. Rare. 4—$5.00, 25—$5.00. Epanco, D1239, Apache Junction, Ariz. 85220.

AUTHENTIC GEM-TYPE, some serrated edges mostly Obsidian points. From Sacramento River area. About 1" long. 4 for $5.00. Frank Estes, 1617 Willis St., Redding, Calif. 96001

Real Estate

CANADIAN VACATION LANDS. Full price $385.00. 40 acres $10 month. Suitable cottage sites, hunting, fishing investment Free information Land Corporation. 3768-W Bathurst, Downsview, Ontario, Canada

NEVADA VACATION RETIREMENT RANCHOS, near ELKO. ¼ Acre lots, $395. $1.00 down, $5 per month. Hot Springs, deer, rock and mineral hunting. Water. Send $ for contract, returnable. None offered to Californians. Write Silver Crescent Ranchos, P. O Box 4, Crescent Valley, Nev. 89821.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . Low as $1.00 Acre! Millions Acres! For exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands available throughout U. S. send $1.00. Satisfaction Guaranteed! UNITED LANDS, Box 19 07 KM, Wash., D. C. 20036.

GOVERNMENT LANDS Low as $ .00 acre. Millions acres! For exclusive "Copyrighted Report" plus "Land Opportunity Digest" listing lands throughout U. S. and valuable 17" x 22" treasure map of U. S. send $1.00 Land Disposal, Box 9091 WP Wash., D. C. 20003 Satisfaction guaranteed

GOVERNMENT LANDS. Low as $1.25 Acre! Available for recreation, investment or homesteading. For latest report, send $1.00, Western Lands, Box 1555-WP, Tacoma Wash. 98401.

1000 ACRES NEW MEXICO RANCH for $10,000.00. 80 acres patented land and 960 acres State land unimproved. Abundant domestic water available, all level with mountains in background. Near freeway and good town. Adjoining and development selling for several hundred dollars per acre. Box 640, Colorado City, Tex. 79512.

Inventions Wanted

INVENTORS! WE WILL SELL your idea or invention Our national manufacturer clients are urgently seeking new items for highest outright cash sale or royalties. Financial assistance available. 18 years proven performance. For free information write Dept. 49, Wall Street Invention Brokerage, 79 Wall St., New York N.Y. 10005

PATENT SEARCHES including maximum speed, foreign airmail report and closest patent copies $6.00. Quality searches expertly administered. Complete secrecy guaranteed. Free Invention Protection forms and "Patent Information." Write Dept. 16, Washington Patent Office Search Bureau 734 15th St. N. W., Wash., D. C. 20005

INVENTORS. SELL YOUR INVENTION for cash or royalties! Our client manufacturers eagerly seek new items. Patented Unpatented. Financial assistance if needed. 25 years proven performance. For free information write: Gilbert Adams, Dept. 28, Invention Broker, 81 Wall St. New York, N. Y. 10005.

Recipes

WINEMAKING . . . Grape, Elderberry, Dandelion, Frozen Juices, etc. Brewmasters Secrets Revealed! Powerful Methods! Instructions, Recipes and Supplies. Catalog $1.00. Continental, Box 11071 WD, Indianapolis, Ind. 46201

SECRET RECIPES Onion rings, Hickory sauce, French dressing, 75c each 2 for $1.25. All for $2.00 Diamond 1203 Fern, Stillwater, Okla. 74074

BEER RECIPE Rich and strong Detailed Instructions $1.00. Rice, 1109 Pleasantview, Des Moines, Iowa 50315.

REAL ITALIAN SPAGHETTI, Gravy. Recipe from Italy. Prize possession. Send $1.00 to Roma Kitchens, P.O. Box 23 Melrose, Mass. 02177.

Rare Coins & Stamps

RARE Silver Dollars, 1880-81 S, 1883-84-85-1899- 900-01-02 O mint. Uncirculated, $4.50 ea. Coin Catalog 50c. Shultz, Salt Lake City, Utah 841 0.

PENNIES 1909 TO 1940 PDS and 1918S to 1955 $2.00 per roll. 10 different Buffalo nickels or mercury dimes, $1.50. All good dates. Carl Bird, 1603 W. 3rd Ave. Shakopee Minn 55379

Treasure Hunting

FREE 128 Page Detector Catalog. General Electronic Detection Company, Box 67, Bellflower Calif. 90706.

GOLDAK TREASURE Locators—new for '71. A hobby you'll enjoy for fun and profit Find coins, gold, silver. Charge on BankAmericard. GOLDAK Dept TW 1101 A Air Way Glendale, Calif. 91201

TREASURE HUNTERS! PROSPECTORS! Recoa's new instruments detect buried gold, silver, coins, minerals, historical relics. Transistorized Weighs 3 pounds. $19.95 up. Free catalog. Recoa-A-91, Box 10839, Houston Tex 770 8

PROSPECTING, MINING, TREASURE Equipment Kits, Books, Free catalog. Miner's Exchange, Box 64C, Nampa, Idaho 83651

FREE! JETCO ELECTRONICS 24 page treasure finder catalog. Find gold, silver, coins, metals, minerals, relics. Jetco, Dept. TWC, Box 26669, El Paso, Tex 79926.

TREASURE MAPS. Book shows hundred of U. S. locations. Details Free. London-FW, P.O. Box 323, Redondo Beach Calif 90277

ATTRACT GOLD, SILVER, with experimental magnet Information $3.00. Donnell 438 Glenview Ct. Colorado Springs, Colo. 80904.

LICENSED TO UNZ ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOLD AND SILVER. Locate ¼ mile away. Pamphlet free. See what others are finding with my sensitive locater. E. C. Anderson, Box 13441, Tampa, Fla. 33611.

SEARCH TREASURE FINDERS. Locate gold, silver, coins, relics. Operate underwater. Money back guarantee. Free information. Search Electronics, Box 8396C, St. Petersburg, Fla. 33738.

Miscellaneous

HEARING AIDS Below Wholesale. Regular, eyeglass, completely hidden models. Smallest, most powerful. Free home trial. No salesman will call. Free details. Write: Prestige-C9, Box 10880, Houston, Tex. 77018.

SUFFERING FROM ARTHRITIS? Try Ginseng. Information free. Write Ginseng, Asheville 52, N.C.

INFORMATION ON ANYTHING! Send $3.00 (deductible). Metzler Research, Box 2206TR, Long Island City, N. Y. 11102.

FIND "OVERLOOKED FORTUNES" in the rarer mineral and gemstones. There are over 300 you may be overlooking while Mining, Prospecting or Hunting. Learn how to find, identify, and cash in on them with our new simple system. $25.00 Home Study Course, only $3.00. Send for free copy "Overlooked Fortunes in Minerals." Duke's Research Lab., Box 666, Dept. 4, Truth or Consequences, New Mex. 87901.

FAMILY TREE CHARTS. Books. Supplies. Catalog 25c. Formco, Box 3828-XT, Long Beach, Calif. 90803.

SHOP BY MAIL! For Gift Items. Free Catalog. Valrose Mail Order Selections, 13455 S. W. 6th St., Beaverton, Ore. 97005.

REPRODUCTIONS OF OLD CURRENCY. 51 bills, all different, $8.95. 500 self stick address labels in box, $3.98, P.O. Box 11184, Phoenix, Ariz. 85017.

LIGHT BULBS burn 50,000 hours or 5 years with New Socket Adaptor. Sample $2.98. Ganther Enterprises, TW-2, Granton, Wisc. 54436.

GOOD OLD COUNTRY MUSIC. Two records and list, $1.00. Guaranteed. Oatmora Opera, Drawer 9039, Little Rock, Ark. 72209.

NEW COUNTRY RECORDS and tape cartridges. Great hoe down fiddle tunes. Blue Grass. Polkas, etc. Free circular. Uncle Jim O'Neal, Box A-54, Arcadia, Calif. 91006.

ASTHMA? RELIEF

Usually within one minute!

SPECIAL! Reg. $4.50 NEPHRON Vaporizer Kit - Only $2.00

Introductory Offer! You get $4.50 vaporizer, plus $1 supply of famous NEPHRON inhalant . . . all for $2.00. Relieves chronic from extremes cases of spasm, gasping, struggle for breath. MONEY BACK IF NOT DELIGHTED. Order now.

NEPHRON CO., Dept. TW, Tacoma, Wash. 98401

SONGS — POEMS

Wanted for publishing and recording consideration.

Accepted songs will be published & recorded at our expense - for information write to Talent, 17-WP Longwood Rd., Quincy, Ma. 02169

BOOK AUTHORS!

Join our successful authors in a complete and reliable publishing program: publicity, advertising, handsome books. Send for FREE report on your manuscript and copy of How To Publish Your Book.

FREE

CARLTON PRESS Dept. TWD 84 Fifth Ave., New York 10011

STOP TOBACCO

Banish the craving for tobacco as thousands have with Tobacco Redeemer. Write Today for free booklet telling of injurious effect of tobacco and of a treatment which has relieved over 300,000 people.

In Business Since 1909

FREE BOOK

THE NEWELL COMPANY Dept. K582 Chesterfield, Mo. 63017

INSIDE facts you should know about DICE and CARDS

CATALOG $1.00

O.C. NOVELTY Co. 1311 W. MAIN, OKLA. CITY 73106

Dept. P-4

NEW WESTERN HAIG .12 CALIBER

SPECIAL FACTORY OFFER!

$3.00 post-paid

USES POWDER CHARGE

This small bore gun shoots .12 cal. steel pellets fired by small 4.4 mg. powder charge. Not a CO_2 gun! You'll like the handsome lines, grip, and balance. Western in style, but patented ball and cap action allows this low price. 10" steel barrel cased in knurled styrene stock, overall 13½". Develop pistol form, accuracy at a fraction of cost of large caliber pistols. Comes with 50 steel balls, powder caps at stores. Guaranteed.

HAIG MFG. CO., Box E-26, Alhambra, Calif.

MILLIONAIRES CAN'T BUY BETTER!

GET UP TO $1870 WIN a race day with $20 STKS.

"WITH wonderful WINS on the day of $874, $1082, $1870, etc., with just $20 stakes, I thought this man must be a millionaire, but later, I found out he WASN'T—he'd simply used a PENCLIFF race computer, and naturally, I do also now."

FOR FABULOUS WINS SIMPLY feed into PENCLIFF race computer details from race programs. Get FACTS—over 4,000 BIG PENCLIFF WINS incl. with $20 stakes on all PENCLIFF picks, PROFITS ON THE DAY of $1130, $1180, $1210, $1340, $1410, $1510, $1870, etc., (up to $187 profit a day with $2 stakes). Learn how an accident on the inventor's yacht, 25 yrs. Racing 'know-how,' aid of 12 other experts and a giant I.B.M. computer, all led to the invention of AMAZING PENCLIFF. R.H.P. Co., Box 5715-PTWA, Carmel, Calif. 93921. (Tear out this ad NOW—mail with name, address, zip, for FULL EXCITING details.)

SLINGSHOT Has Rifle-Like Accuracy Amazingly Powerful

For Sport or Hunting

New, durable, shoots thru ¼ in. plywood like a rifle. Kills all kinds small game. Sculptured handle of solid Epoxy. Pure gum rubbers with 40 lb. pull. Professional model sold the world over. Only $2.00 each or send $3.50 for two slingshots. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

SCIENTIFIC COMPANY, INC. Beacon Hill P. O. Box 5066-WP San Antonio, Texas 78201

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE. The first issue is not the rarest. The rarest sells for up to $1,000? Just published our retail-price booklet of all issues 1889-1971. Send $2.00 to Ostfeld Publication Research Inst.

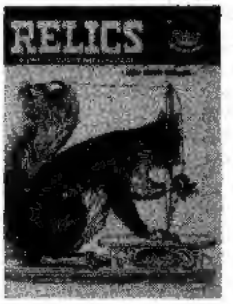
PLAYBOY MAGAZINE. Some worth $100 to $300. For authentic list, giving market prices of all old issues send $1.00 to OSTFELD PUBLICATION RESEARCH, Suite 1301, 29 E. Madison Street, Chicago, Ill. 60602.

TREASURE!

FREE . . . listing of your name with publisher to receive mail on Treasure, Ghost Towns, Lost Mines, Antique Guns, Prospecting, Coins, etc. . . . ACT NOW . . . Write to . . . LEE BAKER, 16212 East 14th Street, San Leandro, California 94578.

FREE WESTERN AMERICANA CATALOG #27 "out of print collector's books." Old customers please write, our mailing list was accidentally destroyed. THE ROUND-UP BOOK COMPANY, 166 Eddy Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94102.

A LINK TO OUR PIONEER HERITAGE



FEBRUARY 1972 ISSUE

PAPER AMERICANA

CLOCKS

BOTTLES

BUTTONS

STITCHERS!

AND MORE!

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

This magazine is not sold on newsstands. Back issues are available at 35c each (#1-#23). Binders also available at $3.50 each. (Black or Buff).

RELICS ☐ New ☐ Renewal

P.O. BOX 3338, AUSTIN, TEXAS 78764

☐ ONE YEAR SUBSCRIPTION (6 ISSUES) VALUE $2.10 ..... $2.00

☐ TWO YEAR SUBSCRIPTION (12 ISSUES) VALUE $4.20 ..... $3.50

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

☐ Gift Card to Read From:

_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from page 69)
rodents, and thieves, and make provision for their preservation in your will.

FOLLOWING is a partial list of organizations which will welcome a letter about your family papers; if lack of funds, personnel or storage space precludes their own acceptance of your collection the names of other institutions interested in manuscript preservation can possibly be provided by them: Kansas State Historical Society, 10th and Jackson Streets, Topeka, Kansas 66612; Western History Research Center, University of Wyoming, Laramie, Wyoming 82080; Special Collections, University Library, University of Arizona, Tucson, Arizona 85721; State Historical Society of Colorado, 200 West 14th Avenue, Denver, Colorado 80204; The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, California 94720; Arizona Historical Foundation, Arizona State University, Tempe, Arizona 85281; Montana Historical Society, 225 North Roberts, Helena, Montana 59601; Manuscript Collections, University of Texas, Austin, Texas 78712; Mormon Collection, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah 84601; Manuscript Collection, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma 73069; The Huntington Library, San Marino, California 91108; Zimmerman Library, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87106; Curator of Collections, University of Texas at El Paso, El Paso, Texas 79902; Western Americana Collection, Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut 06520; and the Western Collection, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

These are but a few of the fine organizations who are working to preserve the Western past. There are others in your state quite as willing to be of assistance to you. If you don't live nearby, write a letter telling them what you have. Consider carefully. Perhaps you or someone you know can make a lasting contribution to the preservation of the American heritage. That stack of letters tied up with ribbon or the old diary in the trunk in the attic could rewrite a fragment of history. Once those vital records of the past are gone, they cannot be recovered. And historians may search in vain for clues that only you possess.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 46)
too, and possibly an adopted boy named David.—Mrs. Wm. G. Simon, 521 Jefferson, Klamath Falls, Oregon 97601

Taylor

I am trying to locate descendants of Oscar Taylor, my great-uncle. He was in Galveston, Texas in the 1920s and was in the lumber business. It is not known how many children he had, but there were two daughters, Frances Royston and Virginia VonCroy. Any information will be appreciated.—Mrs. Cecil Wagner, 1663 South Knox Court, Denver, Colorado 80219

Harris-Smith-Williams

Brittain Willams, born 1815 in Indiana, married Rebecca Elizabeth Eledge who was born in Tennessee. Their children were Hasseltine, David W., John M., Martha J., Casey Judson and William Jefferson Williams. They lived in Catoosa County, Georgia. Brittain had a brother, George, but names of his parents and other brothers and sisters are unknown. His parents were both born in North Carolina.

Elizabeth Harris was born November 11, 1837 in Pickens County, Alabama. Names of her parents, brothers, and sisters are unknown. She married William C. Stewart.

Isabella or Elizabeth Harris, born in the early 1800s in South Carolina, married Joseph Stewart who was a Methodist minister in Pickens County, Alabama. Her family is unknown. Grandmother Josephine Stewart Williams was the daughter of William and Elizabeth Stewart, and had some old letters of relatives which contained these names: Cousin Ella Moore, who married William Corbett and lived in Houston, Texas, and children, Ellen, Zulia, Lula, Betty and Billy Corbett, as well as a brother Frank Moore and sisters Lula and Gazzie.

Edward O. Smith was born September 15, 1827 and died July 30, 1889. His parents are unknown. He married Minerva Eliza Blair, who was born January 1, 1827 and died May 30, 1889 in Tennessee.—Glenna N. Dodd, 404 Sumner, Sheridan, Wyoming 82801

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)
when he stated that the lake was litt more than a slough when my husban started to work on it."

* *

Mr. William J. Francy writes; "Th lake in which Earl Thode was drowne was located on property first acquire by my father, Robert E. Francy, in th early 1920s, and owned by him unti Earl's purchase of the ranch in 1952 The lake, which has no name, was cer tainly in existence prior to 1921, accord ing to my father (now deceased), and i a natural lake, with no dam, and is fille by the spring runoff from the Whit Mountains, which reaches the lake vi Vernon Creek.

"The above does not discount the possibility that Earl may have done some earthmoving to increase the potential capacity of the lake, but I rode over the property in the Fall of 1969-1970 and could see no evidences of such work at that time. I do know that the lake was quite low at the time of Earl's death.

"Should anyone desire more information concerning any of this, I would suggest they contact Eben Whiting, Vernon, Arizona, who is an old-time resident of that area, and evidently the last person to see this extraordinary fine man (and friend) alive.

"The Eager Cemetery is approximately twenty miles from the lake."

Sweetwater, Texas extends an invitation to Western Publications readers to attend the World's Largest Rattlesnake Roundup and a gigantic Gun and Coin Show March 10, 11, and 12. The Rattlesnake Roundup annually brings in an average of 10,000 rattlesnakes and offers excellent hunting opportunities and spectator enjoyments. Safety demonstrations, snake exhibits and other spectator interest areas are provided in the large indoor arena. The Gun and Coin Show features complete gun and coin collections and dealer offerings.

Write Ted Weaver, Box 1148, Sweetwater, Texas 79556 for further information.

TUMBLEWEEDS
—by Tom K. Ryan
GAD! WHAT A GORGEOUS MORN!: DEWDROPS DAUB THE DESERT DRABBERY; TINY WINGED THINGS FLITTER A-TWITTER AS OL' SOL'S UNSULLIED SNICKER SOCKS SAFFRON TO THE SCENE!
GOSH! DAYS LIKE THIS MAKE ME WANNA RUN RIGHT OUT, HIT A WAGON TRAIN, COP A COVEY OF COIFFURES, AN' STEAL AWAY LEAVIN' A TRAIL OF MAYHEM AN' HAVOC IN MY WAKE!
GUESS I'M JUST AN INCURABLE ROMANTIC!
12-15
T.K.RYAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

(PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH)

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—In Without Knocking, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Meat's Not Meat Till It's in the Pan, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x9½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—A Nobleman of the Plains, 9x12
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1838), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Land of Good Hunting, 16x11½
106—The Fire Boat, 16x11½
107—Our Warriors Return, 16x11½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½

IDEAL FOR THE HOME, TACK ROOM, DEN, CLUB ROOMS OR OFFICE. SENT POSTPAID.

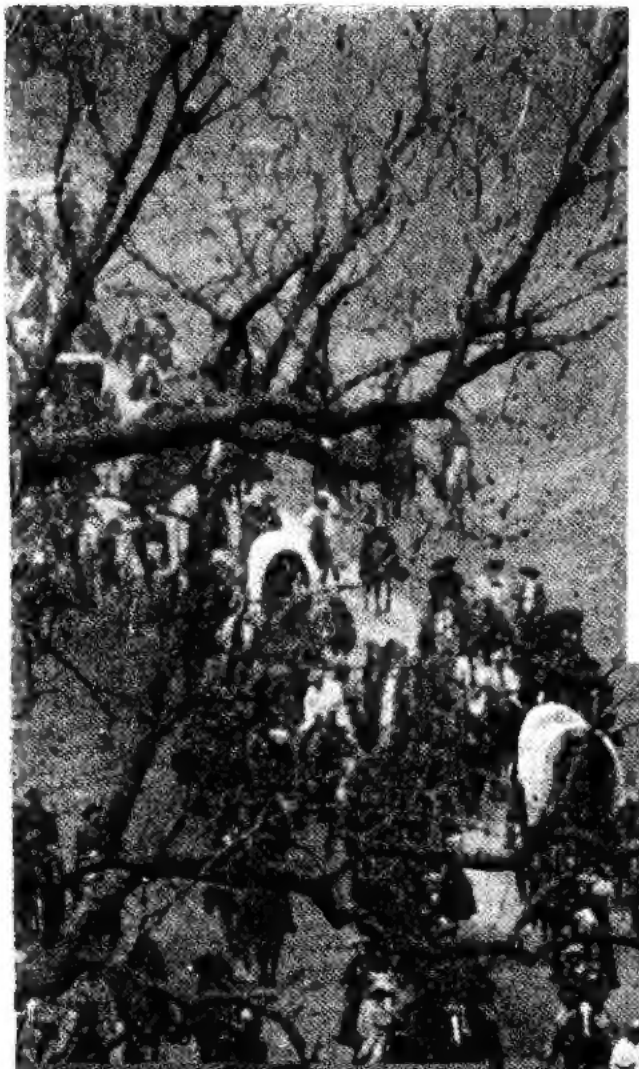
5 Pictures—$4.00 10 Pictures—$7.50 25 Pictures—$17.00 50 Pictures—$30.00 100 Pictures—$50.00

List wanted numbers plainly on a sheet of paper. Not necessary to detach this page. (Brochure not available.)
ORDER NOW! Send Cash, Money Order or Check to:

CHARLES M. RUSSELL PRINTS

P.O. BOX 3338 AUSTIN, TEXAS 78764

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LET ZANE GREY TAKE YOU OUT OF THE WORLD YOU'RE IN

Pick up a Zane Grey book and step into another world.

It's a world where the Plains Indians, the world's greatest horsemen, once more don their war paint to hunt scalps. And thin-lipped, soft-spoken men, squinting against the sun, carve out their destinies . . . on their own terms.

If you'd like to explore this world, we'll send you—for only $1—three of the greatest books Zane Grey ever wrote.

Riders of the Purple Sage, perhaps the most popular Western ever written. Against a background of fiery action, a mysterious rider and the girl he loves gamble their lives in the winning of the West.

Arizona Ames, the no-holds-barred epic of a hard-riding cowpuncher whose blazing six-shooter spread terror among the toughest badmen.

Wild Horse Mesa, a western "Moby Dick," that portrays a man's desperate search for the King of the Horses.

These handsome, hardbound books are clothed in sunset red, desert tan and cavalry blue stamped in genuine gold. They're the first of could be a library of Western classics you'll be to own.

You may wonder why we offer you three Grey books (which are regularly $10.17) for on

We think you'll be impressed. And that want to own others in the series as they come the presses.

They will include: Wildfire, The Thund Herd, The Vanishing American, Fighting Cara Maverick Queen, Thunder Mountain and more.

Because we print in large quantities and se rectly to the public, we can offer our subscribers beautifully bound books for only $3.39 each, a few cents shipping.

Send no money. Just mail coupon to get R of the Purple Sage, Arizona Ames, and Wild H Mesa—the whole shooting match—at the specia troductory price of $1.

Please send me Riders of the Purple Sage, Arizona Ames, and Wild Horse Mesa.

If I don't want these introductory volumes, I'll return them in a week and owe nothing. Or, I'll pay just $1 for all three, plus shipping.

Also reserve for me other volumes in the Zane Grey Library, which I will be entitled to receive as they come from the presses.

I'll get advance descriptions of all future volumes. I may reject any books before or after I receive them. For those I do keep, I pay just $3.39 each plus shipping. And I may cancel my reservation any time. (Books shipped in U.S.A. only.) 2-YK

Print Name

Address 27A

City

State Zip

THE ZANE GREY LIBRARY

Walter J. Black, Inc., Roslyn, N.Y. 11576

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED